POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MARCH 28 • 1964 20c

Exclusive:

First full and true account of

U-2 SPY FRANCIS POWERS' RELEASE

By the man who bargained for it.

ROBERT KENNEDY'S DESTINY:

Will he run for vice president?

RELIGION AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

Michelangelo's magnificent Pietà plus the Fair pavilions of many faiths

oming attack on L.B.J. / John O'Hara / Tough-minded Donna Reed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

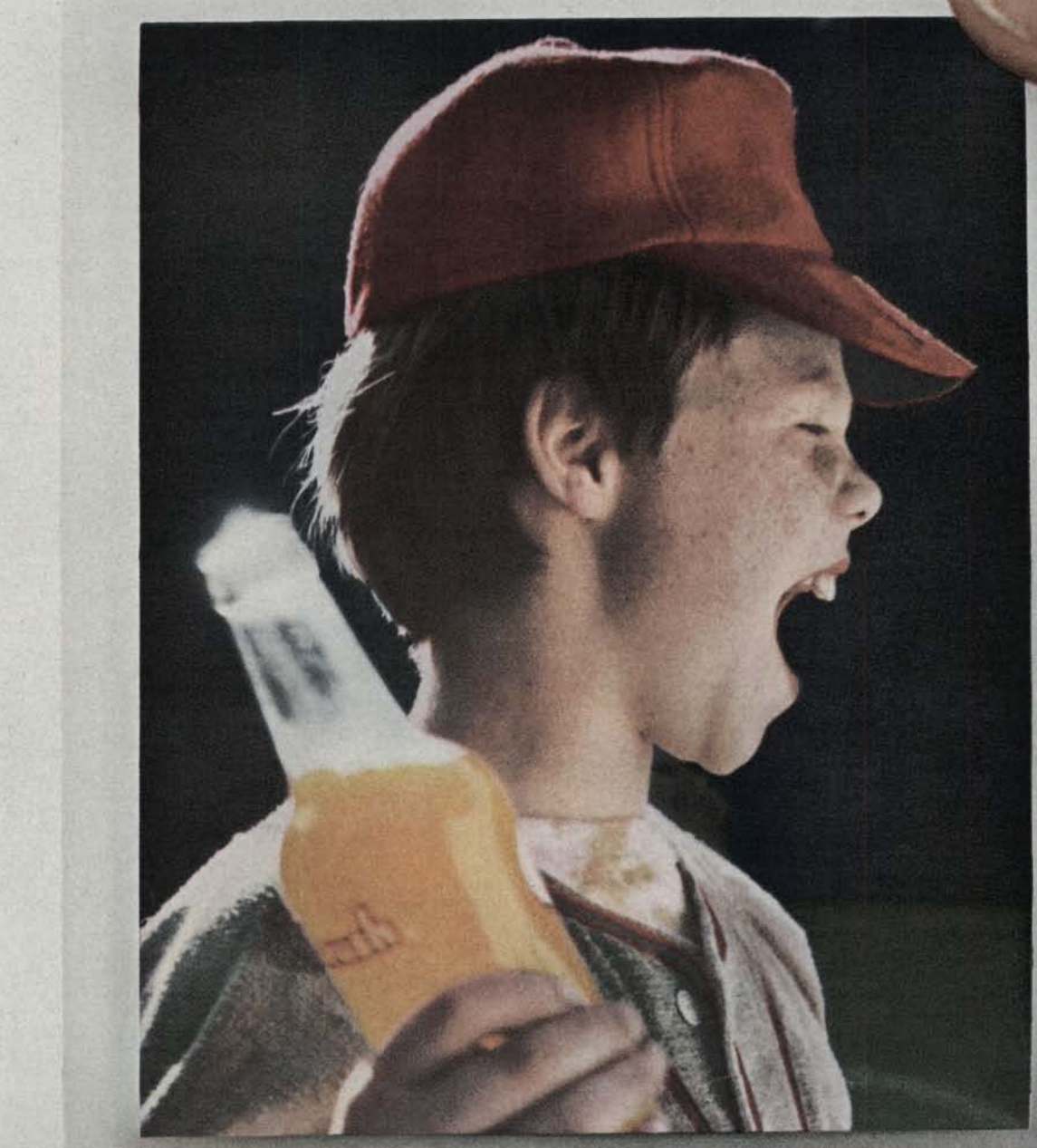
3&3 GROVASKP04JDEC 66
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIB
363 GROVE ST
PASADENA CALIF

Sure, you can live without it.

The new Polaroid Color Pack Camera won't mow your lawn or drive you to the station.

What it will do is deliver a beautiful color picture a minute after you take it.

And bring a new kind of kick into your life.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"POLAROID"®

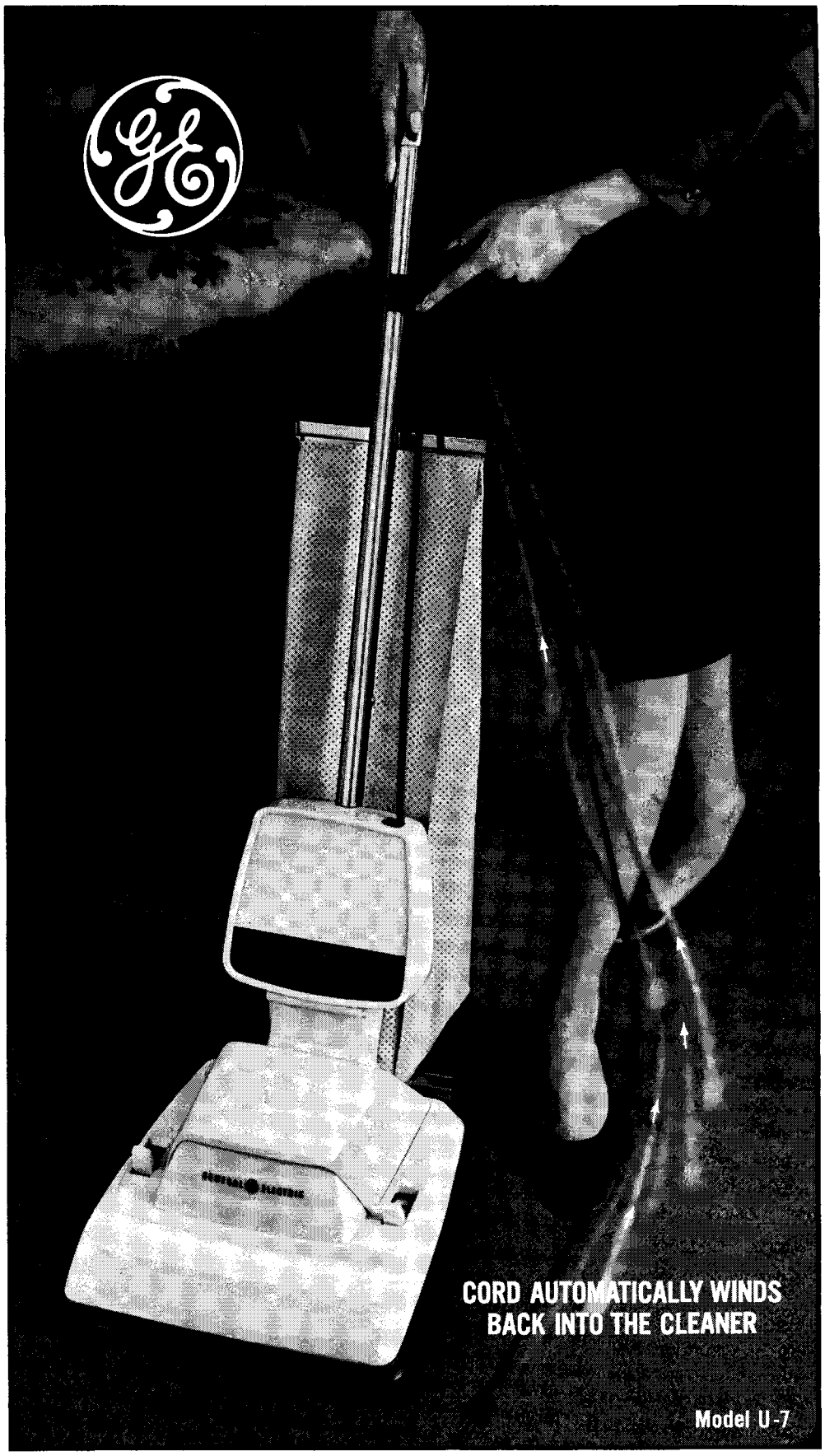
NEW

UPRIGHT CLEANER WITH AUTOMATIC CORD REEL

AT THE TOUCH OF A FINGER THE CORD DISAPPEARS!

Now—for the first time—General Electric's famous automatic cord reel is available in an upright cleaner. At the touch of a finger... the cord automatically winds back into the cleaner for easy storage. Now... no more tugging... tangling... twisting. It's a great convenience!

Powerful 2-speed motor gives extra suction for above-floor jobs... converts in seconds for attachment cleaning. Available with complete accessory kit. For the ultimate in cleaning power and convenience, see your General Electric dealer for a demonstration today!



ONLY GENERAL ELECTRIC GIVES YOU ALL THESE ADDED CONVENIENCES:

Suction control lever for just the right suction on any type carpet, or rug.

Motor shuts off automatically when handle is returned to upright position.

Sweeping headlight and brawny two-speed motor for top cleaning efficiency.

Converts to attachment cleaning in seconds. No adaptors required.

General Electric Company, Home Care and Comfort Products Department, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut

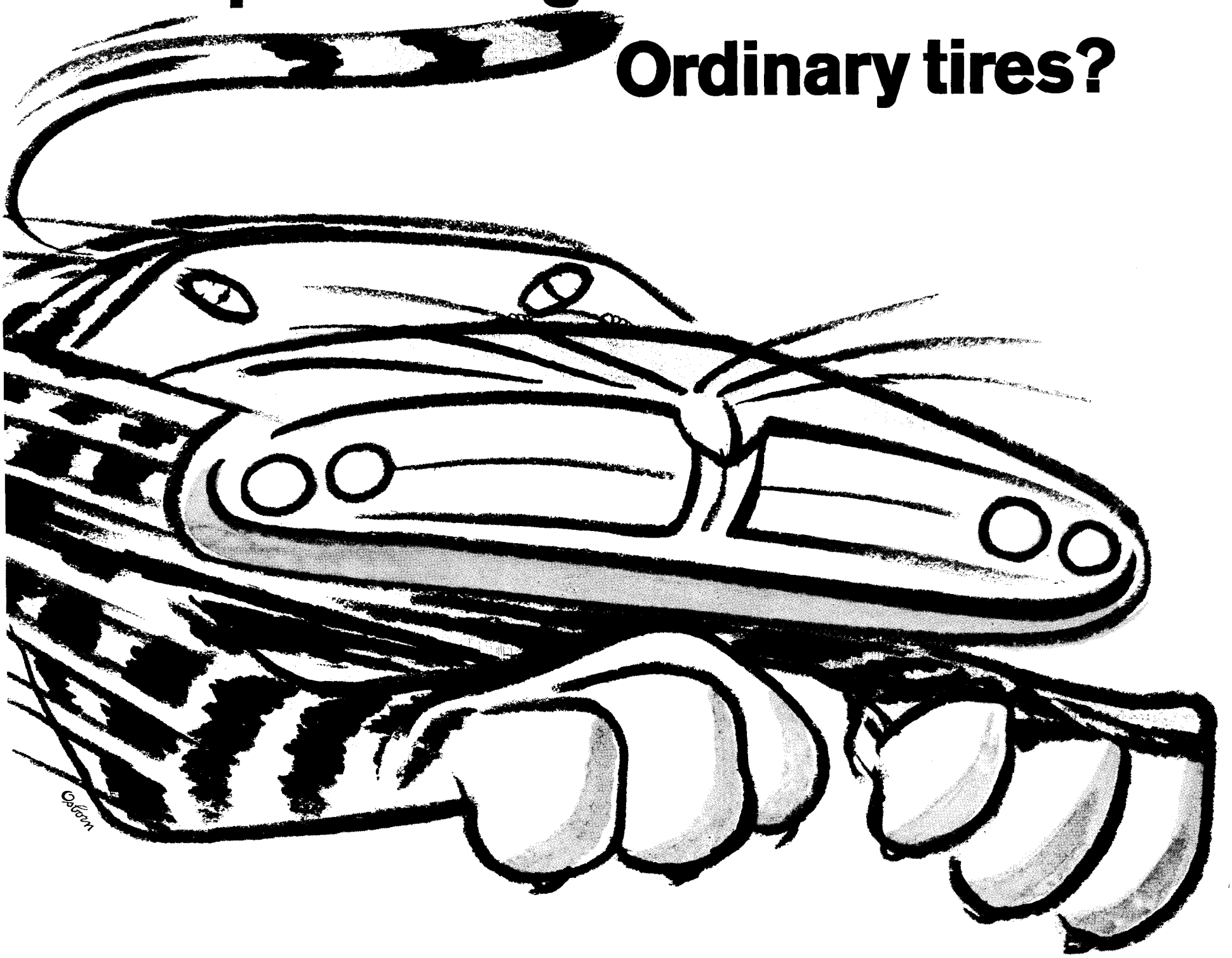
Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What did you expect Pontiac to put on a tiger?

Ordinary tires?



A tiger's entitled to something special:

A set of tiger paws.

And that's exactly what Pontiac went out and got for it.

The tiger, of course, is Pontiac's new GTO. The wildest thing in Detroit. The one that's getting the raves in the road and track magazines.

The tiger's paw is the new U.S. Royal Super-Safety 800. The one that's been picked by Pontiac as standard equipment for the GTO.

Here's what the tiger's paw has done, in special tests for safety and durability:

100 miles at 120 miles per hour without a failure.

17,000 miles at 83 miles per hour, 16 hours a day, without a failure. (Of course, you could expect to get much more mileage under normal driving conditions.)

It has a construction that's taken 300° temperature build-ups without flinching. And that's well above what it's ever likely to run into, even after a whole day's driving on the turnpike on a hot summer's day with the whole family in the car and the trunk loaded with luggage. (Whew!)

The tiger's paw is sure-footed at high speeds. It corners nimbly and quietly. It gives you a nice sense of stability when you're taking a curve.

If you do a lot of turnpike driving, then you ought to have a set of tiger paws under you.

You'll find them at U.S. Royal tire dealers.

Rarin' to go.

U.S.Royal®

©U.S. Rubber Tire Co. / Canada Dominion Royal Tires

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
MATTHEW J. CULLIGAN, *Chairman and President*
CLAY BLAIR JR., *Editor-in-Chief*
MARVIN D. KANTOR, *Chairman, Magazine Division*
JOHN J. VERONIS, *President, Magazine Division*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
CLAY BLAIR JR. *Editor*
DON A. SCHANCHE *Managing Editor*
WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR. *Executive Editor*
Assistant Managing Editors:
OTTO FRIEDRICH *(Articles)*
HANK WALKER *(Photography)*
ASGER JERRILD *Art Director*
FRANK KILKER *Associate Art Director*
DON McKINNEY *Chief Articles Editor*
STEWART ALSOP *Washington Editor*

ARTICLES
Senior Editors: CHARLES N. BARNARD *(General)*; HILLEL BLACK *(General)*; SANDFORD BROWN *(Business)*; THOMAS B. CONGDON JR. *(Speaking Out)*; WILLIAM EWALD *(Entertainment)*; WILLIAM K. GOOLRICK *(National Affairs)*; ROBERT L. JOHNSON JR. *(National Affairs)*; ROGER KAHN *(Sports)*; DAVID A. LYLE *(Foreign)*; JEANETTE SARKISIAN *(Women)*; STEVEN M. SPENCER *(Science)*.
Associate Editor: FREDRIC C. APPEL.
Assistants: GLADYS ANN MÜLLER, KENNETH B. PLATNICK, RICHARD A. RAND, JANE DENIS SMITH.

EDITORS-AT-LARGE
JOHN BIRD, BILL DAVIDSON, JOHN KOBLER, HAROLD H. MARTIN, ROBERT SHERROD.

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS
TREVOR ARMBRISTER, RICHARD ARMSTRONG, ALFRED G. ARONOWITZ, JAMES ATWATER, BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, EDWARD BEHR, BROCK BROWER, ANNE CHAMBERLIN, ROBERT P. GOLDMAN, FRANK GRAHAM JR., PETE HAMILL, C. ROBERT JENNINGS, STANLEY KARNOW, LEWIS H. LAPHAM, BARD LINDEMAN, EDWARD LINN, PETER MAAS, ROBERT K. MASSIE, GILBERT MILLSTEIN, DON OBERDORFER, JAMES PHELAN, JERRY A. ROSE, WILLIAM SAROYAN, JOHN SKOW, BEVERLY SMITH JR., WILLIAM TROMBLEY, ROUL TUNLEY.

FICTION and BOOKS
L. RUST HILLS, *Chief*
Senior Editors: JOHN APPLETON, H.E.F. DONOHUE, MacLENNAN FARRELL, DAVID McDOWELL.
Associate Editors: SUSAN STANWOOD, LOUISE DUDLEY.

PHOTOGRAPHY
Senior Editor: MARSHALL LUMSDEN.
Associate Editors: ANDRÉE L. ABECASSIS, KAREN DUDLEY, ROBERT MOORE, SALLY A. REUKAUF, ROGER VAUGHAN.
Assistants: JUDY GUROVITZ, DAVID MOLLER, HELEN NATHAN.
Contributing Photographers: JOHN BRYSON, BURT GLINN, JOHN LAUNOIS, LAWRENCE J. SCHILLER, JOHN ZIMMERMAN.
Regional Photographers: OLLIE ATKINS *(Washington)*; BILL BRIDGES *(Los Angeles)*; LYNN PELHAM *(Miami)*.
Photo Lab: JOHN HARM, *Chief*

COPY
JOHN HUNT, *Chief*
Senior Copy Editors: LESLIE R. FORESTER, RICHARD L. LEHMAN, HAROLD P. HOSTETLER.
Associate Editors: LINDA GRANT, JACK HARING.
Assistants: DOROTHY HUMANITZKI, RENEE PROWITT.

LAYOUT
ZEN YONKOVIG, *Chief*
Assistants: JOHN DAXLAND, ROBERT McELRATH.

EDITORIAL PRODUCTION
THOMAS R. MARVEL, *Chief*
Associates: FERD D'ESPOSITO, DAVID BASCH.

RESEARCH
LIA SMITS, *Chief*
JODY O'ROURKE, BARBARA J. POSEN

CURTIS EDITORIAL BOARD
Managing Editorial Directors:
HUBBARD H. COBB, WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR., OTTO FRIEDRICH, FREDERICK J. MOFFITT, TED PATRICK, DON A. SCHANCHE, CASKIE STINNETT, DAVIS THOMAS.
ASGER JERRILD *Managing Director, Art*
HANK WALKER *Managing Director, Photography*
L. RUST HILLS *Managing Director, Fiction and Books*
NORMAN RITTER *Managing Director, Curtis Syndicate*
WILLIAM E. BUCKLEY *Vice President, Administration*

C. L. MacNELLY *Publisher*

POST

MARCH 28, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 12

Articles

NATO is dead *(Speaking Out)* . . . . . *by Ronald Steel* **10**
Affairs of state . . . . . *by Stewart Alsop* **15**

What will R.F.K. do next? . . . . . *by Peter Maas* **17**

What lies ahead now for Robert Kennedy? Since that tragic day last November, he has lost some of the restlessness and the sense of urgency that have marked his public career. He had always planned his life around his older brother Jack. Now he must reassemble it and begin anew. Contributing writer Peter Maas, a longtime friend of the Attorney General and his companion on a recent 13-day special peacemaking mission to the Far East, reports on the mood, the attitude, and political preferences of the man who could become either Lyndon Johnson's Vice President or the next governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Donna Reed: Fire and ice . . . . . *by Donald Freeman* **22**
The *Pietà:* Masterpiece at the fair . . . . . *by Charles McCarry* **24**
Strangers on a bridge . . . . . *by James B. Donovan* **30**
The change in the mountains . . . . . *by Beverly Smith Jr.* **60**
The worm learns . . . . . *by John Bird* **66**
Will Cambodia go Communist? . . . . . *by Jerry A. Rose* **68**
The dark enigma of Congress . . . . . *by Drew Pearson and Norman Ritter* **75**

Fiction

The offering . . . . . *by David Dempsey* **44**
Arnold Stone . . . . . *by John O'Hara* **52**

Departments

Letters **4**
Post scripts **64**
Hazel **70**
Editorials **80**

The authors. **Donald Freeman,** who spent five weeks divining the differences between television star Donna Reed and her image, is TV editor and columnist for the San Diego *Union* and the Copley News Service. . . . **Charles McCarry,** a free-lance writer who lives in Italy, prepared this story between visits with his hospitalized wife, who had just given birth to their fourth child. . . . **James B. Donovan,** a N.Y. lawyer well known for arranging the release of Cuban prisoners of the ill-fated Bay of Pigs invasion, was awarded the CIA's Distinguished Intelligence Medal for his role in the Abel-Powers exchange of 1962. . . . Contributing writer **Beverly Smith Jr.,** also a lawyer and recently admitted to practice before the U. S. Supreme Court, lived as a boy in the foothills of the Appalachians. . . . Editor-at-large **John Bird,** who is still fascinated by the fact that an aging Planaria worm breaks up into two lively adolescents, has long since wearied of the "early-Bird-worm" puns that amuse his friends. . . . Southeast Asia correspondent **Jerry A. Rose** lived for three years in South Vietnam and has traveled extensively in the neighboring kingdom of Cambodia. . . . **Drew Pearson,** nationally syndicated columnist and author of several books on American politics, has long been a critical observer of the career of Adam Clayton Powell; former newspaperman **Norman Ritter** has covered the civil-rights front both in the South and in Harlem.

The cover. This striking interpretation of a detail closeup from Michelangelo's renowned *Pietà* was created with special lighting at the Vatican by contributing photographer **Burt Glinn.**

© 1964 The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. All rights reserved. Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published weekly except alternate weeks during July and August and at year-end; forty-five issues per year. Second-Class postage paid at Phila., Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. **Subscription prices:** U.S. and Possessions, 1 Yr., $5.95; longer terms $5.00 each additional year. Canada add $1.00 per year. Pan American Countries, 1 Yr., $8.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $10.95. **Unconditional Guaranty.** We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. **The Curtis Publishing Company.** Matthew J. Culligan, Chairman and President; J. M. Clifford, Executive Vice Pres.; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Clay Blair Jr., Sr. Vice Pres.; L. Philip Ewald, Sr. Vice Pres.; Marvin D. Kantor, Sr. Vice Pres.; Leon J. Marks, Sr. Vice Pres.; John Miles, Sr. Vice Pres.; John J. Veronis, Sr. Vice Pres.; G. B. McCombs, Vice Pres.; Calvin A. Nichols, Treasurer; Gloria L. Swett, Secretary; Roger J. Lederer, Vice Pres., Advertising Director, The Saturday Evening Post. The company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home. **The Saturday Evening Post** editorial offices are located at 666 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.

Changing your address?
Don't forget your Post
The Post Office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage, and we cannot replace lost copies. SO PLEASE . . . at least six weeks before the first issue to go to the new address, send us your new address, including postal zone, your old address and a label from a back copy. With SERVICE ADJUSTMENT requests send us latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies.

POST Subscription Service, Phila., Pa. 19105.
Postmaster:
Send form 3579 to Subscription Service Division, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

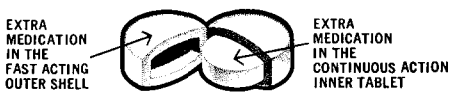
Vicks announces TRI-SPAN

Amazing new 12-hour decongestant tablet with extra medication to give you extra relief

Vicks Tri-Span is specially made with extra medications—not just one but two decongestants plus a special pain reliever—to relieve nasal congestion, pain and achiness of a head cold fast. And decongestant relief lasts up to 12 full hours.

Tri-Span has a fast acting outer shell that gives you extra medication—not just one but two decongestants plus a special ache-and-pain medication missing from the leading 12-hour capsule.

Tri-Span has a continuous action inner tablet that gives you extra medication—not just one but two long-lasting decongestants missing from the leading 4-hour tablet.



For extra relief for head cold miseries get amazing new TRI-SPAN

COMING SOON... in The Post

A Catholic mother speaks out in favor of birth control

Why I live in Spain
By Robert Ruark

A powerful narrative from ROBERT PENN WARREN's major new novel

The incomparable Tammy Grimes

IS ANY TEEN-AGER SAFE?
Narcotics move into "safe suburbs" across the nation

LETTERS

Taps for tipping

Three cheers for John A. Patton [DOWN WITH TIPPING, Feb. 29]! He's doing Americans a great service by trying to rid the country of this expensive, persistent habit.

RICHARD VAN ORT
Colorado Springs, Colo.

• I agree that tipping is out-of-hand but I could not get along on the $6 per eight-hour-shift wages I earn as a waitress. My pay was only recently raised after seven years at $5. My opinion is that service would be better if workers could count on regular salaries.

LARYE SMITH
Phoenix, Ariz.

• Mr. Patton is to be commended for saying publicly what so many of us have been thinking. The obligation of providing decent wages lies with the employer—not with the general public.

SHIRLEY A. CHRISTIANSON
Westfield, Mass.

• The medieval custom of tipping degrades and humiliates the workers by putting them at the mercy and whim of the public and at the same time subjects the public to continuous abuse and harassment. These are the main reasons why civilized countries have abolished tipping and replaced it with a fixed percentage gratuity which is added to the bill of the patron.

BERNARD LANCMAN
New York, N.Y.

Paradise

For years I've wondered what ever became of those wonderful South Sea Islands. Don Oberdorfer's article [AMERICA'S NEGLECTED COLONIAL PARADISE, Feb. 29] at last tells me. It occurs to me that if every Polynesian café in the nation would cooperate, a sizable sum might be obtained to show that we care.

ROBERT D. ADAMS
Sacramento, Calif.

• I taught high school on the island of Guam for four years, ending in 1960, and had many scholarship students from the Trust Territory in my classes. I did not hear of or observe the "considerable dissatisfaction and discontent" spoken of in the article and believe we should stick to teaching the Micronesians skills forgotten or destroyed during the occupation and war, thus encouraging them to become first-rate citizens of their own culture instead of third-rate citizens of ours. Many times my wife and I wish we were back in that slow, warm atmosphere.

JOHN D. LIVINGSTON
Washington, D.C.

• From some of the photographs accompanying the article, there would appear to be a ready-made market for a textile mill in that area.

E. L. SCRUGGS
Chapel Hill, N.C.

• I don't think the story about the neglected colonial paradise was at all enhanced by the photographs. Or should the word "neglected" have read "naked"?

SFC RICHARD WALTON, *U. S. Army*
Fort Knox, Ky.

• The solution to the neglected colonies' problems is simple. I am an engineer, vocational instructor, mechanic, gunsmith, explosives-ordnance man, diver, sailor, guide—trained well to deal with such problems and peoples. I and others I know will gladly donate our services if the Government or private groups will just donate the support and necessities.

J. E. TURNER
Cumberland, Md.

• After reading this article, I looked through my reminiscences of World War II and found the following: "In the fall of 1944 the Americans . . . took the atoll of Ulithi, 400 miles S.W. of Guam. On the island of Fassarai, the palms waved, the sand was warm and the girls were beautiful. Fassarai was immediately declared off limits." Ah, cruel fate!

LECIL PARKER SR.
Waco, Tex.

• Many of us with the Third and Fifth fleets went ashore on Mogmog, drank our three Cokes or beers, watched a fight or two, and played softball until we got tired of dragging foul balls out of the water. It was dreary. The natives had been there and gone. They certainly didn't leave their daughters behind.

LELAND SMITH
Trenton, N.J.

• I can see the local government of paradise has not studied the "correct" method of obtaining financial aid from the U.S. First, they should threaten to convert to Communism or, better yet, request aid from a Communist country. This would guarantee our flooding them with money and goods. They might even get a dam or two.

BOB STEINER
Monrovia, Calif.

The Deputy

There is so much concern over this hate play, *The Deputy* [THE PLAY THAT ROCKED EUROPE, by Alfred G. Aronowitz, Feb. 29], that I think you may be interested in my experience. I was in Italy in 1944, along with soldiers from all over the world. When we got to Rome, Pope Pius held countless public audiences. I was impressed by this great and saintly man, who spoke to us in five languages. Some of the soldiers in our group were Palestinian Jews of the British Eighth Army. When the Pope spoke their language to them, they clapped extra long and extra hard. I remember we all turned to look at them.

JOHN W. BREEN
East Hartford, Conn.

• Not only the Pope and the Catholic Church but also the Protestant churches should have protested the horrible deeds with which *The Deputy* is concerned.

CLARENCE E. AND CLARA E. BURR
Sebastopol, Calif.

• It has given me hope to know we are willing to hold this terrible thing up in the light to look at it. I left Germany in 1926 when I was 12 years old, and have always been concerned that this could have happened in a country which had the most beautiful Christmases (as I

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pairing you with a buyer when you're ready to sell usually takes only a matter of minutes at the New York Stock Exchange

Suppose you owned 100 shares of stock and wanted to sell it—in fact, needed to sell it.

Or suppose you felt this was precisely the right time to buy 100 shares of another stock.

If either stock were listed on the New York Stock Exchange—which lists 8 billion shares of some 1,200 companies—pairing you with buyer or seller might take just a matter of minutes. Here's how it works.

Let's say you instruct your Member Firm to sell at the market—the best price your firm's floor broker can get when your order reaches the floor of the Exchange in New York. Chances are that somewhere—next door or even half way around the world—somebody has instructed his Member Firm to buy the same stock.

Messages from the two firms go to their brokers on the floor of the Exchange. They meet at a post where the stock is traded. There, each of the brokers tries to get the best price for his customer. A price is arrived at and the transaction is made.

Your buyer might be an individual. There are some 17,000,000 shareowners in the United States. Or a large institution which may buy or sell large blocks of stock. Or an Exchange member called a floor trader who buys and sells for himself.

Or your buyer could be an Exchange member called a specialist. Certain stocks are assigned to him. When there is an unusually large gap between what is asked for a stock and what anyone is willing to pay, the specialist is expected, within practicable limits, to narrow the gap by making a higher bid or lower offer. This is how he may help your order to be executed quickly at a price not far from the last sale price. With less than the usual 100 share unit of trading—an "odd lot"—the order at the market can normally be just as readily executed, though the procedure is different.

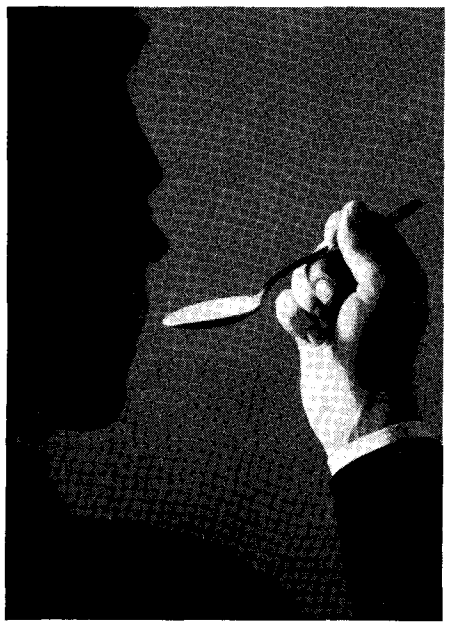
The meeting of buyers and sellers in the market place makes possible the flow of securities from one owner to another with remarkable ease. This liquidity is one of the vital services the New York Stock Exchange market provides for those who want to own their share of American business.

Members New York Stock Exchange

Own your share of American business

WHEN IN NEW YORK FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR, VISIT THE EXCHANGE, BROAD AND WALL STREETS, MANHATTAN. SEE THE NATION'S MARKET PLACE IN ACTION, THE COLORFUL EXHIBIT HALL AND LITTLE THEATER. 10-3:30 MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY. ADMISSION FREE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

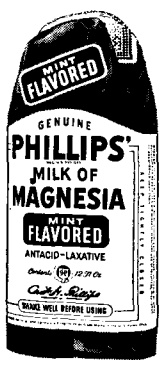


When you've got acid indigestion...

"Boy, what a difference Phillips' Milk of Magnesia makes!"

That's the feeling of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia! As soon as you take it, Phillips' liquid action goes right where the trouble is, to relieve upset stomach, heartburn, queasiness, and other discomforts of acid indigestion *in seconds!*

Many people like the feeling of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia even better in its refreshingly tangy mint-flavored form. Either way, Phillips' is one of the fastest, most effective stomach acid neutralizers known to medical science.



Next time you suffer from upset stomach, heartburn, or other discomforts of acid indigestion, take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia and feel better *in seconds!*

LETTERS

remember them) and some of the most beautiful music in the world.

A. WILKES
Trenton, N.J.

• Does Rolf Hochhuth, the play's author, expect the Pope should have reasoned with Hitler—a madman? No one should try to reason with Hochhuth either. His play is pure guesswork.

MRS. FRANCES C. SPORTELLI
Saint Paul, Minn.

• Perhaps Rolf Hochhuth would like to go to Rome and act as our present Pope Paul's personal adviser. I'm sure he knows exactly how our Holy Father could have the Berlin Wall removed.

JAMES CRENSHAW
Saint Louis, Mo.

• In your article on *The Deputy*, the writer states that Rolf Hochhuth's wife is a Jewess. She is a Protestant, as is her husband.

DAVID LIPSKY, PRESS, *The Deputy*
New York, N.Y.

(*Mr. Lipsky is correct.—Ed.*)

Harlem slums

I read with extreme concern of the miserable living conditions in Harlem [HARLEM'S WAR AGAINST SLUMLORDS by Robert K. Massie, Feb. 29]. Richmond, Va., is combating its slum problem in a giant way, tearing down old buildings and constructing low-rent apartments. Better living conditions will help the slum-dwellers toward better citizenship.

LINDA G. HEATH
Mechanicsville, Va.

• It is about time! I want to commend Jesse Gray on his rent-strike tactics.

WILLIAM S. BURT JR.
Norman, Okla.

• I admire Harlem's Jesse Gray very much. He is another "profile in courage." I'm going to join the war on rats if I can find some rubber rats here to send to New York officials.

JOHN DUDOIS
New Castle, Pa.

• Who is responsible for the filth in those halls and yards? In Europe people have lived for centuries in some buildings without polluting and wrecking them.

J. G. TAYLOR
Indianapolis, Ind.

• It wouldn't take any longer to organize a "rat kill" among the tenants than it does to get together and beef about someone to do it for them. Oklahomans get together and have rattlesnake hunts for their protection. Kansans have several coyote hunts each winter, and believe me, a coyote is bigger than a rat. Are farmers the only ones who still have that good old American initiative?

MRS. GEORGE OLSON
Manhattan, Kans.

• Don't these people know they are free to buy their own homes or move somewhere else? I am sick of listening to people gripe.

CLYDE WILCOX
Pueblo, Colo.

Alsop: friend or foe?

I'm sure that everyone who reads the *Post* realizes that Stewart Alsop [LBJ AND RFK, Feb. 29] has always disliked the Kennedys. For myself, they are the very people we need to hold this nation together, and I would vote for RFK tomorrow.

MRS. M. G. RINKER
Fontana, Calif.

• Mr. Alsop's consummate zeal in promoting the nomination of Robert F. Kennedy for Vice President has beclouded his ability to see the facts. His column is wishful thinking in behalf of a family friend.

MRS. JAMES MARKHAM
Iowa City, Iowa

Skow's treatment a treat

John Skow's NEBRASKA FIASCO: BUY NOW, PAY NEVER [Feb. 29] is delightful. The highpoint of my amusement was reached when I read that State Sen. Richard D. Marvel vowed: "I am not going to vote for any more bills I don't understand."

RUTH R. LAWTHER
Cleveland, Ohio

Panama

Re your editorial, PANAMA: THE DISASTER THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN FORESEEN [Feb. 22], I believe it would be useful for one of our national magazines to take a stand on the issue of absentee landlords in Latin America, where those who profit most from the poverty-stricken use their gains not to develop their country's resources and improve the health, education and standard of living of the native workers, but rather to indulge their selfish personal pleasures in other lands; who have no faith in their own banks, but place their wealth in foreign banks; and who—like the ruling family of Panama—demand that we pay the natives $1 an hour for work in the Canal Zone, yet pay their own employees about one-third that amount.

This Alliance for Progress should be a two-way street. God helps those who help themselves, and if the Latin Americans are ever to have a better existence, they had better put responsible people in power.

P. F. KEHOE
Morrisville, Pa.

• Timidity seems to be the order of the day among those who see and know the truth. If Dr. Milton Eisenhower, for one, when pounding the desks, had just taken off his shoe and used it, the echo might well have been heard around the world.

DILLOW S. WHITEHEAD
Trumbull, Nebr.

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

10–I. C. Rapoport. • 15–Ollie Atkins. • 23–Bill Bridges. • 24–Vytas Valaitis. • 25–Burt Glinn. • 26, 27, 28–Vytas Valaitis. • 29–Burt Glinn. • 30, 31–2 by Wide World; United Press International. • 32, 36, 37–Wide World. 42–2 by Wide World; United Press International. • 43–I. C. Rapoport. • 60, 61, 62–Larry Fried. • 66–Arthur Shay. 67–University of Michigan. • 68–Jerry Rose. • 75, 76, 77, 78, 79–Lynn Pelham.

ABSORBS SHOCK OF WALKING!

Dr. Scholl's Newest Insole Invention

They're made of Vi-Foam, with amazing shock absorbing power! Just slip Dr. Scholl's new VI-FOAM Insoles into your regular shoes. Instantly they form a restful cushion that absorbs shock of walking. Cushion the feet. Relieve callouses, tender joints. Men's and women's sizes for regular and point toe shoes.

No Rubber, No Moisture!

Don't absorb moisture. Help keep feet dry. Thin edges for perfect fit. Perforated for ventilation. $1.00 a pair. If not available locally, send $1 to Dr. Scholl's, Dept. 38V3, Chicago 10, Illinois. State shoe size, men's or women's.

Dr Scholl's VI-FOAM CUSHION INSOLES

WIN YOUR OWN BOWLING BALL

You can easily earn within a single week one of these nationally advertised Bowling Balls, bored to fit your hand.

Just send us four 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10.95 each and we'll rush your bowling ball to you. All subscriptions must be sold to persons outside your own home at the full price. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name, address and full remittance. As soon as your order has been processed, we will send you the bowling ball. Be sure to specify weight desired.

This offer is good in the U.S. only, until May 31, 1964. Sorry, no bowling balls may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
205 Independence Square
Philadelphia Pennsylvania 19105

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE ALBUM!

- Judy Garland!
- Maurice Chevalier!
- Bing Crosby!
- Lena Horne!
- Jimmy Durante!

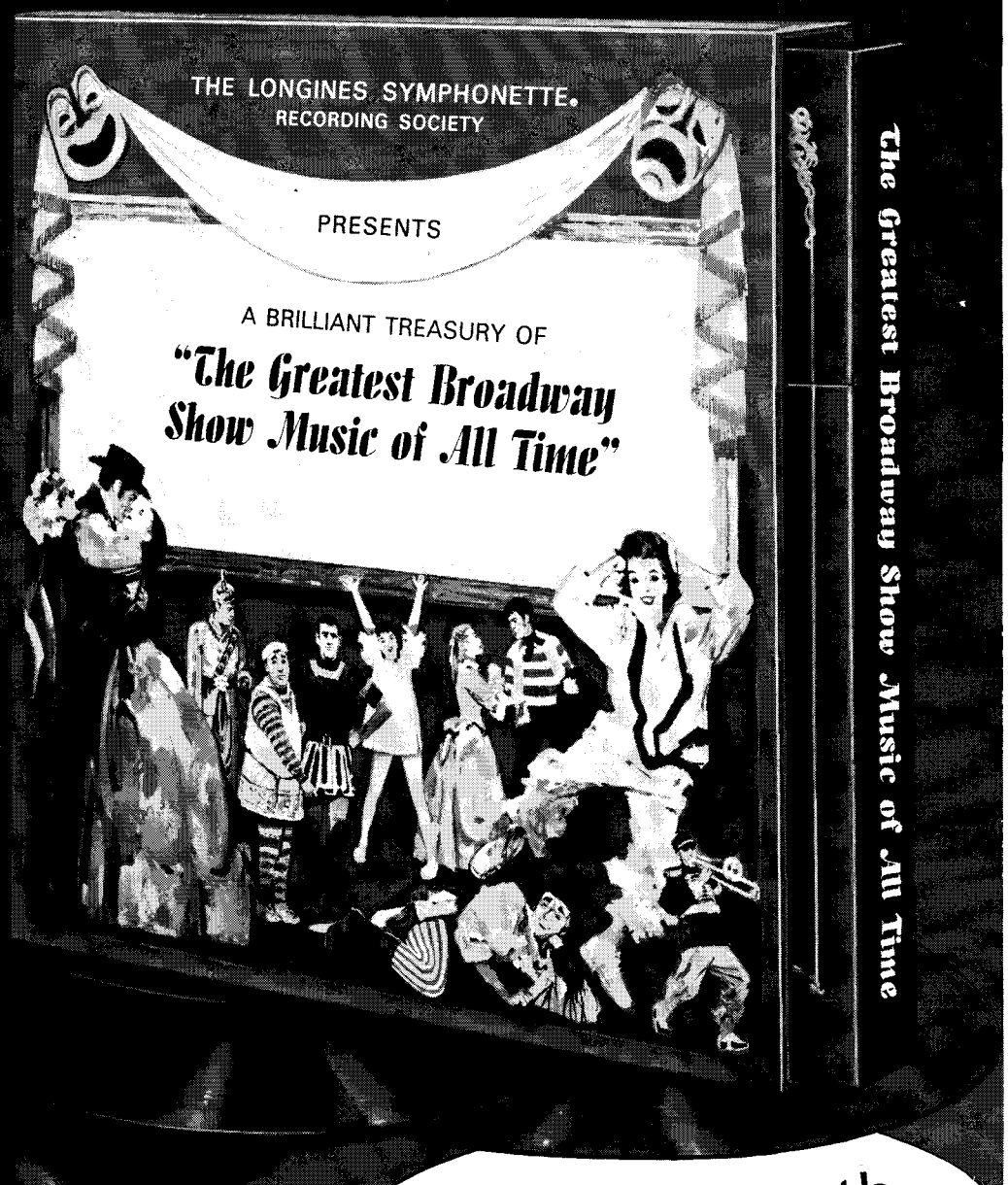
BROADWAY! BROADWAY! BROADWAY!

10 all-time hits such as YOU WERE MEANT FOR ME, I'M NOBODY'S BABY, THE SONG IS YOU, I'LL DO THE STRUT-A-WAY IN MY CUT-A-WAY just for previewing the great new Longines Symphonette Treasury!

Just for previewing this dazzling new musical achievement!

The Greatest Broadway Show Music of All Time

New recordings and arrangements of 110 songs and melodies from 28 Broadway Shows plus 12 spectacular Hollywood Musicals. The most famous and popular music in the world.


THE LONGINES SYMPHONETTE
RECORDING SOCIETY
PRESENTS
A BRILLIANT TREASURY OF
"The Greatest Broadway Show Music of All Time"
The Greatest Broadway Show Music of All Time

Your Favorite Broadway Musical is here!

MUSIC MAN · CAROUSEL · JUMBO · MY FAIR LADY · FLOWER DRUM SONG · CAN CAN · PAJAMA GAME · KING AND I · OKLAHOMA · SHOW BOAT · GUYS AND DOLLS · KISS ME KATE · KISMET · ON YOUR TOES · BABES IN ARMS · BRIGADOON · *And many more!*

Your Favorite Melody is here!

They Called the Wind Maria
You'll Never Walk Alone
Hello! Young Lovers
Oh! What a Beautiful Morning!
Hernando's Hideaway
The Night is Young
So In Love
Stranger in Paradise
Look for A Silver Lining
Whistle a Happy Tune
The Lady is a Tramp
The Way You Look Tonight
Smoke Gets In Your Eyes
Laura
Nothing Like a Dame
The Last Time I Saw Paris
In the Still of the Night
Some Enchanted Evening
Get Me to the Church on Time
Whatever Lola Wants
Climb Every Mountain
Near to You
Ol' Man River
Lovely to Look At
If I Loved You
Dearly Beloved
A Fine Romance
Do-Re-Mi
Hey There *And many, many more...*

$5.00 a month for all 8 pure vinyl records until the full price of $18.88 plus modest postage-handling charge is paid. Stereo just $2 more.

SELECTED FOR YOU BY
Mishel Piastro

Yes, this is without a doubt the richest and most entertaining anthology of music ever offered! It includes the best music from the world's most honored musical shows . . . brand new recordings and arrangements that range from . . . My Fair Lady to Show Boat . . . from Kismet and Paint Your Wagon to High, Wide and Handsome. 8 pure vinyl, 12" long-play records in a stunning presentation case, stamped in gold and illustrated in full color. Though you might expect to pay as much as $31.84 for definitive recordings of this superb quality, you may now own this magnificent anthology for only $18.88—less than 17½¢ a selection!

LISTEN FREE for 10 DAYS! Mail the coupon now and we'll send you this brand new Treasury of the world's most honored music of Broadway and Hollywood to hear for 10 days. Listen in the privacy and comfort of your home . . . then if this is not the greatest value in entertainment you have ever experienced, return the complete Treasury and owe nothing. (But keep the FREE gift record). Otherwise, send just $5 a month until the full price plus a modest postage-handling charge is paid. Produced by METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER, Custom Records Division, exclusively for The Longines Symphonette Recording Society. Available only through this offer. New arrangements in "Living Sound" high fidelity or stereo, full orchestra, the richest most brilliant sound you can imagine. Mail your coupon today!

FREE BROADWAY ALBUM OFFER!

The Longines Symphonette Recording Society
Longines-Wittnauer Bldg., N. Y., N. Y., 10036

Rush FREE BROADWAY! BROADWAY! BROADWAY! Album and 8-record Treasury. I will listen to the Treasury for 10 days and will either return and owe nothing or send just $5 a month until full price is paid. I keep Gift Album no matter what. R395-031

☐ HIGH-FIDELITY .....$18.88 plus postage-handling

☐ STEREO .....$20.88 plus postage-handling

Name.....

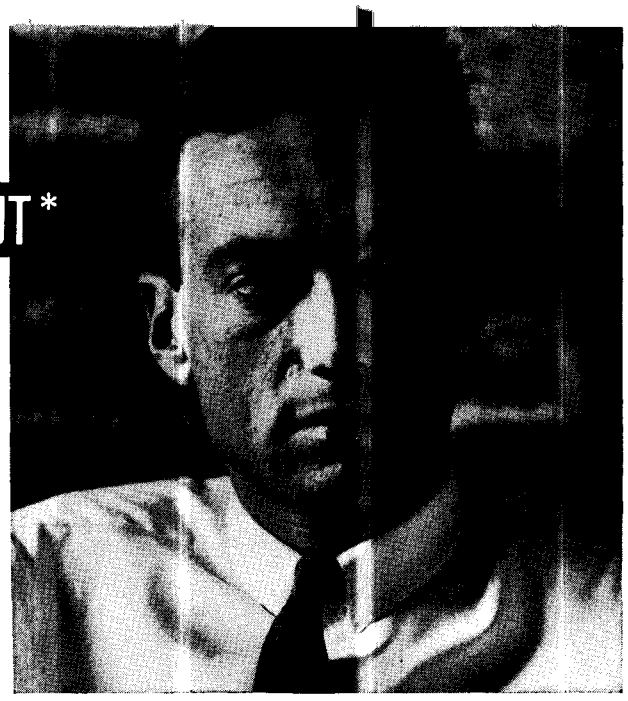
Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

☐ SAVE MORE! Enclose full amount, we pay postage-handling. Money refunded if you are not delighted!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPEAKING OUT*



Ronald Steel is a former Foreign Service officer and Congressional Fellow of the American Political Science Association. The article below is drawn from his book The End of Alliance, published last week.

NATO IS DEAD

By RONALD STEEL

So desperate is the United States to dominate Europe, says this political scientist, that it clings to an outmoded, almost useless alliance.

Although we find it hard to admit, NATO has become obsolete. The alliance we forged with Europe 15 years ago next week is now a nuisance to our allies and a danger to ourselves. Its advantages for the United States evaporated when the Soviets developed nuclear missiles that could wipe out our cities. And for our allies, its usefulness has faded with every stride that Europe has taken toward strength and self-reliance.

Still we desperately cling to the illusion that NATO is the first line of our defense. Still we imagine that the alliance is robust and eternal—that only the long shadow of General de Gaulle stands in the way of a happy marriage between America and Europe. Still we continue the remarkable veneration we have shown the Atlantic alliance ever since its creation in 1949.

In the pasture of American foreign policy NATO has become a sacred cow, one which demands absolute loyalty and the rendering of an obedient homage. It is safer to attack motherhood or the flag than to take the name of NATO in vain. NATO is the one subject on which liberals and conservatives, management and labor, the far left and the radical right are able to agree.

The American passion for NATO is of the kind usually reserved for moral causes rather than for such practical associations as military alliances. Yet it is more than just another military alliance. Our entire diplomacy revolves around it. It has entered our popular mythology and been written into the very definition of the Cold War.

But, however unflattering it may be to our self-esteem, NATO has become an unrequited love affair, with the U.S. making the vows of allegiance, and the Europeans yawning with bored indifference. While this country devotes more than half of its national budget to defense, the Europeans spend only half as much—and then complain about the size of their military burden. While young Americans are subject to a two-year draft, principally to honor our commitments in Europe, most of our allies have cut their draft to 18 or 12 months, and Britain has eliminated it completely. While our diplomats race around the Continent trying to peddle a "multilateral" fleet of missile-carrying cargo ships, our allies show little inclination to spend their money on this military monstrosity.

Judging by their actions, our allies are willing to put up with NATO only so long as the U.S. foots the bills and doesn't get in the way of their own national ambitions. While the British argue that the multilateral missile fleet is too expensive, they have been quite willing to find funds for their own independent nuclear deterrent. Across the English Channel General de Gaulle has made no secret of his determination to shake France loose from dependency on America. To prove he means business, he has undertaken to build his nuclear *force de frappe* and has recognized Red China. The Germans, for their part, have met their NATO military quotas with customary zeal but are inching ever closer to acquiring their own nuclear weapons. Greece and Turkey use their NATO arms to threaten each other with war over Cyprus.

All over Europe our allies turn a deaf ear to our appeals for NATO unity. They are too busy setting up tariff barriers against our exports, arguing among themselves or signing new trade pacts with the Communists. Many of them are acting as if the Cold War were practically over and as if NATO were a relic of the past.

Has the alliance outlived its usefulness? Is it not possible that *we* are the ones who are being unrealistic about NATO? Is it really sensible that we should be so eager to keep some 400,000 of our own soldiers in Europe nearly two decades after the end of the war? Maybe de Gaulle, however irritating we find him, is right when he tells us that NATO's emperor has no clothes. We will find out only if we take a hard look at NATO.

In creating the Atlantic alliance the United States sought to protect the war-weakened nations of Western Europe from the danger of Communist *coups* or of a Russian invasion. The imposition of puppet regimes in the satellites and the outbreak of the Korean War gave urgency to the building of the alliance. This urgency allowed American statesmen to lead the nation away from its long tradition of isolation. It impelled the Europeans once again to assume the burden of rearmament. And it persuaded them, in the name of their own preservation, to accept the leadership of the United States over their defense and diplomacy.

All this was possible because the Soviet threat seemed imminent, and Europe was weak. Conversely, any lessening of the Russian peril menaced the very fabric of the alliance. Built on alarm and nourished by emergency, NATO developed a vested interest in the preservation of that very state of emergency. We began to treat every Soviet action not in terms of its real effect upon the power balance but upon its significance for NATO. If the Russians were willing to pull their troops from central Europe, it was only to catch the West napping. If they proposed a non-nuclear zone, it was to confuse us. If they offered a nonaggression pact, it was only to seduce us. We could not imagine that they might be willing to compromise, and if they did, we could not admit it lest NATO be weakened as a result.

But the slogans of the late 1940's do not help us deal with the world of today. Two events of far-reaching significance have altered the old power balance. The first is the revolution in weaponry whicl has made the United States, for the first time in its history, vulnerable to devastation at the hands of its enemies. The second is the construction of an economically powerful and politically aggressive Europe. Together these events have undermined the old foundation of NATO.

The basis of the alliance has always been the pledge that the American nuclear arsenal was irrevocably dedicated to the defense of Europe. This in turn assumed that the U.S. could defeat the Soviet Union through superior military power. But now that the United States and Russia are capable of obliterating each other in a matter of seconds, superiority—like victory itself—has been emptied of any meaning. All the two great powers can do is commit suicide together.

While the atomic equilibrium has established a community of interests between America and Russia, based on self-preservation, it has also shattered the old concept of alliances. In the past, nations could contract alliances and pledge themselves to one another's aid in case of attack. If they were unlucky, they could lose an army or a chunk of territory; at the very worst they could lose the war and face economic hardship and even military occupation. But since the risks were tolerable, alliances were rational instruments of foreign policy.

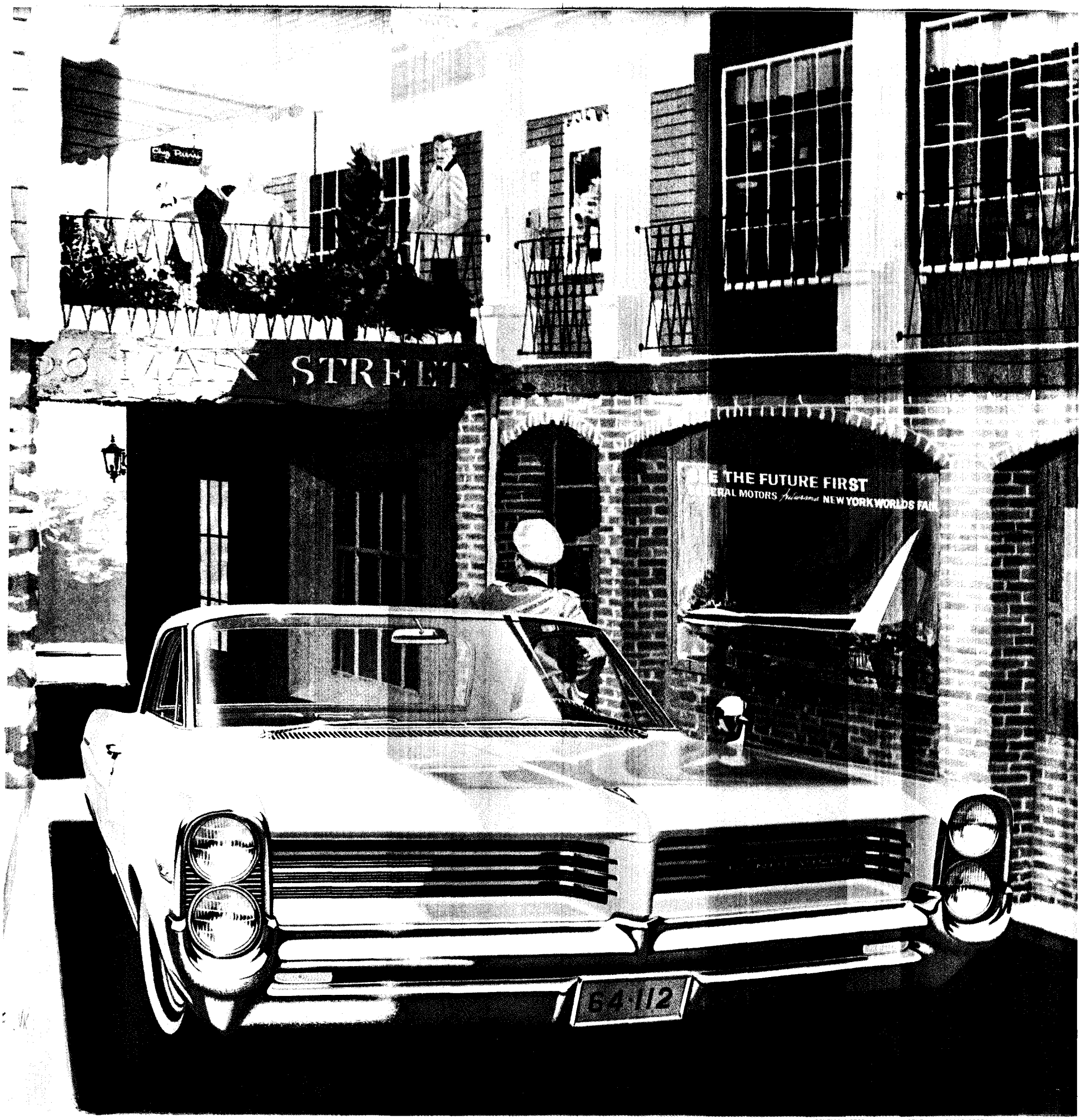
Today this may no longer be true. Despite past pledges, no nation can be expected to accept its own incineration in order to help out a friend. The danger of nuclear war have served to rend mutual-defense alliances obsolete.

Europeans feel they have good reason

Copyright © 1964 by Ronald Steel

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

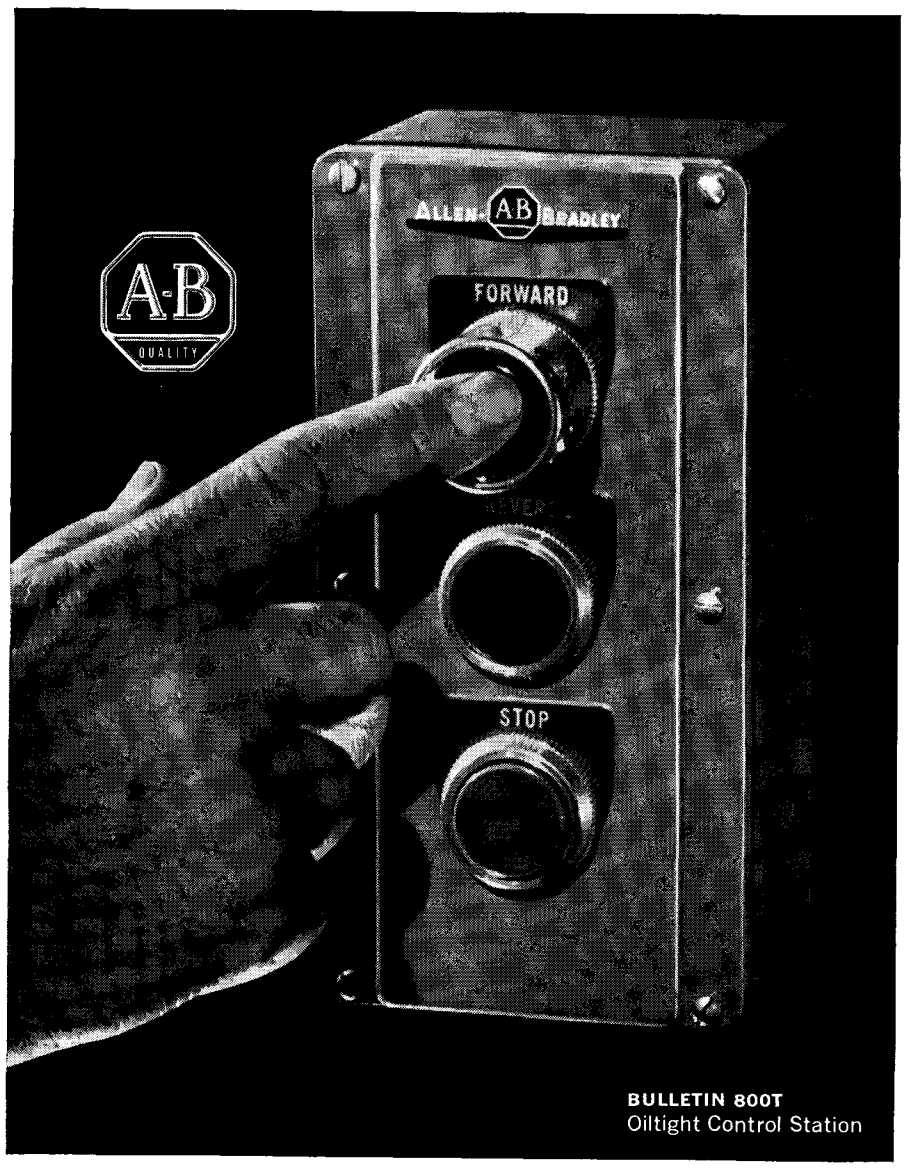


PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

The Fair is where to go this year. Pontiac is how.

All roads lead to the New York World's Fair this year, and the smoothest way to get from here to there is by Pontiac. Our Wide-Track ride is why. It unkinks a curve so suavely, you're not quite sure who deserves the credit—us or you. It irons a washboard road so flat, you'll wonder when they paved it and why you never noticed before. Besides Wide-Track, Pontiacs come with Trophy V-8 power (the kind that answers when you call) and Pontiac style (the kind that turns heads as you pass). Agreed, then, Pontiac's how to go. The World's Fair is where. Okay? Now see your Pontiac dealer and say when. '64 WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BULLETIN 800T
Oiltight Control Station

Here's where profit begins, *or—can be lost!*

■ Continuous production—the first step towards profit—can grind to a standstill when a push button "goes bad"—perhaps because it was not "equal" to its environment. With "shutdowns" a luxury no one can afford, it's false economy to buy a "lower cost" push button than the nature of the application requires. For instance, you're only gambling when a standard duty button is used in a machine tool application. If you are unusually lucky, you "may get by" at a savings of a few dollars—but, if the "trouble happens" that you must expect with the standard duty button, then the "cost of correction" would have paid for a number of Allen-Bradley Bulletin 800T oiltight push buttons—the only kind of a button to use with a machine tool application.

Allen-Bradley control stations are sturdy units—built to take punishment of industry day-in and day-out. The control units and the enclosures have an oiltight seal. No oil, grit, or coolant can possibly work its way inside and cause trouble. And, you'll never need concern yourself about contact maintenance, because they're silver and are always in perfect operating condition.

Your local Allen-Bradley appointed distributor will be pleased to show you the thousands of possible combinations of A-B control units which he carries in stock for you—so that he can take care of any operating condition requiring special consideration. Call him today, or write for Publication 6090. Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 S. Third St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53204. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ontario.

ALLEN-BRADLEY
Member of NEMA
QUALITY MOTOR CONTROL

SPEAKING OUT

to doubt that the U.S. would use its missiles in their defense. Why else, they ask, does the U.S. refuse to share with its allies the control of its nuclear forces? Thus, Britain has kept up its costly nuclear arsenal, and France is building one, because neither is willing to take a chance that when the chips are down, the U.S. will automatically come to its defense. Both nations argue that only their own nuclear parasols can give them the protection they lost when the U.S. became vulnerable to Soviet missiles. In a separate deterrent they hope to create a nuclear stalemate between Europe and Russia similar to the one which now exists between America and Russia—in short, to make a Russian nuclear attack upon Europe as unthinkable and irrational as an attack on America.

The question of military equality within the alliance is only part of the larger problem of the radically changed relationship between America and Europe. For the past half century we have taken it for granted that a feuding, divided Europe must be dependent upon the United States to resolve its wars and bolster its inefficient economy. What we have now been forced to recognize is that the temporary bipolar structure known as the postwar world has passed into history. The United States no longer speaks for all the nations of the West. Instead of one firm voice dominating the Atlantic alliance, there is now a cacophony of powers all demanding to be heard. In the East a similar process has occurred as the Soviet Union finds its authority disputed by China and a host of restive satellites.

It is comforting to imagine that Europe's new aggressiveness is the last dying gasp of an outmoded nationalism, that it will evaporate with the departure of its most vocal advocate: General de Gaulle. But this would be a grave error. The departure of de Gaulle will not mean the end of European resistance to America but only its dispersion to less articulate but no less passionate advocates of an independent Europe. General de Gaulle is simply the spokesman for the nationalism that is the hallmark of the new Europe, a nationalism whose object is to make Europe a powerful and independent force in the world, capable of protecting itself and master of its own diplomacy.

There is nothing startling or disloyal in such an ambition. It is the vindication of the Marshall Plan and the result of America's entire postwar policy toward Europe. In forging the European-recovery program and the NATO alliance, we hoped that the Europeans would rebuild their economies so that they might once again be able to defend themselves and relieve us of that terrible burden.

But now that the wisdom of our policy toward Europe is at last beginning to bear fruit, and the Europeans are moving to provide for their own defense, we shrink from its application. We would like Europe to be united, but still under American direction; we would like it to be militarily strong, but to permit us a monopoly of the West's nuclear power. We speak of interdependence, but by it we mean that the United States should be independent of Europe and that our allies should be dependent on us.

To yearn for the perpetuation of an outworn dependency does us little credit, and in the long run little good. Surely it was never imagined by the founders of the alliance that it was to be the instrument for a permanent American tutelage over the Continent. It was not our intention that American soldiers should have to remain in Europe for two decades after the end of the war; that we should be forever compelled to face the Soviet Army head on in central Europe; that eve altercation over the status of Be should involve the physical survival of t. United States itself.

Rather than shedding tears, we should welcome the efforts of Europeans to create a strong and truly independent nuclear force. Washington prefers that they join with us in a so-called "multilateral" nuclear fleet. But if this is anything more than a gimmick, its only effect would be to put our fate in their hands—just as theirs has been in our hands. Fortunately for us, the plan leaves Europe cold.

In any case, the Europeans have the wealth and resources to build a nuclear force of their own. While there is nothing in the NATO charter that says we must help them, there is little we can do to prevent them. When they have their force, then might they take on the task of defending themselves. Then might they relieve us of a perilous responsibility, one which we assumed out of necessity but which we have grown to covet as the very symbol of our global power and even of our national significance.

Can we speak for Europe?

Europeans today reject NATO's lingering obsessions of imminent Soviet invasion, and they question America's right to speak for them in their dealings with Russia. They are now less concerned with the stale polemics of the Cold War than with the problems of confederation; less committed to the fetishes of NAT loyalty than to the search for a mean reuniting a sundered Europe.

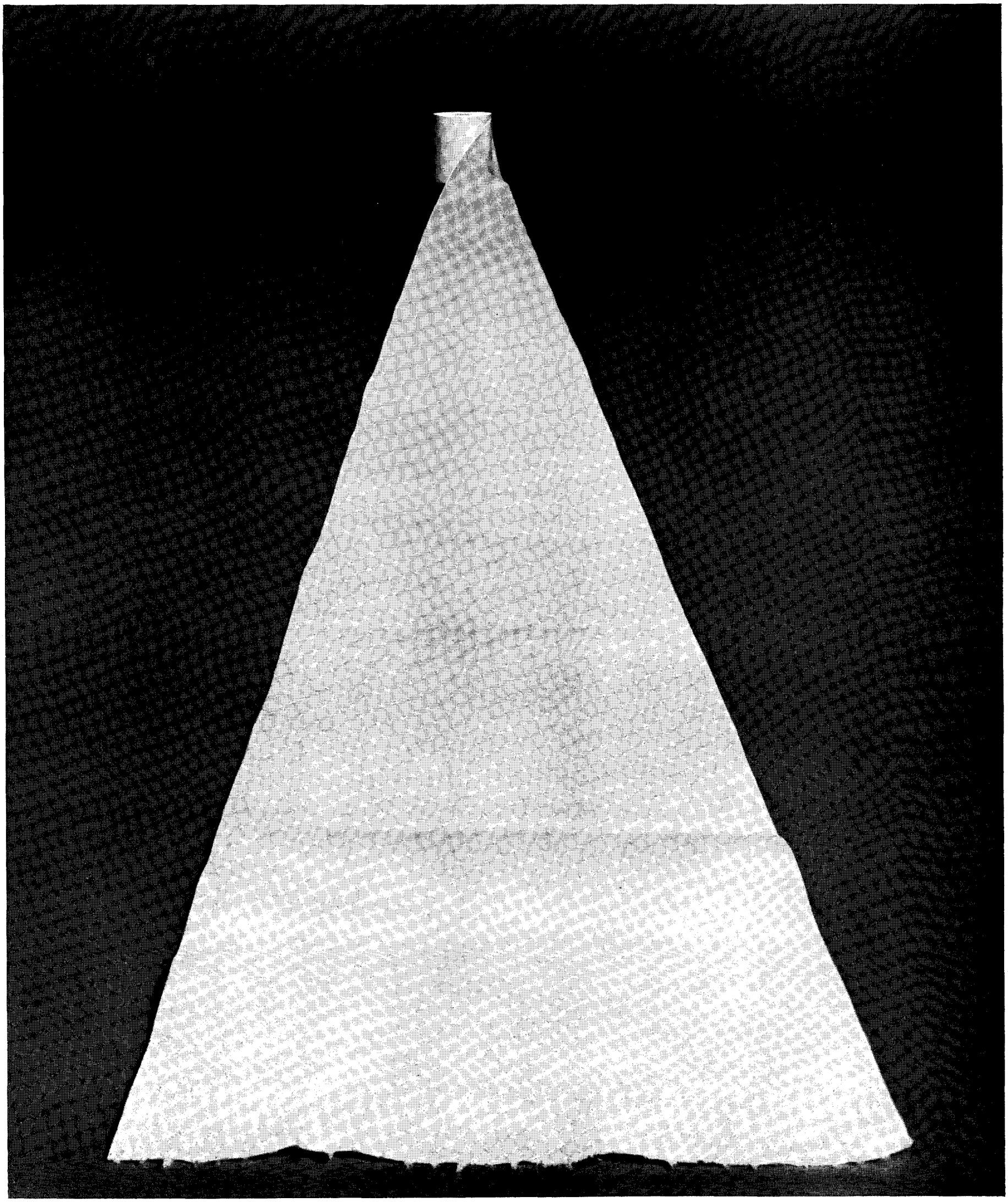
The chronic disputes within NATO simply dramatize the fact that the alliance has outlived its usefulness. It was a wise and farsighted policy in 1949; today it is an anachronism. If Europe can protect itself without our help, so much the better for all of us. Our soldiers can come home, the defense of Berlin can be turned back to the Europeans, and we can all celebrate the demise of NATO. The mark of its success will be its own irrelevance.

Our task today is not to revive collapsing alliances but to find a way of preserving the values of our civilization at a time when the alliances themselves have grown outdated. Reciting NATO's tired old litanies will not help us lift the specter of atomic war, nor open a path by which the two parts of a divided Europe may one day be united in freedom.

In the continuing negotiations with Russia over the future of Europe, NATO has become an obstacle in the way of a settlement. Our vital interests are not always identical to those of our allies. If we continue to put the fetishes of NATO loyalty above a settlement of the Cold War, we can expect de Gaulle and other leaders of the new Europe to seize the initiative we have abandoned by default.

Ossified in structure, narrow in vision, petrified in its diplomacy and increasingly irrelevant to the challenges of the world we now live in, NATO lives on as a crumbling monument to time past. Neither new weapons nor new gener can inject life into an alliance once it ceased to serve the interests of its mem bers. "No army," Victor Hugo wrote, "can withstand the strength of an idea whose time has come." And no army, he might have added, can restore an idea whose time has passed. THE END

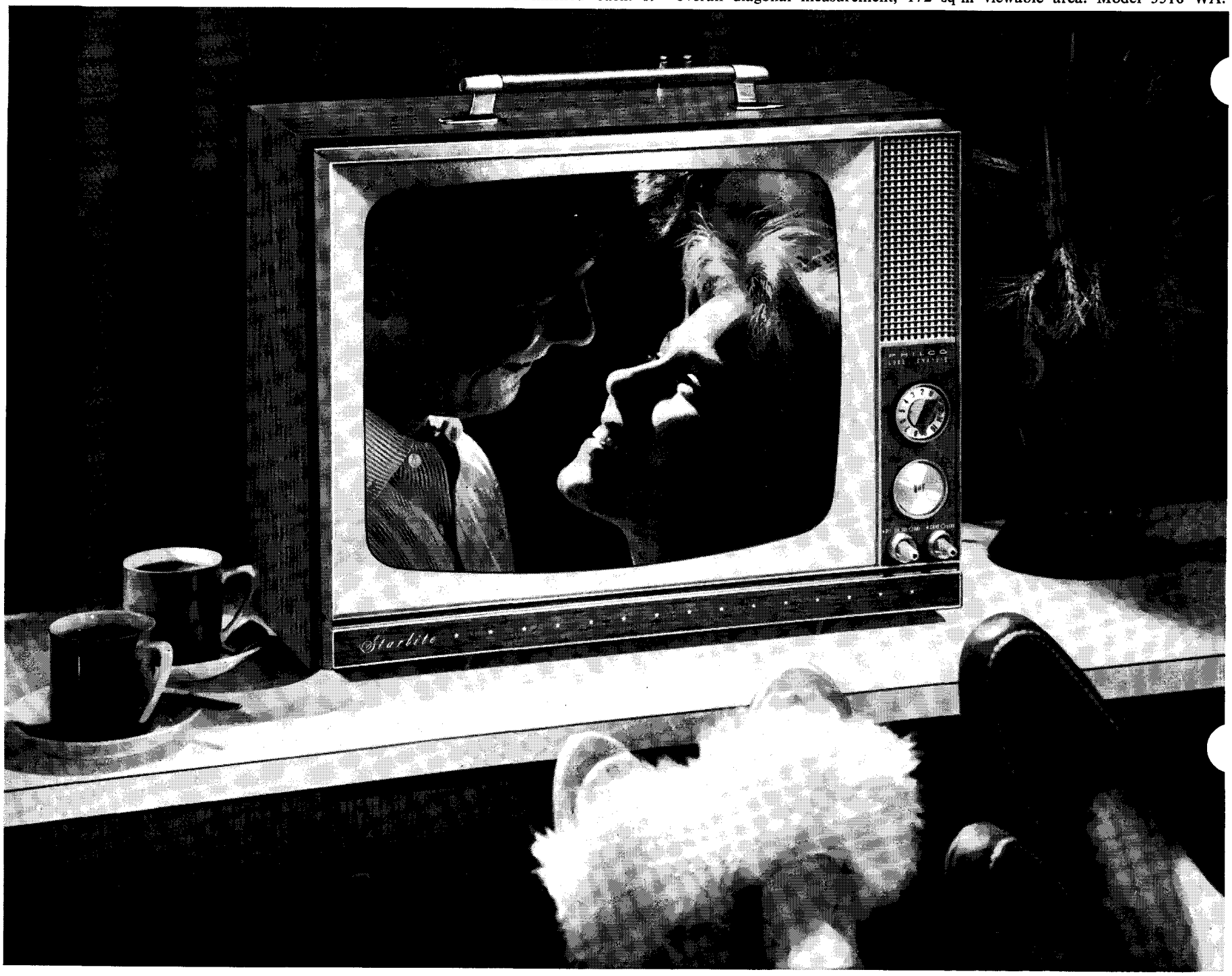
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



There are 244 feet of softness in every roll of Zee toilet tissue.
For softness and economy, you can't get more for your money.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHILCO "STARLITE" TV finished to match rich walnut grain, with soft Satin Winter Gold accents. Out-front controls. Clear, out-front sound. Built-in telescoping Dipole Pivotenna. Illuminated Channel Selector. Decorator handle. Molded finished back. 19″ overall diagonal measurement, 172 sq-in viewable area. Model 3516 WA.



1,285 late movies from now you'll still be glad you bought a Philco Cool Chassis TV ...that's Philco lasting value

PHILCO LASTING VALUE

Like to settle back at the end of the evening and watch a movie on TV? In just five years that could be well over a thousand shows. But if you watch them on a Philco "Starlite" TV, you can be pretty sure they'll all come in crisp and clear.

Philco builds television sets to last for years and years. The exclusive, patented Cool Chassis beats the heat, major cause of TV breakdowns. Cooling currents of air keep vital parts cooler. So they last longer. Need less servicing. You spend more time enjoying yourself, less time talking to the repairman.

Philco engineers and designers are never satisfied until they can promise you the very best. It's the Philco way of doing things, and it's true of everything that Philco makes. So make your home a Philco home . . . from your "Starlite" television set to your new kitchen range. See your Philco dealer today. It's the only way to make sure you get real, lasting value in everything you buy.

FAMOUS FOR QUALITY THE WORLD OVE

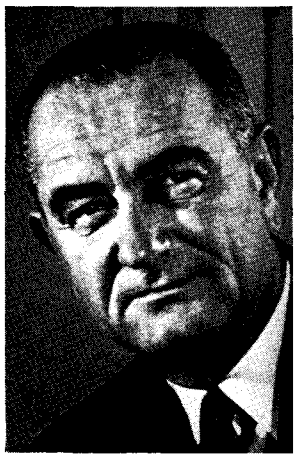
PHILCO

A SUBSIDIARY OF *Ford Motor Company*

Television Radios Stereo Phonographs Home Laundry Refrigerators Ranges Air Conditioners

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The coming attack on Lyndon Johnson



G.O.P. has plans for Johnson.

WASHINGTON: Asked whether he will debate his Republican opponent, in the Kennedy-Nixon manner, President Johnson has said that he will "cross that bridge when I come to it." It will be a very tricky bridge to cross, for one simple reason. President Johnson's opponent is almost certain to wage what one potential Republican nominee calls "a personal campaign," and in a campaign keyed to personalities, television is the decisive weapon.

To see how tricky Johnson's decision will be, let us assume that Johnson follows the almost unanimous advice of his political advisers, and refuses to debate. Let us then ghostwrite a speech for his Republican opponent:

"Friends, I have in my hand the official transcript of President Kennedy's press conference of February 1, 1961. The late President was asked whether he would agree to debate his opponent in 1964, and here are his exact words: 'I would. Yes.'

"Well, friends, here it is 1964, and we have another President, who was not elected to that office by the people. And what does he say? Does he say, 'Yes, I would.'? No sir. He says, 'No, I won't.' Why? President Kennedy wasn't scared to take on the Republican candidate. Why is Lyndon Johnson scared?

"Is he scared, maybe, of being asked about the case of Bobby Baker and the other wheeler-dealers in Washington? Is he scared of being asked about some of the things he has said in the past about civil rights, which he now pretends to be for? Is he scared of discussing Cuba or Vietnam or the way American prestige abroad has hit rock bottom? President Kennedy had the courage of his convictions. Why doesn't Lyndon Johnson?"

The above little exercise in demagoguery is not meant to suggest that this writer is bucking for ghostly employment with the Republican National Committee. It is meant to suggest that a refusal by the President to debate his Republican opponent could be very effectively exploited by that opponent. The "empty chair" gimmick is almost as old as the "new broom" ploy, but it is still politically effective.

There are good reasons, including authentic reasons of state, why President Johnson should refuse to debate. The main reason was given in an editorial in this magazine in the January 25 issue: "His office carries a security burden, a responsibility and a dignity that should not be compromised."

There are other reasons as well. In private the President is surely one of the most persuasive human beings on earth. One senator who is ordinarily a strong-minded fellow confesses that when summoned to the Johnsonian presence he feels rather like Odysseus approaching the Sirens. But Johnson's almost hypnotic private persuasiveness does not carry over onto television.

On television Johnson is impressive when he is making a formal speech on a great occasion, as in his first address to Congress after President Kennedy's murder. But on less formal, off-the-cuff occasions, as when he appeared on panel shows in the 1960 campaign, he is by no means ideally telegenic. And if his Republican opponent were to resort to the kind of roughstuff suggested by the ghosted speech above, he might be rewarded with a nationally televised display of the black Johnsonian wrath.

These are some of the reasons why one of the President's most trusted advisers says that "the President ought to have a prefrontal lobotomy if he agrees to debate." The fact remains that refusal to debate will give the Republicans an issue, and the "debate issue" could be highly effective.

There is evidence to suggest that the President is decidedly sensitive about the "debate issue." A major newspaper recently ran a story reporting that "a bill clearing the way for television debates in the 1964 campaign is stalled in Congress reportedly because President Johnson is hesitant about face-to-face encounters with his Republican opponent." Someone (who?) in the White House read the bulldog edition, and the result was an angry post-midnight call to the editor. The editor agreed that the story was unfair, and a revised version appeared in later editions.

Whether or not Johnson agrees to debate, there is going to be roughstuff of one sort or another in the coming campaign. One of the most politically significant remarks of this election year was recently made to this reporter's brother, Joseph Alsop, by Gov. William Scranton of Pennsylvania. Scranton is seemingly the most gentlemanly of the potential Republican candidates, but he is actually a tough political infighter. "I don't think the United States wants a wheeler-dealer in the White House," Scranton said, "and the campaign would have to be keyed to that. It would have to be a personal campaign, because it would have to turn on personalities."

It would have to be a "personal campaign," because on present form, bar some future near-fatal setback in Vietnam, Cuba or elsewhere, the Republicans are bereft of winning issues. Even the old reliable spending issue has been largely undercut by the astute President. And whichever way the President decides, the "debate issue" will give his Republican opponent a fine opportunity to wage a "personal campaign."

The object of a "personal campaign" was defined by a leading Republican strategist: "We've got to cut up Lyndon's image. That's the only way we can win." Researchers on the Republican National Committee are already collecting instruments to be used in the cutting-up process.

Johnson has been in the legislative branch of government most of his adult life, which makes him peculiarly vulnerable. For example, the Republican researchers have already compiled a 26-page document on "The Civil Rights Record of Lyndon Johnson." The document purports to use Johnson's voting record, plus campaign statements of the distant past, to prove that he has "traveled a crooked path" to his present liberal position on civil rights. Other research projects are under way, keyed to the "wheeler-dealer in the White House" theme.

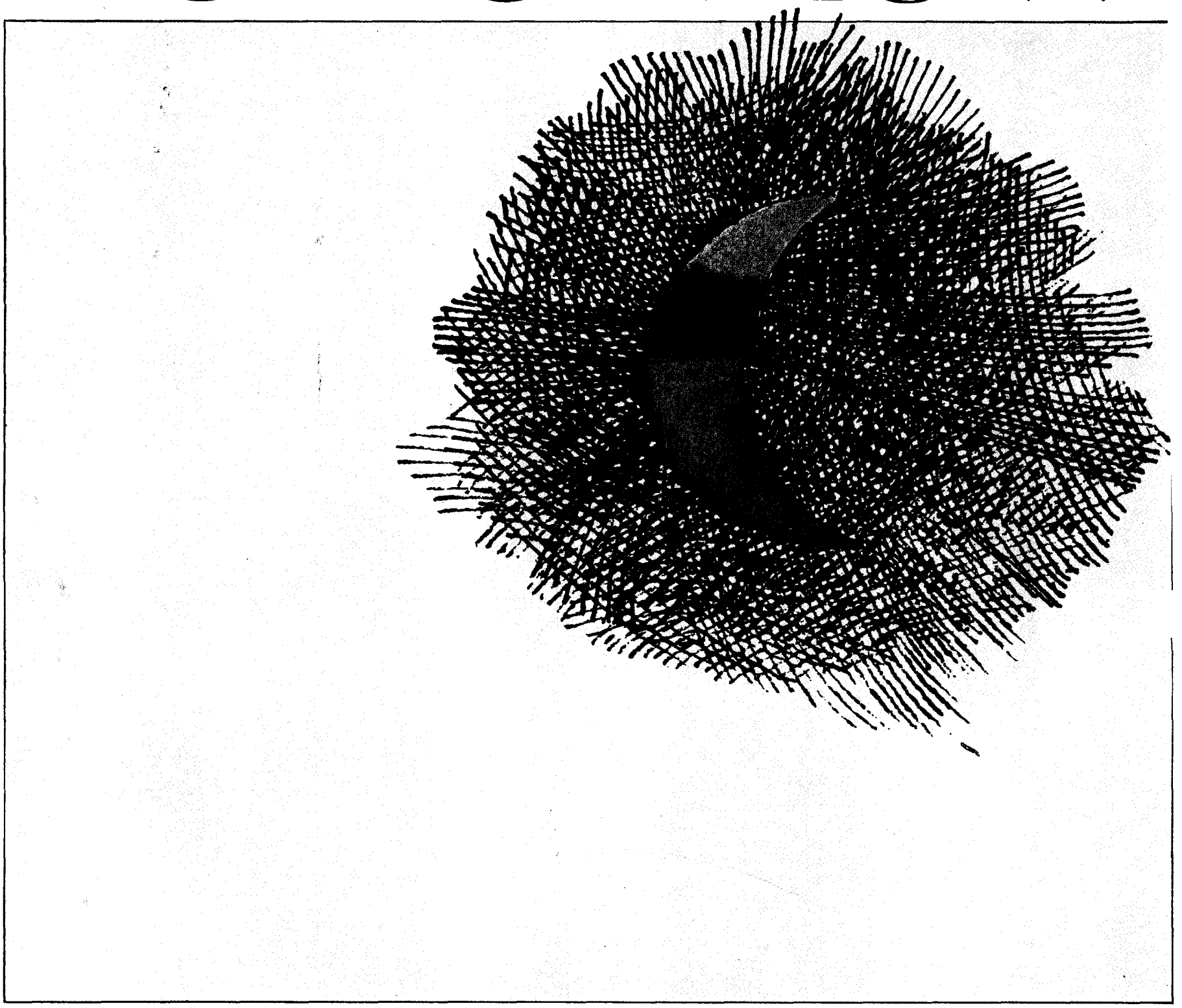
"We haven't made much of the Bobby Baker business yet," says one Republican strategist. "It's too early. But just you wait."

Lyndon Johnson has made no major and few minor mistakes since he became President. But it is easy to predict that he is in for some very stormy weather before he reaches the safe harbor of election in his own right.

Stewart Alsop

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOMORROW



At GT&E, we see exciting things ahead in communications. Not only in space but here on earth. ■ And, at our subsidiaries, scientists and engineers with specialized talents are making things happen. ■ Right now: an electronic telephone exchange is in advanced stages of development. It puts through calls much more rapidly, stores the numbers you dial most frequently, and even transfers calls to another number automatically, as you direct. ■ And not far beyond: machines transmitting information to other machines to help the nation's businesses function more effectively. ■ More reason for the dynamic and continuous growth of GT&E.

GT&E

Sharing greatly in America's growth

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

730 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK 10017 • GT&E SUBSIDIARIES: General Telephone Operating Companies in 32 states • General Telephone & Electronics Laboratories • General Telephone & Electronics International • General Telephone Directory Co • Automatic Electric • Lenkurt Electric • Sylvania Electric Products

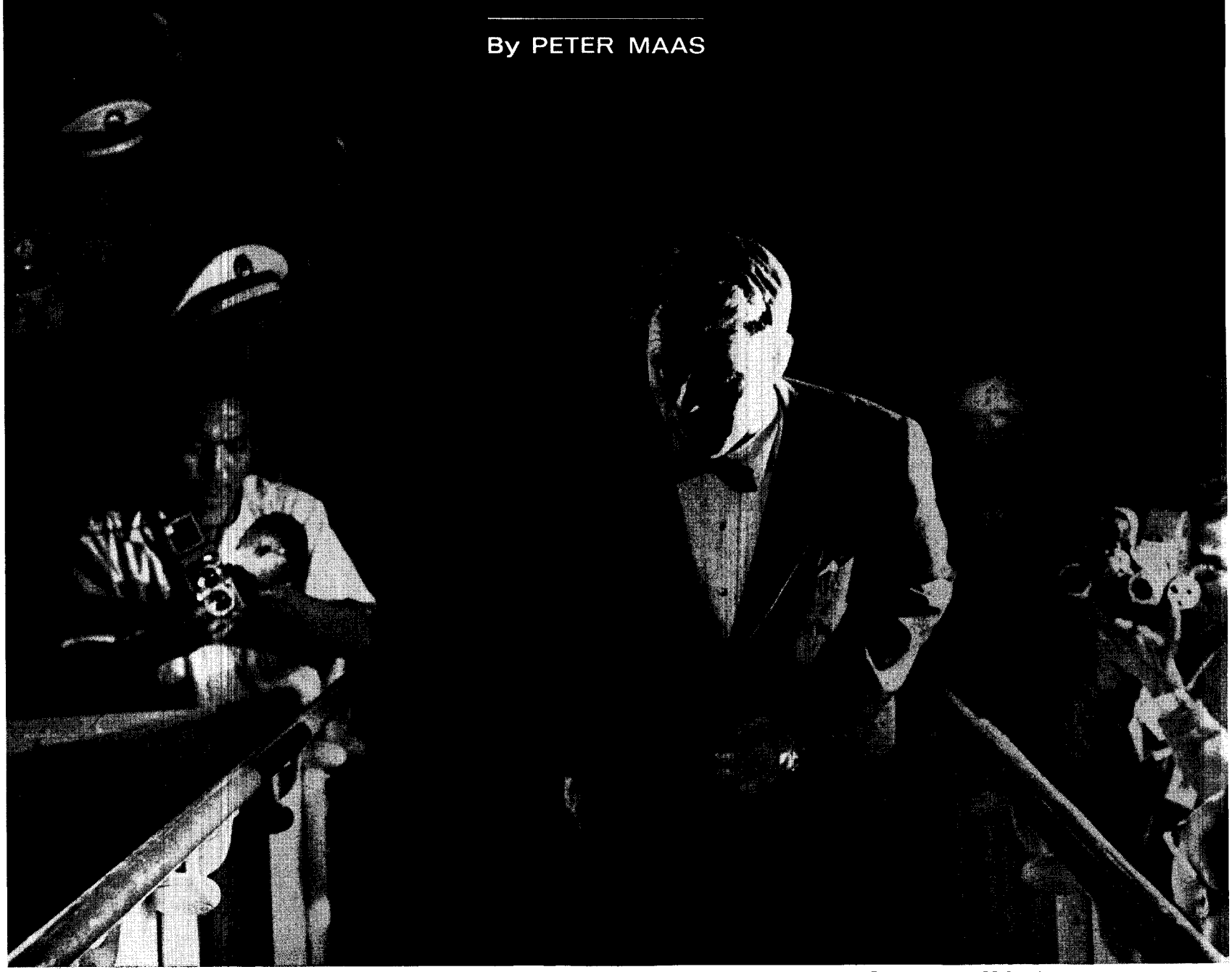
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Ben. Franklin

WHAT WILL R.F.K. DO NEXT?

For years Robert Kennedy's life was dedicated to his brother. Now he has to carry on without Jack, and he is facing the most difficult decisions of his career.

By PETER MAAS



After banquet in Manila, Kennedy rushes past photographers and well-wishers to board his plane on way to visit Indonesia and Malaysia.

For Robert Francis Kennedy the pain has just begun to subside. His wiry frame is still pounds lighter than it was last November, and for the first time gray is clearly visible in the thick thatch of light-brown hair. Around his eyes, too, there are bleak lines of grief that make the familiar diminutive "Bobby" seem inappropriate.

Since that dreadful day in Dallas there have been other changes. The restless drive that was always so much a part of his style has eased perceptibly, and he has grown far more reflective. In his thoughts and his talk there is a new quality of detached deliberation. Time no longer seems to have quite the same urgency for him.

The deepest difference, however, is something beyond manner or appearance. During most of his adult years he planned his life almost entirely in terms of service to his brother, the late President. "Bobby has always sacrificed himself for Jack," an old friend observed shortly after he had reluctantly accepted the post of Attorney General. "As a candidate Jack had to be diplomatic, while Bobby was the tough guy who came along afterwards, laying down organizational law and saying no when it had to be said. I think taking this job was a hard personal decision for him. In a way, it was a turning point in his career. I know he would have liked to run for office on his own. I hope

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ethel Kennedy visited Mrs. Diosdado Macapagal, wife of The Philippines' president, during her husband's January trip to the Orient.

What next for R.F.K.?

he still does, but I wonder if he ever w

That was a little more than three yea ago. Now, because of an assassin's bulle everything has changed. The 38-year-ol Kennedy, once the President's most im portant confidante and the second mos powerful man in Washington, has to re assemble his life along new lines—i terms of his own wants and needs, of hi duty as a husband and father, his role a the new head of a family marked by tr umph and tragedy, his responsibility t what his older brother began and coul not complete. Nobody knows this bette than he, and nobody is less sure of th course his life will finally take.

"My only interest was to be a goo Attorney General and to help the Pres dent," he said recently. "That was th easy way out for me, I grant. It was sim ple. Now it's much more complex. For si weeks after my brother's death I though about it, and I didn't come to any con clusion, so I decided to stop thinkin about it for a while and just finish out m term as Attorney General."

Few people realize how close he cam to withdrawing completely from publi life in the weeks that followed his brother' death. At first he was in a state of shock Later he seemed to live on nerve alone Then he fell into desolation and despai and friends tried in vain to divert him Finally he started coming out of it on hi own. There was a particularly poignan moment just before Christmas at a part for a Washington orphanage. A little approached him and solemnly exclai "Your brother died!" Everyone froze The boy, realizing he had said something wrong, was close to tears, but Bob picked him up and reassured him. "That's al right," he said softly. "I have another."

By the end of the year he could ever manage a wan wisecrack. When a visitor told him he was glad to hear that Bob had decided to take a week off to go skiing in Colorado, he said, "You're the ninth per son to tell me that today. What's every body plotting here, a palace coup?"

Today, an enormous amount of specu lation is focused on Robert Kennedy's future. Polls proclaim him favorite vice presidential candidate among the Demo cratic rank-and-file. Politicians in a steady stream have privately urged him to com mit himself; some have already publicly endorsed him. When he is asked about this directly, the political realist in him cannot resist the wry retort: "It's really Lyndon Johnson's decision, don't you think?"

He and Johnson never were close in the days when Bob Kennedy was No. 2 man in the Administration, and they still are not. Theirs is a wary relationship, not unfriendly but formal, with each being careful not to force himself on the other.

Those closest to Kennedy believe that if President Johnson does pick a member of the Kennedy family as his running mate it will be brother-in-law Sargent Shriver. What Bob cannot now say is what he would do if the vice-presidential nomina tion were offered to him.

He is not being coy. When he ha answer to a question, he does not hesitate to give it. For example, he flatly denies the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On Asia mission Kennedy surprised critics by winning a cease-fire.

rt that he plans to move to New York . year to launch an elective career ıere. "As far as politics are concerned," e says, "the only alternative to staying in /ashington is returning to Massachu-ıtts. Otherwise I don't know whether I ant to travel for a while or teach."

"Everybody talks about him as if he eren't human," one of Bob Kennedy's des says. "They talk as if he didn't have wife and eight kids that maybe he ought be spending a hell of a lot more time ith, as if he didn't have thoughts and elings of his own, as if he didn't have the ght to sit back now and ask how all of ıis affects *me*."

Still, it is obvious that he could not turn s back on the memory of John F. Ken-ɛdy even if he wanted to. It was as the te President's brother, not as Attorney eneral, that he undertook a diplomatic ission to Asia in January, for example. nd when some 10,000 Japanese students ɛeted him with cheers, he told them, There was a special feeling between ɛsident Kennedy and young people. He as more than just the President of a ɔuntry. He was the leader of young peo-e everywhere. What he was trying to do as to fight for peace and also to fight gainst hunger, disease and poverty ɔund the world. You and I as young ɛople have a special responsibility to ırry on this fight!"

vicarious tribute

Manila he spoke to another student .p—one that John Kennedy would ave addressed if he had lived to tour the ar East this past winter. After the Attor-ɛy General had finished speaking, the ıeering students mobbed him. When he nally got into his car, his eyes welled ith tears. "It wasn't really for me," he ıid. "It was for him." A friend seated be-de him quietly replied, "You've got to o it for him now." For perhaps 30 sec-nds Bob Kennedy sat there lost in ıought. Then he slowly nodded his head ı agreement.

The idea of sending him to Asia origi-ated with McGeorge Bundy, President ennedy's special assistant on national-ɛcurity matters, who had stayed on at yndon Johnson's request. For months undy had watched with increasing con-ɛrn the bitter conflict between President ukarno of Indonesia and the British-acked Malaysian Federation. Sukarno as organizing guerrilla warfare to "lib-ɛate" northern Borneo from Malaysian ıle, and the British were committed to ɛfend their Malaysian allies. Since large-ɛale fighting could easily involve the nited States, Bundy felt Washington ıould send someone to try to halt hos-lities. He suggested Bob Kennedy for vo reasons. First, the Attorney General's ɛip to the Far East two years before had een exceptionally successful, especially ı establishing friendly relations with ukarno. Bundy also was eager to get obert Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson ɛking purposefully together.

Kennedy was under no illusions . the mission. Even if he were suc-ɛssful in bringing about at least a tem-orary settlement, it would count for lit-e to a U.S. public far more concerned with more immediately dramatic events. If he were unsuccessful, his critics would immediately leap on the failure as proof of his inability to operate without the backing of a brother in the White House. He had barely taken off, accompanied by his wife Ethel, before diplomatic circles sniffed that he would accomplish nothing.

As it happened, he turned in a highly effective performance. He walked into a situation in which both sides had stopped talking and were ready to fight a battle each side was sure it could win. When he walked out, he had secured—at least for the time being—the cease-fire he was after, as well as a promise to work out differences around the conference table.

"Bobby did far more than anyone believed possible," says a member of the national security staff. "It was his idea to concentrate on a cease-fire as the first step, with neutral Thailand policing it. He also kept everybody off balance with his disarming directness. He kept everything out in the open. For instance, he told the Malaysians that Sukarno thought they were simply puppets being manipulated by the British to humiliate him. At the same time he told Sukarno that the Malaysians considered him a kind of Asian Hitler bent on expansion. He then made it perfectly plain that if war was what everyone wanted, it was what they were going to get. But his theme was always the same: Let's see if there isn't some solution besides war. If the whole thing blows up, it won't be his fault."

The trip, which took him around the world in 13 days, did much to mend his spirit. It also restored a great deal of the laconic humor, largely hidden from the public view, that had always laced his private conversation.

For example, in Korea, where he spent a night and a day visiting front-line troops, he was briefed by an Army general. A little later, puffing on a cigar, he remarked to a companion, "I don't want to worry you. But you remember that general who explained how we would handle the North Koreans if they attacked? Well, the last time I saw him was two years ago in Berlin when he told us what we would do if the Russians ever moved in on us there. The only other time I saw him was when he was holding a briefing on the Bay of Pigs operation."

Even the acid comments of the British press failed to ruffle him. Since Britain was backing Malaysia, scarcely a day passed without headlines in London announcing that Kennedy had sold out to Sukarno in one way or another. Landing in England on his way back to Washington, he was met by a phalanx of reporters and photographers at London Airport. Standing in the door of the plane, he pointed toward them and said, "Suppose I get off carrying a sign that says, 'I just sold Singapore and I'm glad!'"

But, although the ability to laugh at life has returned, the past is never far away for Bob Kennedy. The hurt has simply been buried a little deeper. Spare moments are still not spent in relaxing but in reading and answering more of the telegrams and letters of condolence in his

After talks with Kennedy, Indonesia's President Sukarno announced end of shooting.

Former Ambassador to U.N. Carlos Romulo shows Kennedy Philippines University.

On way home, Kennedy called on British Prime Minister Lord Home in London. ▶

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The hands of friendly students reach out to touch Kennedy as his car leaves after visit to Women's University of the Philippines.

Friends think he wants to be governor of Massachusetts.

Aboard their plane, Ethel and Robert Kennedy listen to briefing by Asian experts who accompanied them on whirlwind journey.

What next for R.F.K.?

briefcase. As the plane headed home, Ethel Kennedy quietly said, "This is the worst part. To go back to Washington now and not to find Jack waiting for him."

The time of the New Frontier is still too close for Bob to talk about it easily. He will start to say something, then his voice retreats into private thought and memory. "You have to put it all together," he will say, trying to assess his brother's Administration. "I suppose the Cuban missile crisis was the single most important moment. But that was not all of it . . ." and his voice fades away. "He brought a new spirit to the land," he will begin again. "He made politics something that a young person wanted to get into . . ." and again he lapses into silence. Weighing it all together, he says, "What we did didn't always turn out to be the right thing, but we tried. I'm selfish enough to think that in the long run we will be supported by history."

After his return from the Far East, Kennedy picked up the reins of the Justice Department, which had largely been handled by Deputy Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach. Up from the Civil Rights Division came a map of the United States, its southern portion spotted with pins marking the places where the Justice Department had gone to court to help win Negro voting rights. The Criminal Division quickly found out that Kennedy hadn't forgotten about *Cosa Nostra*. The second night after he had returned, Criminal Division chief Herbert Miller received a call at home at 10 P.M. It was the Attorney General wanting to know about an investigation in the Chicago area. Miller was delighted. "It meant," he says, "that Bob was back in business." Kennedy also kept an interested eye on the James Hoffa trial in Tennessee. Naturally he was pleased that the Teamster boss was convicted but, he snorts, "It's ridiculous to say I was after Hoffa pers ally. What I was after was the conspir of power he represented." He also ente a round of conferences regarding his a trust program. "We should have go on it earlier," he says. "But we've s now and I think we'll improve."

Civil rights remains his chief concer Attorney General, however. Recentl visitor reminded him of a conversat three years ago in which he had said thought "understanding on both sid would see the problem settled.

"I still believe that reason and tionality will prevail," he said now, " cept in Alabama and Mississippi. I a still feel that in the North there is far t much hypocrisy from people who pre talking about integration to actually ing it. I think that we're going to hav lot of problems and bloodshed—after it is a revolution—but in the end I thi we will get through it."

He paused, thinking back. On the w opposite him hung a painting that used be in the White House, a portrait of brother Joe, who was killed in acti during World War II. On his desk ar pair of miniature brass cannons, ma into bookends, that used to be on the de of his brother Jack. "There were ma indications," he went on, "that the Pr ident's position in support of civil rights that he was going too fast—was going cost him votes, although I don't belie there was any question of his being elected. We used to talk about this and would say, 'What the hell. If we're goi to lose, let's lose on principle.' The poi is that we really did not have any choic it was so clearly the correct thing to dc

When he speaks of "the President," means John Fitzgerald Kennedy; o wise it is "President Johnson." Wha lies ahead for Robert Kennedy depe to a large extent on the sort of relatio ship that he and Lyndon Johnson d velop in the next five months. But B also remains a powerful political figure his own right, the chief architect of t machinery that helped bring his broth to the White House in 1960. If he does d cide to stay in public life—and most of h friends think that he will—there are thr conceivable paths for him to take.

One is for him to continue in gover ment as an appointed official. To his mo fervent supporters this is a dismayir prospect. "The point is whether you wa to see Bob run for the presidency som day," a friend explains. "If he accepte another job, no matter how importan that would be the end of it. He has to g into the elective side of government."

The second possible path is the vic presidency, assuming it is offered to hin Kennedy recognizes this as within th realm of possibility and will now say onl that he has an "open mind" about i But under no circumstances would h campaign for the position.

The third path—and Kennedy's mo likely course—is to break clean and begi an elective career by running for the gov ernorship of Massachusetts two yea hence. There is little doubt today that thi is what he would prefer to do.

Only one thing is truly certain abou Bob Kennedy's future, however. As h himself observed one recent evening, h will never be able to "commit mys any individual again." THE

Thai Foreign Minister Thanat Khoma (center) and R.F.K. at Bangkok airpor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By Donald Freeman

DONNA REED: Fire and ice

TV's ranking wife and mother offers some chilly opinions about Hollywood.

Not long ago, as she parked her bronze Rolls-Royce at Columbia studios in Hollywood, Donna Reed spied the talkative TV personality and producer, David Susskind, standing nearby. He was gazing covetously at the car. The stage was thereby set for the unlikely meeting of the pretty star of ABC-TV's *Donna Reed Show* and the man who, on his *Open End*, had attacked her series as "pure drivel." There ensued, according to Donna, the following dialogue:

SUSSKIND: Is this your car? If so, I must say I'm impressed. And who, my dear, are you?

MISS REED: I happen to be your favorite TV actress.

SUSSKIND: And who might that be?

MISS REED: (*icily*) For your information, Mr. Susskind, I am Donna Reed.

SUSSKIND: (*peering through windshield*) Donna Reed? Oh. Uh, er, don't you find this car rather—uh, large?

MISS REED: (*voice raised as Susskind retreats*) If you ever get a good series of your own, maybe you'll be able to afford one just like it!

Since that encounter Miss Reed has heard no further public criticism from Susskind. She scores the incident as a point for her side. "I think Susskind is a conceited blabbermouth," she says.

The tart tongue may seem at odds with the popular Donna Reed image, but the incident typifies the unshrinking nature of a star who occupies a select niche as one of the few female performers who still head their own series. When cornered, Donna Reed's patience flies out the window. Six years ago, when the ratings showed that the opposition had outpointed her premiere show, the network curtly ordered her to change the format of the series, which casts Donna as the wife of a small-town pediatrician. Donna, on the phone to New York, fired back, "We're not going to change our format. Maybe you'd better change your network." The series not only won a quick toehold, but has proved so successful that Donna recently signed up for two additional seasons with the network.

As a result of her 40-odd movies and her series, the on-screen Donna Reed image seems firmly impressed on the public mind. That image might be summed up as a vaguely prim Nice Girl Grown to Good Wife and Good Mother. A realist, Donna has never quite come to terms with that bland portrait or, for that matter, with her Hollywood-given name—she was born Donna Belle Mullenger of German-Irish stock some 43 years ago and grew up on a farm seven miles from Denison, Iowa. "A studio publicist hung the name on me," Donna says ruefully, "and I never did like it. I hear 'Donna Reed,' and I think of a tall, chic, austere blonde that isn't me. Donna Reed—it has a cold, forbidding sound."

Seen plain, Donna Reed is everything her image is not—she's a warm, intelligent female possessed of flinty opinions. Speaking with typical bluntness, Donna recently unloosed a pet notion of hers: "We have proved on our show that the public really does want to see a healthy woman, not a girl, not a neurotic, not a sexpot. We proved you don't have to have an astonishing bosom or be involved in some Liz-Dickie-Eddie scandal. The public doesn't give a damn about such things. Another thing—on my show I wear one kind of bra, and it's not too small, and it's not stuffed with cotton, and I'm not pushed up, pushed out, squeezed in, out or sideways. I simply wear a bra that fits.

"Forty movies I was in, and all I remember is, 'What kind of a bra will you be wearing, honey?' That was always the area of big decision—from the neck to the navel. Even with all the girl-next-door parts I played, there would usually be someone on the set whose job it was to look me up and down and say, 'Is that dress tight enough, baby?'

"I get so fed up with immature 'sex' and stories about kooky, amoral, sick women. There was a time once when Irene Dunne and Norma Shearer and Greer Garson all played strong, unsick women. But today everything has to be *Butterfield 8*. I'm sick of this kind of misfit role, and I think the public is too."

If pressed, Donna will sound off on other related avenues of show business in equally pungent fashion.

On Hollywood: "Everything they say about it is true. It's a walled-in city bounded on all sides by arrogance. What's more, the people in Hollywood who make motion pictures simply do not know about people or, often as not, about making motion pictures either."

On actresses: "It's a lousy profession for a woman. Being an actress turns you into a looking-glass girl, always absorbed in how you look. Always self, self, self. Too many actresses have loused up their lives because all they were capable of was taking.

On actors: "The vanity of the average actor exceeds that of any actress."

Vanity plays a surprisingly small part in Donna's own character. Recently a portly woman in her 40's visited the set of Donna's TV show and said with a measurable hint of envy, "You know, Miss Reed, you make it tough for us middle-aged mothers. Our kids say, 'Mom, why don't *you* look like Donna Reed?'" The compliment—and worded variously it is one that Donna hears frequently—awakens in her a faint distress signal. "I'm not as good as I look to people," she says. "I'm human. I get mad and I may go to a movie alone, or I'll feel sorry for myself and sulk. Mainly, when I get mad, I'm like anyone else—I just get nasty." Donna's husband, Tony Owen, a gregarious cigar smoker who produces her series, adds, "Never mind what people see on their screens, Donna's not perfect. Lots of times—at home and on the set—I'd like to belt her in the chops. But I'll say this for her—she wears well."

Since her series began, Donna has juggled a trying work schedule while maintaining a home for her husband and four children—Penny Jane, 17; Tony Jr., 16; Timothy, 13; and Mary, 6. She describes the result as "almost traumatic."

"I would read the articles by the 'experts' and they said I should be home with my children instead of working as an actress," Donna says. "Each time I'd read another 'expert,' I'd feel derelict as a mother, a wife, a woman. They're everywhere, the 'experts,' telling us all women should be deliriously happy bent over a stove and ecstatic while they scrub the kitchen sink. We all know they aren't so happy. When the kids leave home, these women who never had any outside interests are miserable.

"One morning I decided to take a close, hard look at my own family—my husband was thriving and my children were happy and well-adjusted without me patting their heads every other minute. 'My God,' I remember saying to myself, 'all these years of worry and misplaced guilt—and for what? To please some "expert"?' I knew what was right for me—work and marriage and no guilt pangs about mixing the two. But I did want to give more time to my family, and so I did something the 'experts' would consider scandalous—I cut out the time-consuming good works for charities, and I cut out the P.T.A. That's right—I . . . cut . . . out . . . the . . . P.T.A.

"Maybe the 'experts' are crazy wrong when they say an unmarried woman is 'unfulfilled,'" said TV's premier wife and mother. "Maybe every woman *shouldn't* necessarily be married and have children—and a lot of women would be happier and more fulfilled if they didn't."

Such heresy was by no means a part of Donna's straitlaced upbringing on the farm where, as the oldest of five children, she performed her share of the chores—driving a tractor, chopping wood, baking bread. "It may have been good training for life, but we had few good times and very little money," Donna says of her depression-era adolescence. Donna attended a one-room country school whose educational advantages she tends to doubt today, and then high school in Denison. A year later she stuffed her savings of $60 in a purse and drove an $80 jalopy to Los Angeles, determined to work her way through Los Angeles City College. She lived with an aunt, washed dishes in a nearby boardinghouse, and set her sights on a teaching career.

Just before graduation, friends nominated her for a campus beauty contest. She won first prize, an M-G-M screen test, which led to a $75-a-week contract with the studio. She says now that only one thought whirled in her mind. "I don't want to marry an actor. I don't want to marry an actor."

In 1943, with her career on the rise, she married makeup man Bill Tuttle, and the childless union ended in divorce two years later. When she married Tony Owen in 1945, one mutual friend called it "the world's worst mismatch." Donna is stubborn, middle-western conservative and confessedly frugal. Owen, now 56, is a worldly, check-grabbing extrovert from a well-to-do New Orleans family. He once was a part-owner of the Detroit Lions professional football team, and has worked as an agent, movie producer and Chicago nightclub reporter.

The chunky, gravel-voiced Owen rules the roost. Once, after overhearing Donna explain the nuances of a scene to a director, Owen strode onto the set, cigar jutting out of his mouth. "Look, dear," he told his wife, "you're a blankety-blank good actress, but I don't want to see you doing any blankety-blank directing!" Despite, or perhaps because of, their outspoken relationship, their marriage apparently has thrived. "Sure we argue," Tony says, "but mainly because Donna's perfectionism can be a drag. She could win five more Oscars and still be unsure of herself as an actress. Forget the soft, pliable look. Donna has a mind of her own—and a good one."

Donna is one of the few TV stars with an Academy Award. This triumph climaxed a fierce campaign to win the part of Alma, the prostitute who befriends Montgomery Clift in *From Here to Eternity*, a sharp turn from her usual roles. Her performance in *Eternity* won her an Oscar in 1953. It also earned her, Donna says, the resentment of studio moguls who were unhappy about the role, which disrupted the sweet-thing image they had so meticulously fostered. "But the whole point about Alma was that she was a prostitute who didn't look like one," Donna says. "Try telling that to the studios. All the Oscar brought me was more bland Goody Two Shoes parts."

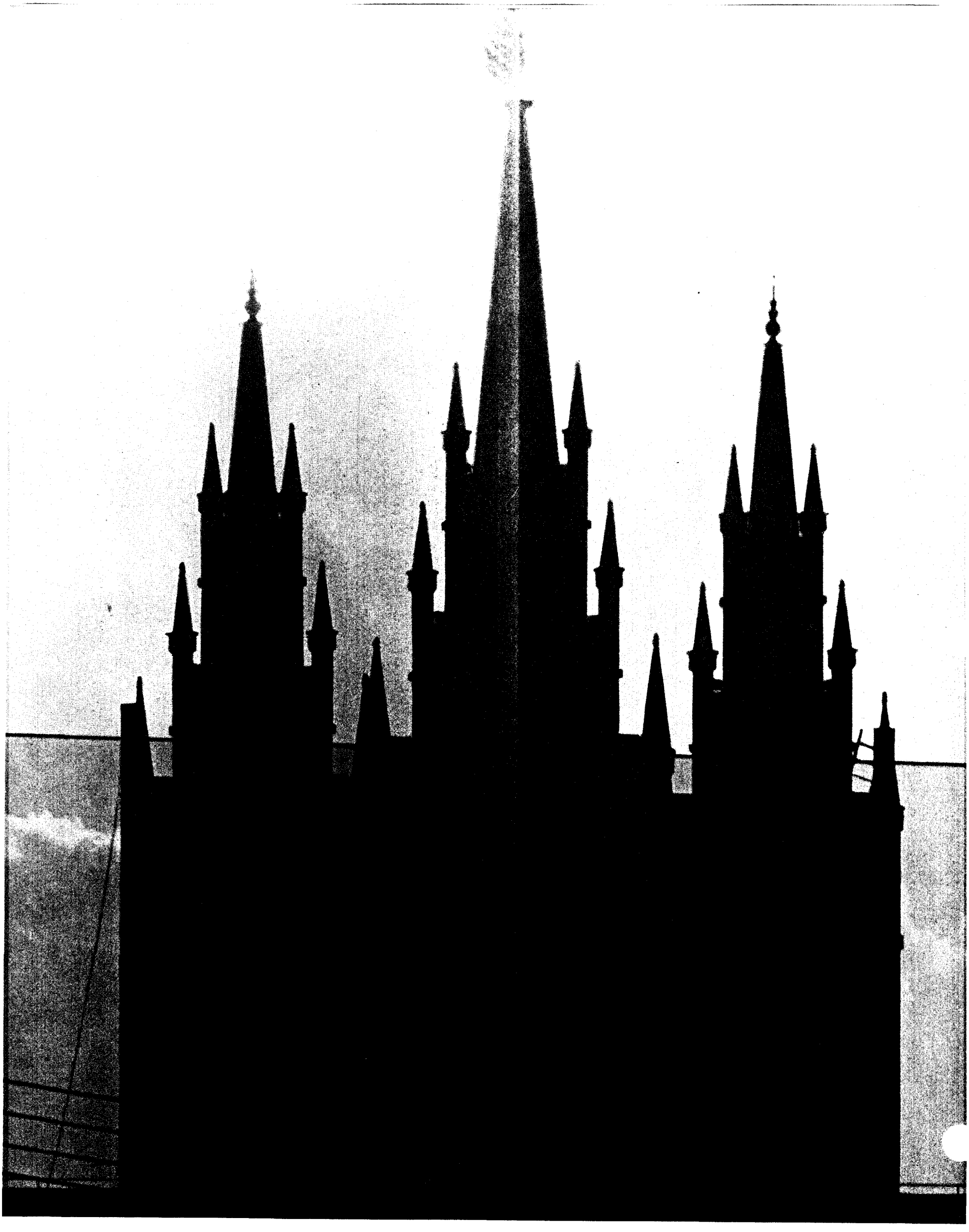
Over the years, Donna also has engaged in squabbles with a number of movie directors. Her opinion of that lofty profession is disdainful. "Most movie directors," she says, "are a bunch of hackneyed craftsmen. They're scared to death of actors and even more scared of actresses. And they hate women, which is why they make the female characters in their pictures as unpleasant as possible."

Occasionally, after delivering a few of her views on the world around her, Donna Reed sits back and indulges in introspective self-searching. "I'm a plodder," she says. "For me success takes time. But deep down I have this go-go drive, and I think it comes from being a depression girl growing up in a time and a place of great discontentment. On the farm I used to get up at five every morning to milk the cows. Now I've become this big television 'star'—and I have to get up at six. Sometimes I ask myself, is this progress?" THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Acting is a crazy profession for a woman," says Donna. "Being an actress turns you into a looking-glass girl, always absorbed in how you look. It's always self, self, self."

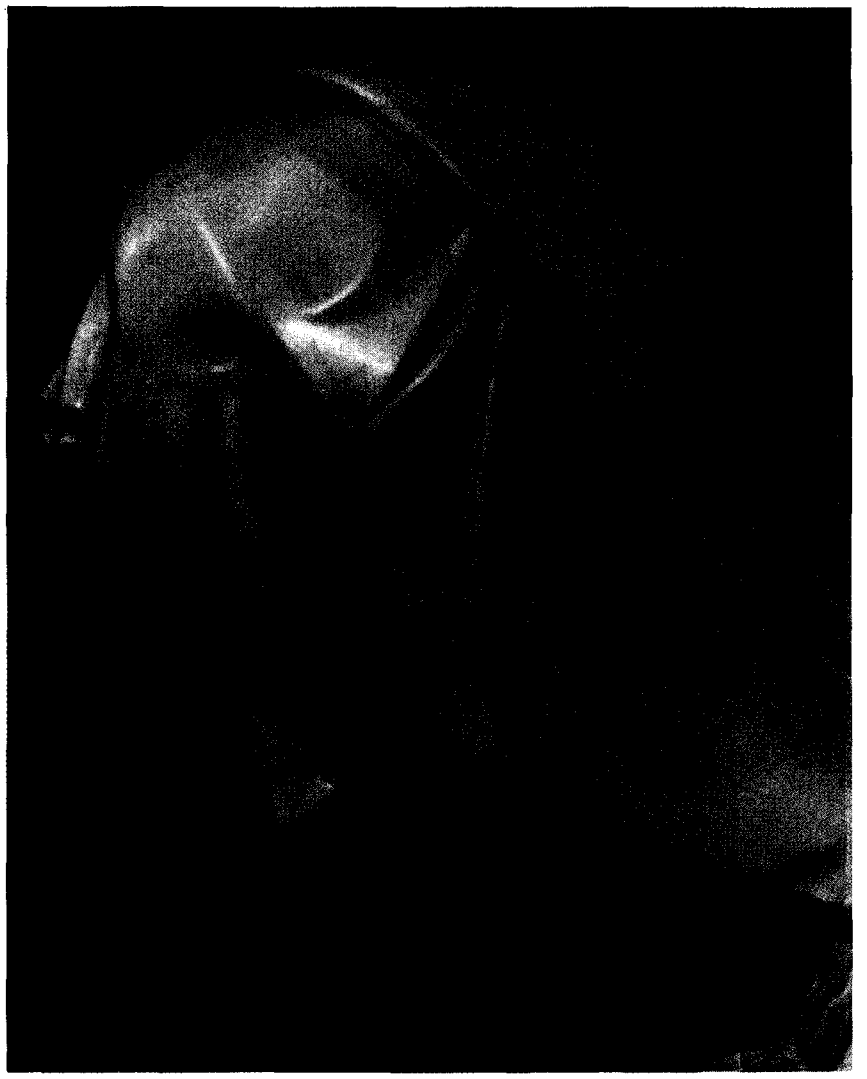
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RELIGIOUS PAVILIONS

The voyage of the immortal Pie'à to the Vatican Pavilion is perhaps the most spectacular but by no means the only religious event of the New York World's Fair. Churches and religious groups are spending $12 million to attract the crowds the fair will draw. Using films and murals, lectures and displays, each will present its own story. Fairgoers may meditate at the Christian Science Pavilion, get spiritual counseling at the Billy Graham Pavilion or listen to Sermons From Science. Among the commercial extravaganzas—the Auto Thrill Show, the Hall of Free Enterprise, the Festival of Gas—visitors will come upon a copy of the façade of Salt Lake City's Mormon Tabernacle (see photo at left) and a full-size reproduction of a Russian Orthodox church containing an ancient ikon. The American-Israel Pavilion will depict the history of the Jews, and the Protestant Center—housing 22 denominations and groups—will display the charred cross from England's bombed Coventry Cathedral. Visitors may pray in a chapel at the Protestant Center, or even get married, and parents may leave their children in its baby-sitting facility—for one dollar per hour. Religion at the fair promises to be as varied as the churches themselves.



In the Vatican Pavilion, the Madonna of Michelangelo's immortal Pietà bows her head in silent grief. Fairgoers will have a better view of the statue than was possible in Rome.

THE PIETÀ: MASTERPIECE AT THE FAIR

By Charles McCarry

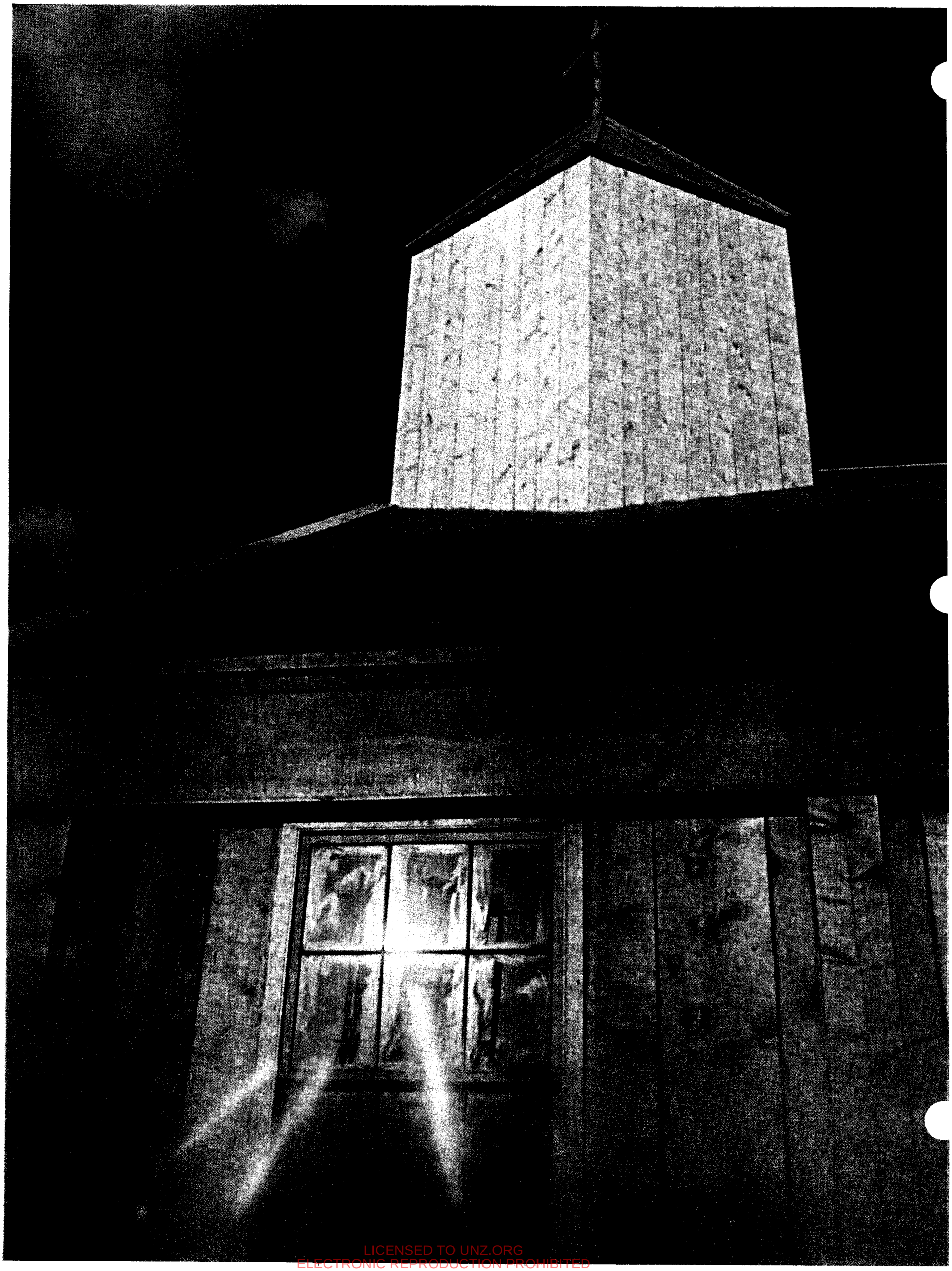
Mary is a figure of infinite grace, her flowing veil so finely chiseled that a breeze might seem to lift it. Her face is pure, with clear brow and straight classic nose and eyes. Her eyes look down at her Son, his lifeless body tenderly cradled in her lap. The upturned left hand of the Virgin and the attitude of her body express the dual emotion, bequeathed by her to all Christians, of human loss and divine love in the death of the Savior.

In a little more than a week the *Pietà* of Michelangelo, thought by many to be the most nearly perfect sculpture in Christendom, is due to sail from Naples aboard the liner *Cristoforo Colombo*. A massive group in white marble, the *Pietà* will be the most important of the art treasures in the Vatican Pavilion at the New York World's Fair.

The masterpiece will be making its first trip outside the walls of St. Peter's Basilica since it was completed seven years after the discovery of America. It will arrive in New York almost exactly 400 years after the death of Michelangelo, and it probably will be seen by almost as many people as lived in the whole of Europe in his lifetime.

Despite extraordinary precautions to ensure its safe passage, the famous statue will depart Italy to a fanfare of criticism and controversy. Some observers have claimed that the risk of loss or damage, however small, is too great. The American Protestant magazine *Christian Century* asserted that shipment of the *Pietà* "will tempt hazards which should not be tempted." And, *Christian Century* added, "One blunder, one miscalculation, could damage irreparably a work of art beloved throughout the world." In Italy, public comment on the *Pietà*'s journey to New York has ranged from "unwise" to "nerve-racking." And in France, where there was controversy in 1962 over the loan of the *Mona Lisa* to the United States, critics are issuing warnings of possible disaster.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMID THE FESTIVITIES, SERENITY

Vatican officials, who do not lightly risk the treasures of the church, are convinced that the risk is slight and that the joy Michelangelo's masterwork will bring to Americans is worth it. The decision to send the *Pietà* to the World's Fair was made in 1962 by the late Pope John XXIII at the request of Francis Cardinal Spellman. The decision was confirmed by Pope Paul VI after Pope John's death. Careful study of detailed plans to transport the sculpture, together with much past experience in the shipment of other works of art, persuaded the Vatican that the *Pietà* could be sent across the Atlantic and brought back to St. Peter's in safety. The church also hazarded a guess, across four centuries, as to Michelangelo's own wishes. "We thought," says Count Enrico Galleazza, governor general of the Vatican, "that Michelangelo would very much like to have the masterpiece of his youth seen by so many good people."

The *Pietà*, begun when Michelangelo was only 23, expresses his faith and his humanity more tenderly than many of his other works. It is lighted by the love of mankind. The figure of Mary, seated with the gaunt, tortured, but peaceful body of Christ across her lap, has fascinated generations of the pious and the scholarly. The glib have explained her beauty by saying that she is merely the ideal woman of the Renaissance. Psychological critics have theorized that the figure is an idealized portrait of Michelangelo's own mother, who died when he was six. Some of Michelangelo's contemporaries regarded the work as heretical, and in 1549 it was called, in print, "a Lutheran caprice."

Michelangelo himself seems simply to have tried to represent the Virgin as she existed in his own mind. He refused, in general, to answer the gibes of fellow artists who found the sculpture—a new departure in art—ungainly and unrealistic. But when it was said that his Mary was too young, he replied from the calm harbor of his faith that "so chaste and undefiled a being would never age." Of all Michelangelo's work, the *Pietà* is the only one he ever signed, and he did so with his full name and style: MICHAEL AGELUS BONAROTUS FLORENT[INE] FACIEBAT.

The *Pietà* was commissioned in 1497 by Jean de Villiers de la Groslaye, cardinal of St. Sabina, who intended it as an ornament to his tomb. The contract was signed with young Michelangelo, recently come to Rome from his native Florence, on August 27, 1498, and the fee agreed upon was 450 ducats, worth about $1,000.

Michelangelo himself chose the marble from the quarry at Carrara and set to work with the speed and sureness that were characteristic of his genius. His work, which is such an expression of peace and faith, was produced in one of history's most violent and corrupt periods. The Borgia pope, Alexander VI, sat upon the Throne of Peter while his zealous enemy, the eloquent monk Girolamo Savonarola, dominated Florence. An exile and a victim of politics, Michelangelo carved his *Pietà* while a tide of black events washed over his world. The sculpture, nearly a year in the making, was completed in May, 1499, two months after the artist's 24th birthday. Cardinal de Villiers de la Groslaye died in the same year, and the *Pietà* was placed near his crypt in the St. Petronilla Chapel in St. Peter's.

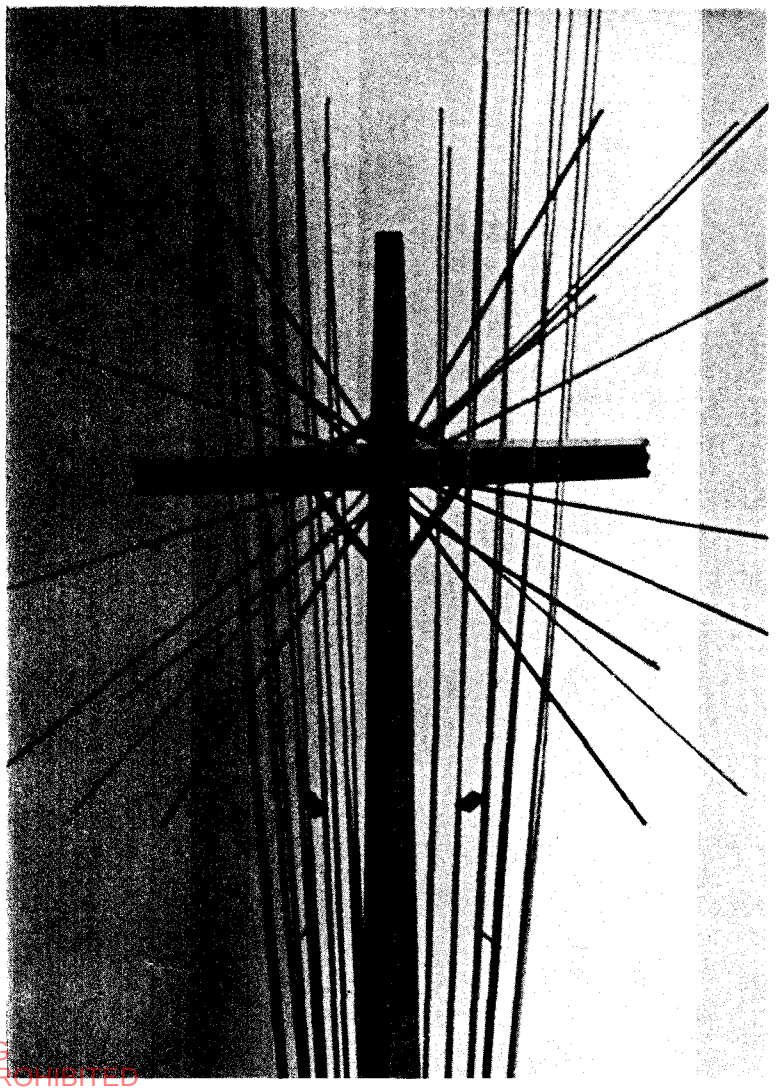
In the following years the *Pietà* survived greater hazards than it is likely to meet during its sojourn in America. First came the sacking of St. Peter's in 1527 by the armies of Charles V, and later the razing of St. Peter's. The *Pietà* somehow survived soldiers, barbarians, lootings and burnings with no more damage than the loss of four fingers on the inert left hand of the Virgin. These were restored in 1736, and in 1749 the *Pietà* was moved to its present place in the Chapel of the *Pietà*.

The chapel provides a simple setting for the *Pietà*. The light is just bright enough to suggest that the creamy marble is neither flesh nor stone. The setting at the World's Fair will be more dramatic. An immense cross will tower behind the *Pietà*, which will be illuminated by a circle of lights above and lamps at either side. Francesco Vacchini, the chief engineer at the Vatican, says that

◀ *An Eastern church has copied the old Russian church at Fort Ross, Calif.*

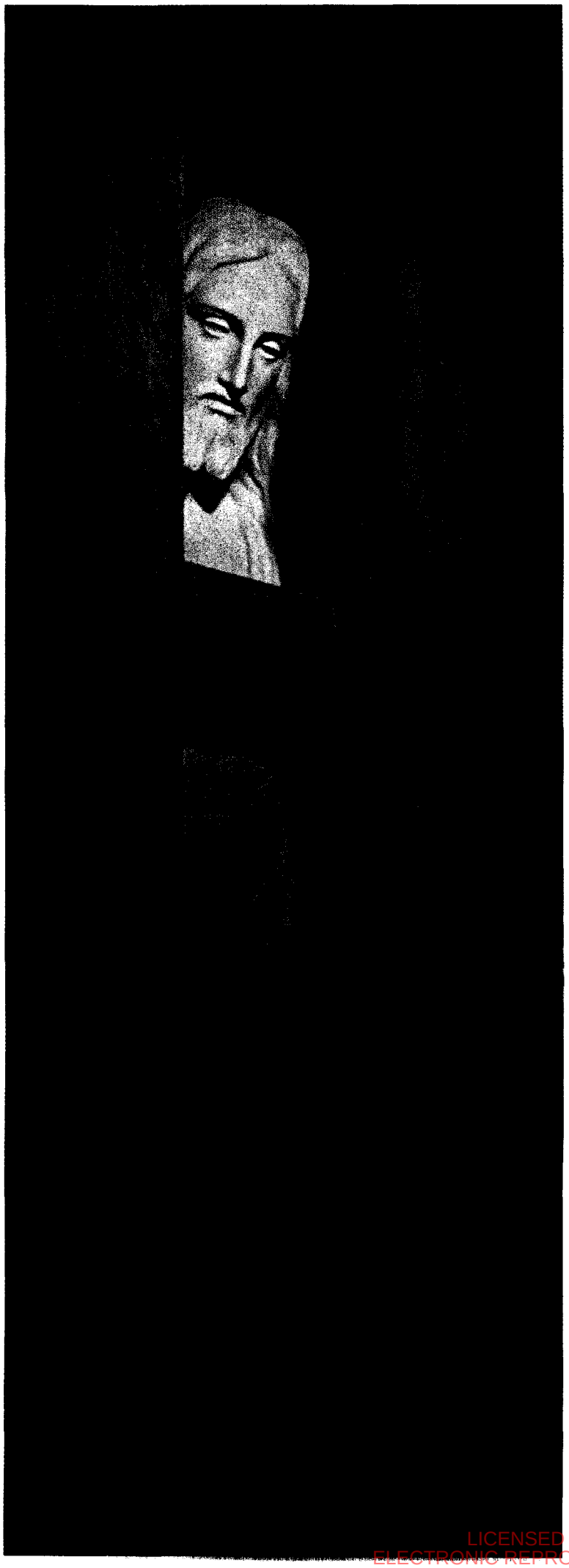
The Protestant Center houses nearly two dozen denominations and groups.

Cross on top of the Vatican Pavilion is enmeshed in rays of stainless steel.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WORLD SENDS TREASURES TO THE FAIR



fairgoers will see the *Pietà* better than they could have seen it at St. Peter's, for in New York it will be displayed as Michelangelo intended—mounted on an inclined plane on a low pedestal. The *Pietà's* pedestal in St. Peter's, though recently lowered, is still 12 feet tall, and the face of the Christ is only partly visible.

Fairgoers will, however, be obliged to view the *Pietà* through a sheet of bulletproof glass, one of a multitude of precautions taken by the American committee for the Vatican Pavilion. An attitude of minute planning and maximum caution pervades the entire moving operation as well. Details of the move are still under deliberation, but the general procedures will be something like this: Before the *Pietà* is moved an inch from its pedestal in St. Peter's, it will undergo a painstaking examination to determine if any hidden flaws are present. The sculpture will then be wrapped by experts in 1,000 pounds of special packing. The left hand of Mary and the left foot of Christ, which protrude from the mass of the statue, will be specially protected.

For its trip across the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, the 3,000-pound *Pietà*, which is five feet eight and one half inches high, will be fitted into three packing cases nesting one inside the other. The cases are shockproof, fireproof, and designed to float. The *Pietà* will be fitted into the interior case as it is eased off its pedestal onto a special scaffolding. It will then be eased down the inclining scaffolding to the chapel entrance, some 25 feet away. The crated *Pietà* will then be hauled outside on rollers and eased into a truck. There it will be slipped into its second and third casings, ready for the voyage to New York.

The van containing the *Pietà* will move along the Rome-Naples road at an early-morning hour when traffic is lightest. The van, traveling at 20 miles per hour, will be accompanied by six carloads of armed police and a repair truck in case the van breaks down. The trip is expected to take about eight hours.

A floating crane will lift the *Pietà* aboard the Italian Line's 29,000-ton *Cristoforo Colombo*. The crated sculpture, together with another Vatican treasure, *The Good Shepherd*, a Christ-like figure with a lamb across his shoulders, will be stored in a part of the hold where pitch and roll are at a minimum. The crates will be made fast by a system of hooks and cables built into the packing cases. The Italian Line has made special alterations in the stabilizing apparatus of the *Cristoforo Colombo* to ensure a smoother ride for the masterpiece.

The *Cristoforo Colombo* will sail from Naples on April 5, and steam into New York on April 13. The ship will be met at Pier 84 in the Hudson River by members of the American committee, who will supervise its unloading and its transportation to the Vatican Pavilion along special routes mapped out in cooperation with the New York Police Department.

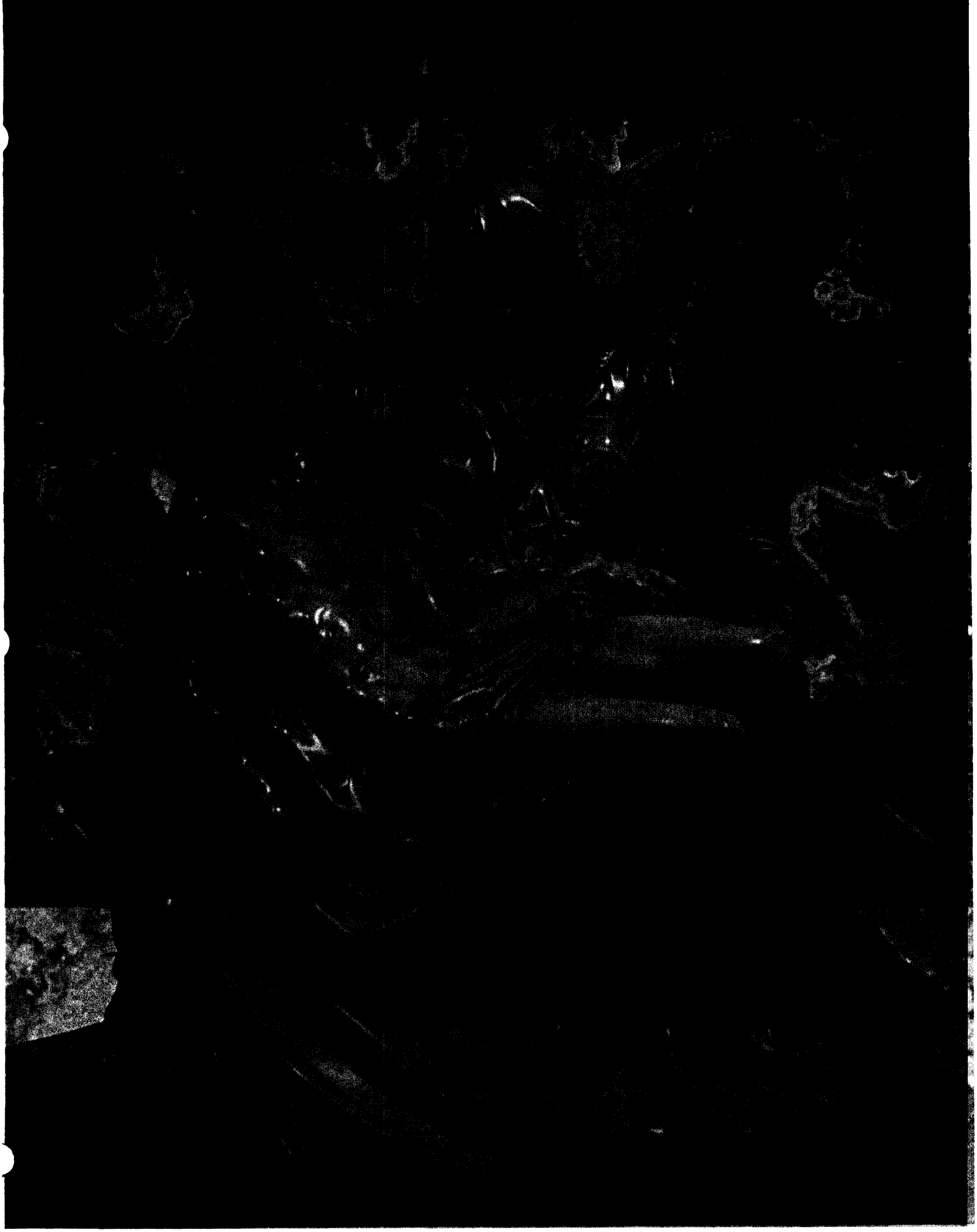
Seventy million persons are expected to visit the World's Fair, and a large percentage of these will surely see the *Pietà* behind its shield of unbreakable glass. The special display by Jo Mielziner, the theatrical-set designer, insures that everyone will have a clear view, though none from closer than 16 feet. A special area is provided for those who wish to stand for a time and gaze at the sculpture instead of passing by.

Special policemen, a final precaution, will be on guard 24 hours a day to protect the *Pietà*, and, against the remote possibility of loss or damage, a five-million-dollar insurance policy has been taken out, with a syndicate of U.S. and foreign companies underwriting the hazard. No one thinks that the value of the *Pietà* can be measured in money. But should the priceless work be lost, a sum would be available to carry on the work of the church that made possible the art of men like Michelangelo.

When the old man died in 1564, in his 90th year, more than 8,000 gold ducats were found done up in handkerchiefs under his bed and elsewhere in the bare room where he lived alone. He had two coats, two hats, some shirts. He spent little on himself, but spent all his genius for the glory of God. THE END

◀ *"Christus," from Denmark, awaits uncrating at the Mormon Pavilion.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Despite protests from art lovers, Michelangelo's priceless sculpture, the Pietà, is being brought from St. Peter's in Rome to grace the Vatican Pavilion.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAMES B. DONOVAN

Strangers on a bridge

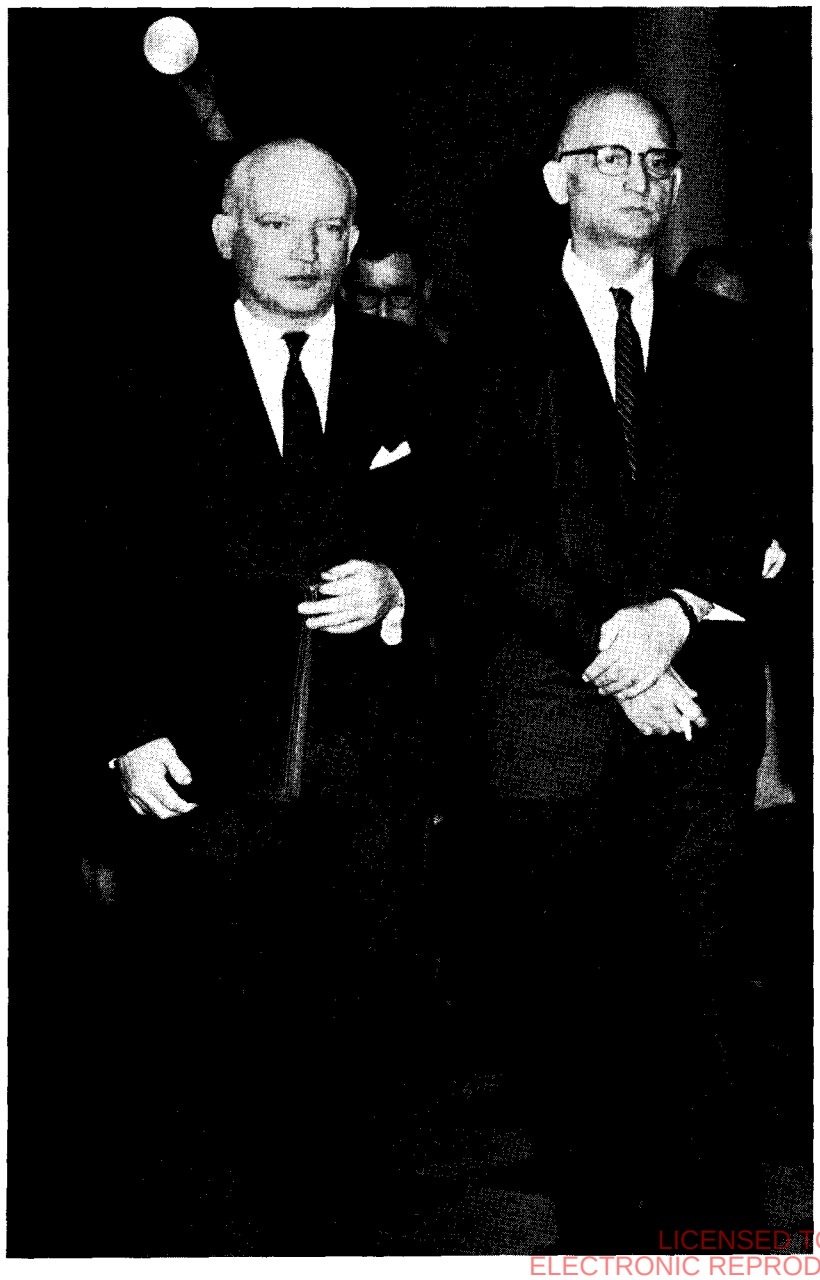
A daring secret mission revealed: Ordered to swap Soviet spy Abel for U-2 pilot Powers, he gambled for much higher stakes—and won.

The Glienecker Bridge, facing East Be

On a June morning in 1957 the FBI arrested one "Col. Rudolf Ivanovich Abel" in his Manhattan hotel room. In his Brooklyn artist's studio, they found radios, maps, code books—all the paraphernalia of espionage. Abel, whose real name was never known, was convicted and sentenced to 30 years in prison. On the recommendation of the Brooklyn Bar Association his defense had been conducted by James Britt Donovan, a noted lawyer and an associate prosecutor at the Nuremberg trials.

For much of this time Abel was allowed to correspond, through U.S. censors, with relatives behind the Iron Curtain, and there was strong suspicion that this "family" was in reality a group of agents for K.G.B., the Soviet secret intelligence. (The "family" paid Donovan's legal fees of $10,000, which he donated to Fordham, Harvard and Columbia.)

Then in May, 1960, Francis Gary Powers, a pilot employed by the CIA for high-altitude photographic missions, crashed his U-2 plane on Soviet territory near Sverdlovsk. Talk at once began about an exchange of captives—our U-2 pilot for the Red master spy. A year later "Mrs. Abel" wrote to Donovan suggesting exactly such a deal, which indicated that Soviet authorities were interested. Meanwhile Francis Powers had been sentenced to three years in a Soviet prison and seven more in a labor camp. Would President Kennedy grant the necessary executive clemency to obtain Abel's release? Seven months after Mrs. Abel's letter to Donovan, American authorities made their decision. Here, using his own private diaries and confidential reports, Donovan tells the dramatic inside story for the first time.



◀ *Attorney Donovan, left, escorts Red spy Abel into Federal court for sentencing.*

Thursday, January 11

At the request of the United States Government, I attended a meeting in Washington and was told it had been determined "on the highest level" that it would be in the national interest to effect a Powers-for-Abel exchange.

"If you are willing," they said, "we would like you to undertake a mission to East Germany to negotiate the exchange."

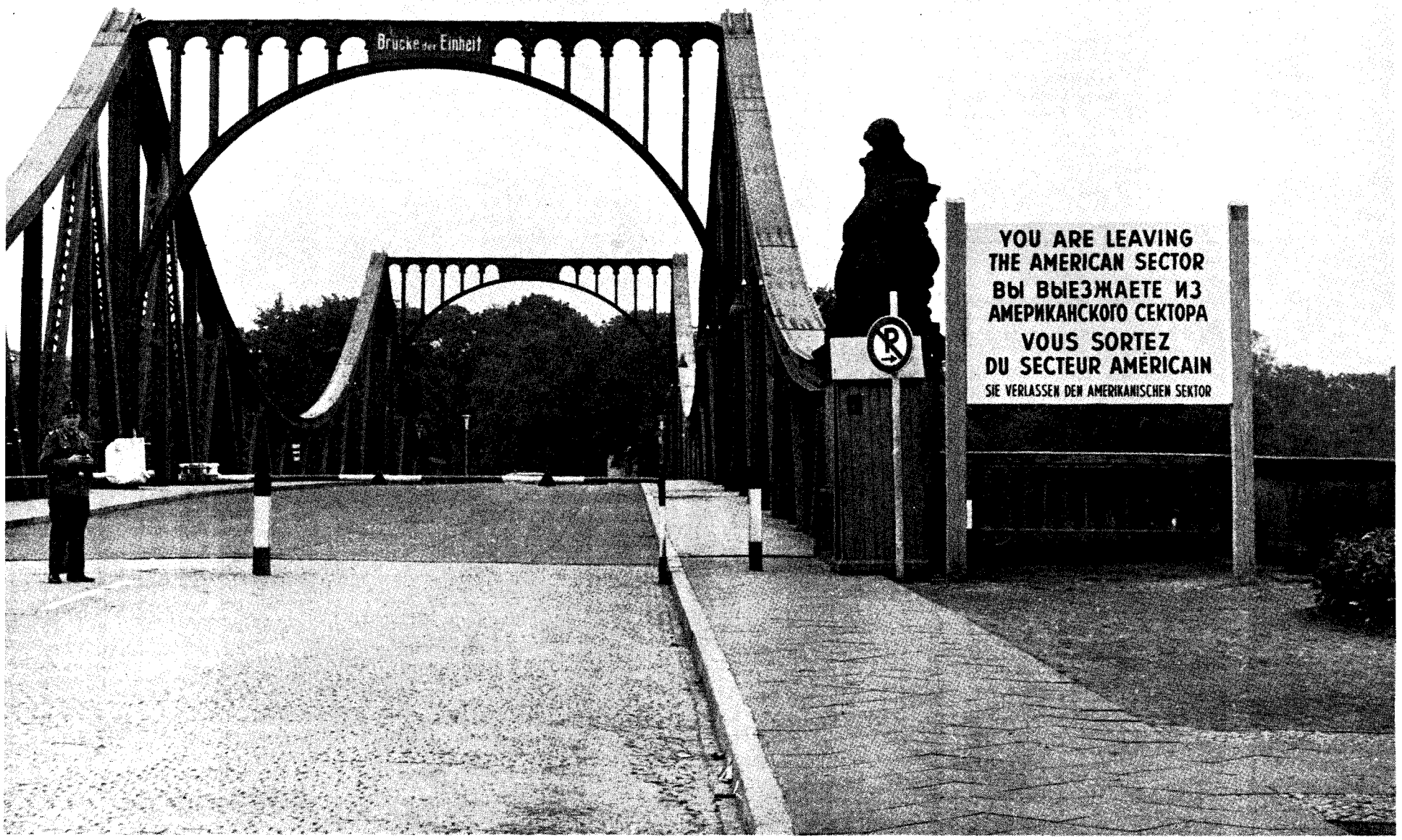
I sent from Washington a letter to "Frau Helen Abel" in Leipzig, in East Germany, which had been her address for the past three years. I said that there had been "significant developments" which now warranted a meeting. I concluded:

My proposal is that I meet you at the Soviet embassy in East Berlin on Saturday, February 3, 1962, at 12 noon. It is imperative that no publicity be given to this meeting by any party. Accordingly, if the foregoing meeting is satisfactory, please cable me at my law office only the message "Happy New Year."

I believed it necessary for me to carry an official letter which would convince the Russians that the United States Government would stand by my commitment to release Abel. Late on this afternoon I was given such a letter, which I criticized as being so cautious in its wording as to be ambiguous. However, they declined to change it, and it was all that I carried

From the book, "Strangers on a Bridge," by James B. Donovan.
©1964 by Atheneum House, Inc. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



n the far end, on a freezing morning, Francis Powers, with an armed escort, began his journey to freedom: from the near end Col. Rudolf Abel began his walk to the Iron Curtain.

into East Germany as evidence of my status and good faith. It was on Department of Justice stationery and read:

Dear Mr. Donovan:

With respect to the recent conference with you regarding executive clemency for your client, this is to assure you that upon the fulfillment of circumstances as outlined the reason set forth in the letter to your client's wife as to why executive clemency should not be considered, will no longer exist.

Sincerely yours,
Reed Cozart
Pardon Attorney

Thursday, January 25

On this morning at 10 o'clock I received at my law office in New York a cablegram from Berlin which read HAPPY NEW YEAR and was signed HELEN. The meeting in East Berlin was set.

Saturday, January 27

I took a cab to the Harvard Club to meet a Washington contact for my final briefing. I gave him my detailed itinerary for the trip, and he informed me when I could expect to receive official instructions in London.

He told me that the East Germans were holding a young American Yale student from Michigan named Frederic L. Pryor for trial on espionage charges. Before the Berlin Wall was erected, Pryor had been doing research in East Berlin to complete his doctorate thesis on trade behind the Iron Curtain. He dug too deeply, obtained some material regarded as confidential, and now the East Germans planned a propaganda trial. The prosecutor had publicly announced that he would demand the death penalty for the young American. It was believed that the whole affair was being publicized in the hope of arousing American public opinion in favor of Pryor and thus compelling some form of recognition of the East German government by the U.S.

Another young American student, Marvin Makinen from the University of Pennsylvania, had also been arrested for espionage, on the grounds that he had taken illegal photographs of military installations while touring Russia. He had been tried by a Soviet court, convicted, and sentenced to serve eight years' imprisonment in Russia.

I was told the East German lawyer Wolfgang Vogel now claimed to represent both the Abel and Pryor families. The other day he sent a message to the United States Mission in West Berlin that Mrs. Abel was confident that Pryor and Makinen would also be freed if the United States released Abel in exchange for Powers. However, our people regard Vogel as untrustworthy. The Government's advice to me was that while I should try to release all three Americans, my basic mission would be to exchange Abel for Powers. Beyond that man-for-man trade, I should use my own discretion and "play it by ear." I resolved to try for all.

In response to inquiries, I was advised to take no recording device or weapon on any part of the journey.

Tuesday, January 30

I arrived in London early in the morning after a routine flight from Idlewild by Pan American jet. I checked into Claridge's hotel and shortly thereafter was visited by a young, very competent "Mr. White," who alerted me to my departure for Berlin the following Friday. He told me that during the remainder of the journey I would be known as "Mr. Dennis," for security reasons. Then he gave me some West German marks and I gave him a morning bracer of Claridge's brandy.

Friday, February 2

Before dawn Mr. White arrived and I checked out of Claridge's. At Connaught Square we picked up a young lady representing British Security. When we arrived at the air base, Captain MacArthur of the U.S. Air Force introduced himself and we took off immediately.

After refueling at Wiesbaden, we had sandwiches and coffee in the plane, and then through the most miserable fog and sleet we made a two-hour flight along the narrow Corridor leading through East Germany to Berlin. We finally skidded into Tempelhof Airdrome, where our plane was met by an American named Bob, who had a small automobile parked nearby. By now it was snowing heavily. No one seemed to object as we quickly drove away.

We drove in silence to a darkened private house in a residential section of West Berlin. We entered, lighted the living room, closed the blinds, took off our snow-covered clothes and for the first time faced each other in clear light.

"Greetings," Bob said. "I'm sorry not to have talked much during our drive, but I thought that after your flight from London you'd like to settle down and relax before we had a chat." He was tall, good-looking, around 40, and had a quiet air of assurance.

"You'll live here alone. Every morning a safe German maid will come, fix your breakfast and make the bed upstairs. We've tried to make your life comfortable and you'll find everything from American

Back in U.S., Francis Powers takes a walk.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Abel family"—a strange trio masquerading as innocent relatives.

Strangers on a Bridge

cigarettes and twelve-year-old Scotch to current magazines.

"Suppose you unpack and relax for a few hours. I'll come by later, to take you out for dinner."

Three hours later we had an excellent meal together in a side-street restaurant. We talked about everything except my mission. Later we drove over to the Berlin Hilton Hotel, crowded with commercial travelers, and Bob showed me its dimly lighted Golden City Bar. As we drove home through the snow, he explained that after my trip to East Berlin the next day I should call him from the Hilton at an unlisted telephone number which I was to memorize. The number, he said, would be manned day and night for this sole purpose while I remained in Berlin.

Saturday, February 3

I awoke literally stiff with cold. Outside there was sleet falling upon the snow, with that depressing gloom that can shroud Berlin in unpleasant weather. I soon found I had developed a cold which settled in my back; it felt like pleurisy. When Bob arrived we ascertained I had no temperature and he promised liniment.

We drove through a snowstorm to the S-Bahn station in West Berlin, where I bought a round-trip ticket (for good luck, I told Bob). I climbed the stairs and boarded the first train. I recorded the details of the trip in my formal report to Washington written late that night. (Upon my return each evening I went to the Golden City Bar, called the unlisted number and would be joined by Bob. I meanwhile would have written in longhand a brief summary of the day. He would drive me home, send the summary to the United States at once, and after dinner would bring a stenographer, to whom I dictated a detailed report. All the following "dailies" are excerpts from such reports. Other details have been taken directly from my diaries.)

At about 1115 hours I entered the S-Bahnhof at the Zoo station and took the train for a 20-minute trip to Friedrichstrasse. Here I was permitted to pass by the first uniformed guard to have my passport inspected, but when I rounded a corner through a roped corridor I found approximately 100 people herded in lines and waiting for passport clearance. After 10 minutes only one or two persons had been processed for entry and the delay seemed to be deliberate. My passport and currency had yet to be inspected.

Since it was almost 1130 hours, I left my place in the line and marched up to the nearest Vopo. Glowering, I loudly told him in German that I had an appointment at 1200 hours at the Soviet Embassy. He clicked his heels and promptly escorted me to the head of the line and I answered routine questions.

Through the falling snow I at last made my way to Unter den Linden. I located the Soviet Embassy, but a receptionist, after checking, informed me in excellent English that I must proceed next door to the consulate, where my meeting would take place. I walked there, rang the bell and opened a formidable door.

"How do you do?" said a smiling young woman in the foyer. "I am the daughter of Rudolf Abel. This is my mother, Frau Abel, and her cousin Herr Dreeves."

I shook hands with all three but said nothing. The "daughter" was around 35 years old, spoke English fluently and appeared to be very sharp. I took her to be Slavic. "Frau Abel" looked to be about 60 and a typical housewife. She reminded me of a German character actress. "Cousin Dreeves" never spoke, only grinned. He was a lean, hard-looking man about 55; he kept closing and opening powerful hands, and I mentally classified him as an Otto the Strangler type. He probably was from the East German police. All were shabbily dressed.

At exactly 1200 hours a door to the anteroom opened, and there entered a tall, well-proportioned, neatly dressed man with rimless glasses. He introduced himself to all, with a self-confident air, as Ivan Alexandrovich Schischkin, second secretary of the Soviet Embassy.

"Do you speak German?" he asked me in English.

"Very poorly," I replied.

"Good," he said. "We both will do better in English."

He invited us into a private conference room, where he seated himself behind a desk and waved us to sit down. There were exactly enough chairs. From the time we entered the room until we left an hour later, no one of the so-called family spoke a word, except that the daughter said "Yes" when asked if the family could return the following Monday for a second meeting. Schischkin accepted them as a star of the stage might regard necessary props.

I began by explaining to Schischkin that I was a lawyer in private practice, with many pressing matters, and that I had come at considerable sacrifice of personal time. I explained that I was required to earn a livelihood for my family and therefore could not stay in Berlin very long. I accordingly would require a prompt answer to my proposals.

"Of course," replied Schischkin, "I understand completely." His English was impeccable.

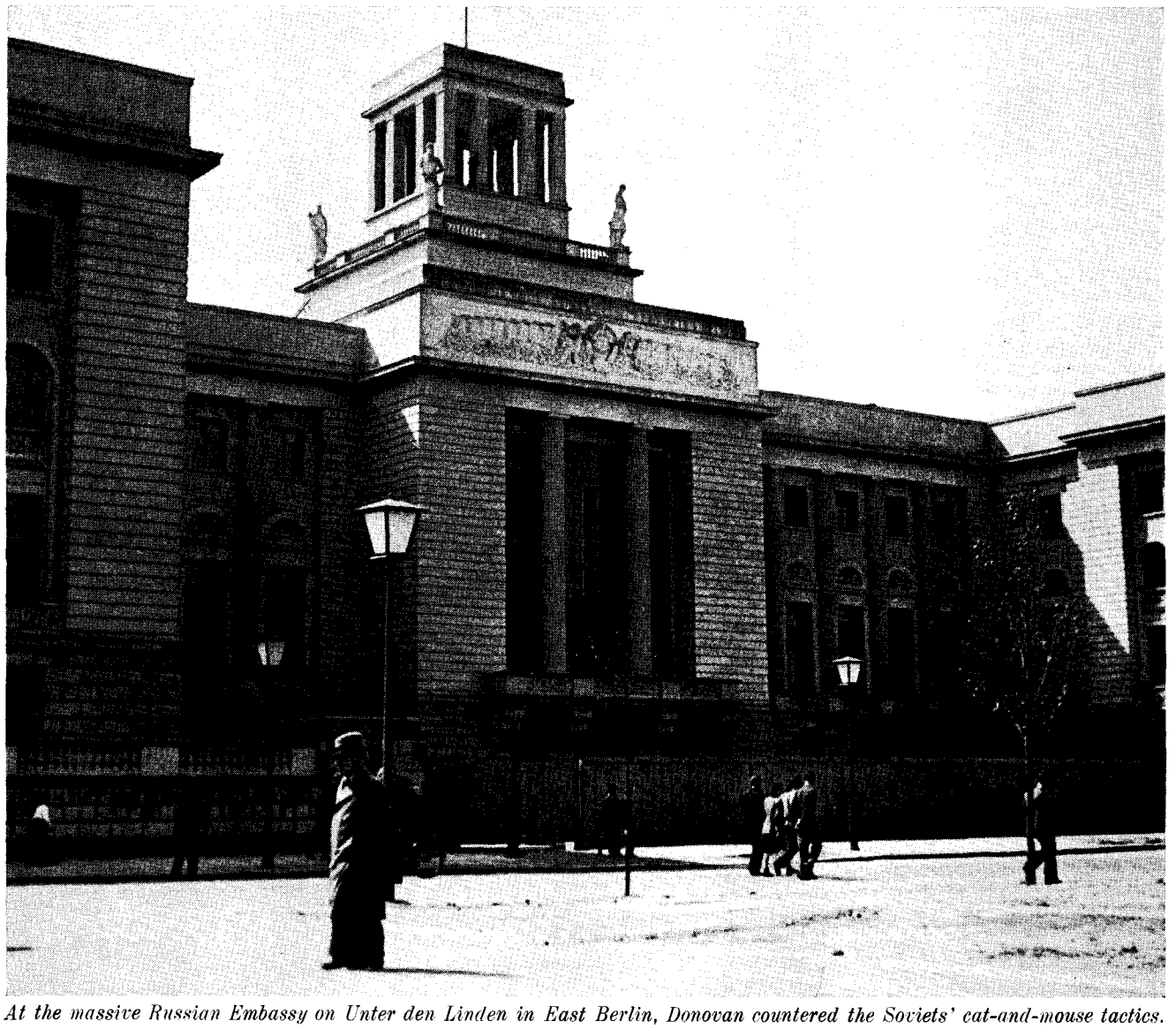
"Secretary Schischkin," I said, "I have come to Berlin for only one reason. An East German lawyer named Wolfgang Vogel sent me a message that Mrs. Abel believed that if I could arrange the release of her husband, this would free Powers; the American student Pryor, held in East Germany; and the American student Makinen, now in prison in Kiev. Upon this understanding I have obtained a pledge from my government that we will deliver Abel to any point you designate in Berlin, within 48 hours after an agreement is reached."

Schischkin drummed his fingers on the desk. I then passed him the letter from the pardon attorney in the Department of Justice. He read it carefully, placed it to one side and said, "Very vague." I replied that any lack of detail in the letter was deliberate so as to avoid loose talk by stenographers which might result in a "news leak." I then sat back in my chair.

After a pause Schischkin removed the rimless glasses, began to polish them and said, "Over a year ago these Abel people came to my office in the consulate, because they are East Germans. I heard their story and told them I would intercede with the Soviet government, to see whether Powers might be exchanged for Abel. I later received a favorable reply from Moscow, because certain Fascist factions in the United States have sought to link this East German Abel with the Soviet Union. This falsehood has been a source of anti-Soviet propaganda in the United States. We would like to see this eliminated, in order to promote greater cooperation and understanding between our two countries.

"However, as to these American students Pryor and Makinen, I have never even heard of their cases. You now have introduced a new matter, and I would be wholly unauthorized to discuss it with you at this time."

I expressed my amazement. The only reason for my trip to Berlin was the message from Vogel, supposedly quoting Mrs. Abel, I said. If Schischkin was not prepared to discuss this proposal, I would have no instructions from my government and could only return home.



At the massive Russian Embassy on Unter den Linden in East Berlin, Donovan countered the Soviets' cat-and-mouse tactics.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

4¢

This, perhaps, is the most pleasure you can get for so little money. Incredible as it may seem, a serving of Campbell's Tomato Soup costs only 4¢. When you think how good it tastes, or how much it adds to the enjoyment of a meal, or how happily your family downs it . . . well, maybe that's why it's America's favorite soup.

Soup this good just has to be *Campbell's*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

About the only thing that can come between a Corvair owner and his Corvair is

his wife

'64 Corvair Monza Club Coupe

Like most men, the fellow riding the bench has pretty definite opinions on what he buys in the way of neckties, fly rods—and cars. But right now he's having some second thoughts on just who talked whom into buying a new Corvair.

Sure, he had his for-men-only reasons. Output in the standard engine is up nearly 19 per cent this year—to 95 hp. (And in the new Monza Spyder models it's a virile 150 hp.)

He also had a knowledgeable appreciation of Corvair's steering, cornering and rear-engine traction. Things his wife really couldn't be expected to be interested in.

Tidy styling and tasteful (she called them "chic") interiors—that's all that concerned her. Or so our bench warmer thought. Until he began counting his commuter tokens one day.

The point is that the same things he liked about the car—its spirit, the ease with which it turns and fits into parking places, the way it grips on ice, mud and snow—his wife liked too. Maybe even more so.

Matter of fact, it's sometimes occurred to us that if we built a car for women only we probably couldn't make it more to their liking than this one. Couple of us married fellows were talking about that at the bus stop just the other day. . . . *Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.*

CORVAIR MONZA

CHEVROLET

Chevrolet • Chevelle • Chevy II • Corvair • Corvette

THE GREAT HIGHWAY PERFORMERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Strangers on a Bridge

"You would have *no* further instructions?" asked Schischkin quizzically.

"None," I said. "On the other hand, I would like to tell you of the preparations which have been made to deliver Abel here if Vogel's promise is carried out.

"I will communicate our agreement to Washington. Abel immediately will be sent here by military aircraft, accompanied by the United States deputy director of prisons. He will be carrying a presidential commutation of sentence, already executed by President Kennedy but requiring countersignature by the deputy director. This will be done at the place of exchange—we suggest the Glienecker Bridge—after I attest that we are receiving the right men.

"A man to identify Powers is already in Berlin; the family of Pryor are here, as you may know; and persons who know Makinen are readily available. All that is needed is your agreement and Abel will be released to you."

Schischkin listened intently. Then he said, "Are you sure that such a document has already been signed by President Kennedy?"

"Definitely." I displayed considerable annoyance that the matter was not being concluded then and there.

"If Vogel misled me with lies," I said, "I feel strongly he is a downright rascal who should be severely punished by the proper authorities."

"I understand your point of view," Schischkin replied, "but under all these circumstances it is impossible to discuss your proposals today. I shall have to communicate with my government. However, I will state that I believe you are properly annoyed."

I said that I could not remain long after Monday, reminding him that I required 48 hours to produce Abel. Meanwhile, if he should receive word from Moscow before Monday, he could communicate with me through a West Berlin telephone number. I wrote down Bob's unlisted number on a card and passed it to him.

Schischkin then said reflectively to me, "So it is three for one they want."

I observed with a smile, "One artist is always worth more than three mechanics." With a smug look at my reference to Abel, he returned my smile.

"I should like to express a personal opinion," I said. "With the Abels now claiming East German citizenship, and Pryor being held by the East Germans, surely Pryor's release should ease any difficulty in Soviet Russia's explaining publicly what otherwise might seem to be undue concern for the East German citizen Abel." We shook hands, and I left the office, with "the Abel family" trailing after me. They left at the next corner, the daughter explaining they were staying in an East Berlin hotel. The conference had lasted two hours.

Monday, February 5

At 1700 hours (five P.M.) I returned to East Berlin and the Soviet Embassy, fortified by the strong liniment Bob had produced for my aching back.

I entered the consulate shortly before the appointed time. In the anteroom were Miss Abel and Cousin Dreeves, who gave me one of his less attractive grins. At my request Miss Abel spelled the cousin's name, which was "Drews" (pronounced "Dreeves" in German). She informed me her mother had remained in their hotel room because she had been "very nervous" since our meeting Saturday.

"Have you received any good news?" she asked. I replied that this was a matter to be discussed only in the presence of Secretary Schischkin.

Schischkin suddenly appeared. He bowed stiffly to Miss Abel and Drews but cordially shook my hand. He then requested me to join him in a private conference in the inner office. He completely ignored my companions.

He opened the conversation. "Did you report on our last meeting to your government? What additional instructions have you received?"

"I reported at once," I replied, "and my only instructions were to return today in accordance with your request and hear what further message, if any, you have received from your government."

Schischkin sat down at the desk and then very formally opened a large leather portfolio, stating that he had received instructions from Moscow. In answer to my inquiry, he said there would be no objection to my recording the note verbatim. He then proceeded to read the following:

1. The Soviet Government has humane feelings and in this spirit agrees to exchange Powers for Abel.

2. This humane action on both sides and the elimination of a permanent source of anti-Soviet propaganda should contribute to better relations between our countries.

3. If the American Government is interested in the freeing of Makinen, who is now in Kiev, the Soviet Government is ready to exchange Abel for Makinen, but a simultaneous exchange of both Powers and Makinen for Abel is impossible. It is up to the Americans to make their choice. If the matter is properly concluded, and better relations result, further developments could occur.

4. As to the case of Pryor, this matter is out of the province of the Soviet authorities and must be accomplished through the East German Government. This can be done through Mrs. Abel and her attorney Vogel, who already have communicated to Donovan that their petition has received favorable consideration by the East German Government.

Schischkin then stated that he had no further instructions. Mrs. Abel and I should proceed to devise a plan to effectuate the exchange, which the Soviet then would consider. Schischkin would say, however, as to the American suggestion of Glienicker Bridge (which I had mentioned at the last meeting), "Not bad."

I told him that I was most interested in the reference to Marvin Makinen. Could I assume that in the event the other releases were carried out, and better international relations resulted, the U.S.S.R. would grant clemency to Makinen in the early future? Schischkin said that he could not confirm my interpretation at the time but would make appropriate inquiry.

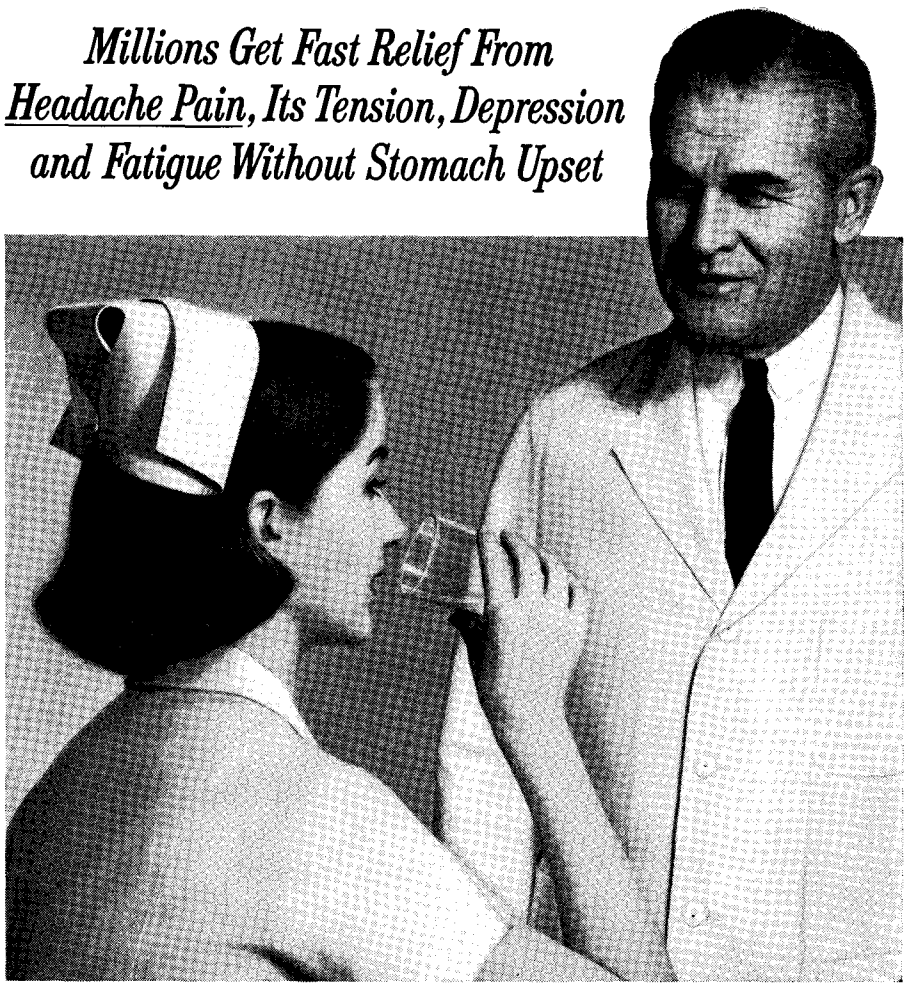
I told Schischkin I would communicate this counterproposal to my government and hoped to return with a reply within 24 hours. Schischkin suggested that in view of my sore back (which had been quite noticeable) it would be unnecessary for me to return in person. He suggested I send my government's reply through diplomatic courier to the Soviet Embassy.

Outside the embassy Miss Abel and Cousin Drews inquired as to what had transpired. I gave them a summary and Miss Abel said, "We must go immediately to see Herr Vogel, who has promised to remain in his office to see us." When I asked her why Vogel could not have joined us at the embassy, she declared that he had so many clients he could not leave his office.

We hailed a cab, and finally arrived at Vogel's office. The entrance was poorly

STRONGEST in the PAIN-RELIEVER DOCTORS RECOMMEND MOST

Millions Get Fast Relief From Headache Pain, Its Tension, Depression and Fatigue Without Stomach Upset



Today's Anacin® is strongest in the pain reliever doctors recommend most—contains *more* of this pain reliever than any leading aspirin, buffered aspirin or the 'so-called' extra-strength tablet. No tablet you can buy has the strong yet safe formulation in Anacin. With Anacin, relief comes fast! In *minutes* pain goes. So does its tension, depression and fatigue. And Anacin has such a smooth action—so gentle on the stomach. See if strong yet safe Anacin Tablets do not *work better* for you.

ANACIN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Donovan in danger: "There is no point in worry when there is no place to run."

Strangers on a Bridge

lighted. I made out a flight of stairs leading up a narrow hallway, with absolutely bare walls on either side. It seemed so unlike the approach to the office of any attorney that with Cousin Drews behind me as we climbed the stairs I grew apprehensive and looked over my shoulder once or twice. At such moments one is comforted by the thought that there is no point in worry since there is obviously no place to run.

At the head of the stairs, Miss Abel pressed a buzzer and we were admitted to a small anteroom, which led to an even smaller waiting room. Several people were sitting there when we entered, but rose quickly and left. In a few minutes Herr Vogel appeared and ushered us into his own small but well-furnished office. He was about 37 years old, dark-haired and good-looking with an ever-quick flashing smile. He wore a hand-tailored gray flannel suit, a white-on-white shirt, a figured silk tie with matching breast kerchief and elaborate cuff links.

Vogel immediately inquired in German whether I spoke that language well and I replied in English, "Very poorly." (In various ways during the day it was indicated they all believed I knew more conversational German than I would admit.) To my surprise, Cousin Drews volunteered to act as interpreter and translated for Vogel my summary of the developments in Schischkin's office. Vogel nodded and said he was pleased to present to me an official communication from the attorney general of the East German Republic. This was in German and read:

> It is hereby certified that the petition for release of your client to American authorities can be granted if the conditions known to you are met by the Americans.
>
> Attorney General:
> Official: Windlisch
> State Attorney.

The message was obviously patterned after the letter from the United States pardon attorney which I had presented to Schischkin at our first meeting and which he had dismissed as "vague." I wondered for a moment how State Attorney Windlisch had seen the pardon attorney's letter.

After discussion of the letter I told Vogel that in order to make my own plans I wanted a simple answer to a simple question: If the tentative plan for the exchange were approved by all concerned, did Vogel now guarantee that the East Germans would produce Pryor at the same time and place for the tripartite exchange? "Definitely yes," replied Vogel.

Throughout the meeting I was reserved but friendly. Because of an indication in a message from Washington that they believed I had been very strong in censuring Vogel's conduct during the Schischkin meeting on Saturday, I made no reference now to Vogel's broken promises. At the conclusion of the conference Vogel called us a taxi, and we all shook hands with him as we left. At the head of the stairs I politely beckoned to Cousin Drews to precede me. He did.

Miss Abel and Drews accompanied me to the Friedrichstrasse station in the taxi. At the station Miss Abel and Drews left. I went directly to the Hilton Hotel, arriving at about 7:10 P.M. When I called Bob, he said they had been very concerned over my late return. After dinner in a quiet café I returned home and prepared for bed. Suddenly Bob arrived. A message for me had been received on the unlisted West Berlin telephone number I had given only to Schischkin. It came from a West Berlin phone booth, with a man speaking in German:

> Unexpected difficulties have arisen. Must speak with you urgently in my office at 11 A.M. tomorrow, 6 February. Vogel.

Bob and I discussed the implications of the message. We both were suspicious. I felt strongly that if I returned to East Berlin the next day I should not visit Vogel but unexpectedly confront Schischkin with the message and demand an explanation. Bob agreed, so notified Washington and they approved the gambit late that night.

Tuesday, February 6

At 1000 hours I rang the doorbell of the Soviet Consulate. A buzzer opened the door and I entered.

About 15 minutes later Schischkin entered the room. He apologized for delaying me but expressed surprise at my "unexpected visit." He invited me into the private office. I then informed him that after leaving his office yesterday, in accordance with his suggestion I had accompanied Miss Abel and her cousin to the law offices of Vogel. I described the visit, showed him the letter from the Attorney General of East Germany, and said that upon my return to West Berlin I had reported fully to Washington. I told him my report stated that although our government had been led to expect Powers, Makinen and Pryor in exchange for Abel, I would recommend acceptance of the present offer of Powers and Pryor since I believed from the Moscow message given me by Schischkin that with the improvement of relations between the United States and the Soviet, clemency for Makinen could be expected in the near future. Schischkin nodded. I said that subsequently my government had advised me of their willingness to accept the Soviet offer of Powers and Pryor for Abel, with my understanding that Makinen soon would be separately released.

Finally I told Schischkin of the mysterious telephone message from Vogel late the night before and how, when reported to Washington, it had disrupted all plans. I handed Schischkin a copy of the message and he said, "How very strange a message! What does it mean?" I said that this was one of my objects in visiting Schischkin this morning, since the message had come via the telephone number which I had given only to him, at our first meeting last Saturday.

"The Abel family were present when you gave it to me," said Schischkin with a bland face.

"The number was written by me on a card which I passed directly to you," I reminded him.

"Some people have sharp eyes," replied Schischkin.

I said I trusted that the Soviet had no intention of withdrawing the position expressed the day before in the message from Moscow. Relying on this in good faith, I had completed arrangements with Vogel and Miss Abel, had recommended the plan to Washington, and they had approved it. I added that everything was now in readiness to transport Abel to Berlin for the exchange.

Schischkin sat back in his chair and stated quite solemnly that the Soviet government was not in the habit of changing an expressed position. He now wished to reaffirm their willingness to trade Powers for Abel, but to reiterate that the matter of Pryor was beyond the authority of the Soviet government.

"However," he said, "I wish to make a few personal observations. You tell me now for the first time that you have arranged with the East German government to release Pryor in return for your releasing Abel. Before that, you agreed with my government to release Abel in exchange for Powers. It seems to me you are like a trader who is trying to sell the same merchandise to two different buyers and is asking both for payment."

"That's ridiculous and you know it," I said. "I have been accepting your stated position that any action by the East German government is wholly beyond your authority or control. East Germany is granting clemency to Pryor in recognition of two facts: that the Soviet is releasing Powers because of its 'humane feelings' and the United States is responding by freeing Abel. In view of your government's stated position of the independence of East Germany, why is it any of your concern what the East Germans—or any other independent government—may decide to do in recognition of the commendable Soviet-U.S. accord? If for 'humane feelings' the East Germans decide to release Pryor or a herd of sheep, on the same bridge and at the same time as the Powers-Abel exchange, how is this a matter which in any way concerns you or your government?"

Schischkin almost smiled, but he declined to give an answer.

"Let me make one thing clear," I continued. "If the deal we agreed on yesterday is now being repudiated, I will advise my government immediately. I can't state

◀ *Rudolf Abel throughout his imprisonment admitted nothing, not even his real name.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Student Frederic Pryor speaks in New York after his release.

In Moscow's Hall of Columns, Francis Powers awaits beginning of his trial with his Soviet attorney, at left.

their position for them, but my personal recommendation will be that I return to New York and we abandon all negotiations on the matter."

Schischkin digested this for a moment and then said, "In my judgment, because of the message you have received from Vogel, you should go to his office at once. After you talk matters over with him, please feel free to return here later today if you wish." I asked him if he could not telephone Vogel and have him come to the Soviet Embassy, to expedite matters. He was sorry, Schischkin replied, but while he occasionally saw the minister of justice of East Germany on official business, it would be highly improper for a Soviet official to interview a private East German lawyer.

After a futile 15 minutes' waiting for a taxi outside the embassy, I walked through snowdrifts to the Friedrichstrasse station and found a cab. We drove to Vogel's office, the taxi driver silently accepting my illegal West German marks.

At the office I found Drews alone with Vogel. He explained that Miss Abel would not attend. She was upset over the latest difficulties reported by Vogel and moreover was said to be "taking care of her mother."

Drews commenced to read a lengthy statement in English, which he said had been prepared by Miss Abel. I interrupted and suggested that I read and take the statement with me. Vogel objected and accordingly I said that I must copy the statement. The document, handwritten in English on cheap, lined paper read as follows:

> Last night after we had departed I was summoned by Mr. Vogel and he told me bad news.
>
> Mr. Vogel saw somebody from the office of the Attorney General and when he mentioned about your words that you had secured the consent of the Soviet Union for an exchange of someone else, that official was greatly surprised. He stressed the point that originally they agreed to the exchange of Pryor for Abel, that is, one person for one person. Now it appears that the terms of the exchange seem to be different and this man foresaw certain complications. DDR [the East German government] agreed to exchange Pryor for Abel but nothing more. This agreement should be followed to the letter.
>
> If not, DDR feels free to act as it deems necessary and cannot give its consent to an exchange of one person for two persons, one being from a different country.
>
> Mr. Vogel asked me to convey to you his concern for the matter, as he feels unable to postpone the trial of Pryor and in the Office of the Attorney General he was given to understand that in case of the American refusal to exchange Pryor for Abel they will start the trial and make a sensation out of it, as they have enough evidence to convict Pryor which as you understand might have negative results for the U.S.A. and for the Pryor family in particular.

When Drews finished reading, I became very angry and called the entire message "malicious nonsense." I said that both East Germany and Vogel were obviously acting in bad faith and that neither my government nor I had time for idle games with such people. I wished to state that any idea of an exchange of Abel for Pryor alone was out of the question; that unless East Germany adhered to the commitment officially made yesterday by the letter of the attorney general, I must break off all negotiations at once and recommend to my government that I should return to New York. I said I had the impression that Schischkin and Vogel together were trying to make a fool of me and that I would not stand for it. I got up and began to put on my overcoat.

Vogel quickly pressed a buzzer on his desk. As though in a play, the door to his office opened and an assistant walked in. He stood stiffly before the desk and, head nodding like a parrot, announced that Vogel had just received a telephone call from the attorney general of East Germany. The attorney general, said this latest addition to our cast of actors, wished Vogel to appear in his office at 1300 hours for a further discussion of "the Pryor matter."

"This is good news," exclaimed Vogel, rising and looking at his watch. "Please remain here in East Berlin until my appointment is concluded. I promise I shall try my best to have the attorney general change his mind."

I stated that since I had had an early breakfast I would like to be directed to a good hotel for lunch. After Vogel conferred with the attorney general, he could meet me there. Vogel agreed and gave me 50 East German marks (I had explained that I had none) and Drews then asked if he could join me for lunch. I said, "Of course." On the way out of the office, Drews remained behind "to reserve a table in the restaurant" (which was largely unoccupied when we arrived). He was probably telephoning Schischkin. Vogel, looking over his shoulder to see whether Drews could see him, made a thumbs-up gesture to me and said, "*Nicht zuruckgehen* [no retreat]." He obviously was trying to carry water on both shoulders. Drews then came downstairs, and we all entered Vogel's car, a surprisingly attractive new sports model.

Since leaving Schischkin at the embassy, I had never referred to the fact that the Vogel telephone message delivered to me the night before had arrived via the unlisted number I had given only to Schischkin. Nevertheless, during lunch Drews volunteered that "after Vogel broke the bad news to the Abels last night, Miss Abel was lucky enough to remember the telephone number which you gave Schischkin and which she had memorized." He also volunteered that a business friend who was a foreigner happened to be in East Berlin at the time and, when he learned of their difficulties, agreed to take the message over to West Berlin to deliver it by telephone.

Near the end of the lunch (about 3:15 P.M.) Drews excused himself "to go to the men's room," presumably to telephone. Shortly thereafter Vogel arrived. He announced that he had had a "terrific battle" with the attorney general but had finally been "victorious." He said that all difficulties concerning the release of Pryor at the time of the Powers-Abel exchange had now been removed. The entire difficulty was because the attorney general fiercely resented the fact that the preceding Saturday, upon my visiting East Germany, I had called upon Schischkin in the Soviet Embassy instead of first visiting Vogel and the attorney general.

I pointed out that my last cable from the United States to Mrs. Abel had clearly stated I would be pleased to meet either her or "her representative" at the Soviet Embassy and that if Vogel had wished he could have been there. I also said that this new position of the attorney general was strange in view of the official letter on his behalf, approving the release of Pryor, which had been delivered to me in his office the day before.

Vogel replied that these matters were no longer significant; the one important fact was that the attorney general now would consent to the release of Pryor. Vogel and I should proceed to the Soviet Embassy and, after a conference with Schischkin, Vogel would report to the attorney general that the deal had been approved by Soviet officials. He stated that he had already succeeded in securing an appointment for us with Schischkin at four P.M.

I asked him whether this meant, without qualification, that all East German objections to the simultaneous exchange of Abel, Powers and Pryor had now been removed. He replied, "Yes."

We left the restaurant and proceeded at once to the Soviet Embassy, where we were received in the anteroom by Schischkin. He formally introduced himself to Vogel, as though to a complete stranger, and then inquired how everything had been proceeding. Speaking in German, Vogel gave him substantially the same report which he had given me at the luncheon table, stating that all East German difficulties had been removed. Schischkin made no comment but then suddenly requested me to have a private meeting with him in the inner office, escorting me in.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Time now for brandy, mineral water and crossed fingers.

Strangers on a Bridge

After closing the door, Schischkin sat behind the desk and informed me that at the first meeting last Saturday, at which he had urged that Powers was a sufficiently important individual to be exchanged solely for Abel, he had asked me whether Powers was not a "national hero" in the United States because of his feats. I had replied that to judge by our public press in the United States, Powers was not regarded as a "national hero" but as someone who had performed an aeronautical mission for adequate compensation and whose conduct at his trial in Moscow left a certain amount to be desired. Also, that I had stated that there was a substantial view in the United States, especially by those responsible for United States counterintelligence, that Abel should not be released under any circumstances since he might decide someday to talk to American authorities.

Schischkin stated that he had communicated these remarks to his government and that this afternoon (Tuesday) he had received a new message from Moscow. He opened a portfolio and pretended to read it. The message stated that from my remarks on Saturday, it would appear to Moscow that the American government regarded Makinen as more valuable than Powers and that accordingly the offer of Powers for Abel should be withdrawn and that a firm offer of Makinen for Abel should be submitted.

I exploded at this point and, rising, said that Schischkin had taken these few remarks out of context; he knew full well that from the very outset the Powers-Abel exchange had been basic to the discussions and our obtaining of Powers was the *sine qua non* of any deal. I said that not only had Schischkin known this, and reaffirmed it to me that very morning (Tuesday), but that the Moscow message which he had read me the day before had recognized my position.

Schischkin blandly replied, "The message from Moscow this afternoon has superseded all my other instructions. I now am unauthorized to discuss any matter except exchanging Abel for Makinen."

I said that after the message read to me the day before, and Schischkin's oral confirmation of this commitment that morning, his latest announcement must mean that the Soviet was not seriously interested in obtaining the release of Abel.

"You have been playing chess with me since last Saturday," I said. "While I enjoy chess on occasion, I don't now have time for a game."

"Me?" replied Schischkin. "I play only volleyball."

I told Schischkin that whatever game he liked to play, I was interested at this time in only one question: Was yesterday's deal of Abel for Powers and Pryor still firm? If it was not, I would report this to my government and recommend that I immediately return home. Schischkin stated that this question was a new matter and that he must communicate with Moscow for instructions.

I said that when Schischkin received further instructions he should telephone them to me. I added that if I had not heard from him by tomorrow night, I would request permission to return home. Schischkin said, "Very well," and told me I would receive a message tomorrow.

I left in considerable heat and without shaking hands. Drews, who had waited in the anteroom, joined me as I left the embassy and walked the entire distance to the S-Bahn at Friedrichstrasse with me. I told him that if the "Powers plus Pryor for Abel" deal should fail, and my government accepted my recommendation that I return home, I would feel obliged to report to Colonel Abel that his "family" apparently were abandoning him and perhaps he should reconsider his position of noncooperation with American intelligence. I added, with as significant a tone as I could, "I am confident he will accept my judgment."

Wednesday, February 7

I slept late and by noon there still was no word from Schischkin. My report on the events of the preceding day had been communicated to Washington and several reply messages had come. They carried two thoughts: (1) I had been playing my role so strongly that I was endangering my primary mission to swap Abel for Powers; (2) if I returned to East Berlin, it would be at my own risk.

At 3:15 P.M. this message was telephoned to the unlisted West Berlin number:

Donovan:
Unfortunately we got no reply today. We hope to get it tomorrow. Will inform immediately. Schischkin.

The game of chess was being played out, but it seemed to me that decisive action was necessary despite the caution urged by Washington. Unless a strong step now were taken by us, either the mission collapsed entirely or the Soviet would conclude that if they held out long enough, only Powers would have to be freed.

I discussed the events of the past few days with Bob and he suggested that we consult not only Edwin Lightner, the State Department chief of mission in Berlin, but also Gen. Lucius Clay, who was the personal representative of President Kennedy in Berlin with rank of ambassador. Since we could not jeopardize my quarters, the meeting was arranged to be held in Bob's.

It was a depressing day, dark and filled with sleet. The open fire in Bob's living room felt good, especially on my back. General Clay listened patiently while I reviewed the advice from Washington and my own estimate of the situation. I felt strongly that if I could regain the negotiating offensive, Pryor would come out with Powers. On the other hand, we all agreed with Washington that it would be foolhardy for me to go through the Wall and pay another unexpected call upon Schischkin.

We finally agreed upon a tactic which might carry the day. It was General Clay who wrote out the message which we dispatched to Schischkin:

Received your telephone message and regret delay, as unfortunately the time which I can spend here is limited. As my back still bothers me, I would like to ask that you come to the residence of Mr. Howard Trivers of our mission between 4:00 and 6:00 P.M. tomorrow, Thursday, February 8, 1962. The address is 12 Vogelsang, Dahlem. Donovan.

Bob left to dispatch this message by diplomatic courier. General Clay and I chatted about our last meeting, which had been up in Lake Placid, N.Y. We agreed that we now were in another world.

Thursday, February 8

I was awakened at dawn by a courier from Bob. A message had just been received over the special West Berlin number. It read:

Donovan:
I got a favorable reply. Waiting to see you at my office at 4 o'clock today if your health allows you to come here. Schischkin.

Over breakfast, Bob and I considered the latest message. Should it be taken at face value? Was it another skirmish by Schischkin in his obvious war of nerves? Was it a trap set by Vogel or Drews, for whom the Soviet would disclaim all responsibility?

I believed I should take the gamble and go back, after sending confirmation to Schischkin. Bob communicated with General Clay, who concurred in my decision.

I arrived in East Berlin at 3:45 P.M. and took a taxi to the Soviet Embassy. A minute or two later Schischkin appeared and invited me into the private office. When I entered, a small table had been set up, on which were a bottle of Armenian brandy, German mineral water, cookies and a bowl of fine apples, with lovely crystalware and silver.

Schischkin immediately poured the brandy (which he described as "our best" and "very expensive") and suggested a toast of "good luck." After clinking glasses, he stated that he had received a favorable reply from Moscow and that the entire deal had been approved. He explained this meant Powers would be exchanged for Abel and that simultaneously the East Germans would release Pryor. However, he stated, while the release of Pryor by the East Germans would be simultaneous with the Powers-Abel exchange, the two actions should not occur in the same place since East Germany is a separate government.

I told him I thought that this was an unnecessary complication of the matter. While I had no objection to such a procedure, I failed to see why it would not be more convenient to have all three men brought to the same spot. He said that he believed he must insist upon this.

I told Schischkin I would recommend to my government the acceptance of the foregoing. In so doing I wished to make clear my understanding that if relations between our two countries improved, an act of clemency for Makinen could be expected in the near future. Schischkin stated that he had communicated my "thoughts" on this to his government, which approved them in principle.*

Schischkin said he was open to any proposal on timing but that he thought the following Saturday would be the best day. When asked about the hour he said, "The earlier the better." I first suggested noon, but he said, "Why not earlier?" When I suggested 0730 hours, he thought this would be excellent, since there should be few people moving about at that time.

He inquired how many people should attend the Powers-Abel exchange. I stated that I believed the official party should not consist of more than a half dozen. He indicated agreement.

We had more brandy, cut up an apple, and at the conclusion of our visit he called an embassy car and chauffeur. Despite the cold and renewed sleet, he insisted upon escorting me out the door and across the sidewalk to the waiting car.

I returned through the usual channels and arrived in West Berlin at 1810 hours. I gave a message for Washington to Bob at the Golden City Bar, saying that the deal was complete and "the package there" should be transported immediately.

Friday, February 9

I met Schischkin at the embassy about 1200 hours (noon) and reported the general concurrence of the United States Government to accept Powers and Pryor for Abel, with the expectation of clemency for Makinen in the near future. Schischkin stated that a review of the traffic on Oberbaumbrücke this morning had led them to return to my original proposal of Glienicker Bridge. However, because of a 25-mile trip to the bridge they could not make the exchange before 0830 hours.

As to Frederic Pryor, Schischkin argued at length that Pryor should be released to his family in Vogel's "law office" in East Berlin. I flatly refused to agree to Pryor's release in any location in East Berlin. Schischkin finally agreed to his release at "Checkpoint Charlie," the Friedrichstrasse border point, simultaneously with the Powers-Abel exchange. I told him Pryor would be met there by a car with a two-way radio, which would notify us at the bridge. He nodded. I urged Schischkin, in his self-interest, to release Pryor today so as to keep the deals separate, but Schischkin replied that this would be contrary to his instructions.

Saturday, February 10

I rose at 5:30 A.M. and wearily packed. It was my ninth day in Berlin and, if all went well, my last. After breakfast I went with Bob to the United States military compound. The small guardhouse, where Abel was held in a maximum-security cell, had been emptied of other prisoners and was heavily guarded. Inside I met the deputy director of prisons, who turned out to be Fred Wilkinson, the warden of Atlanta Penitentiary when I visited Abel there. He had recently been promoted. Over coffee we discussed final arrangements and then I asked permission to meet alone with Abel.

Rudolf rose when I entered the underground cell. He smiled, held out his hand and said, to my surprise, "Hello, Jim." He had always addressed me as "Mr. Donovan." He seemed thin, worn and suddenly old. But he was gracious as ever and offered me an American cigarette, saying a bit wryly, "I shall miss these."

As the time neared for our departure, he took my hand and said with great sincerity, "I never can thank you enough for your hard work but, above all, for your integrity. Your hobby, I know, is collecting rare books. In my country such cultural treasures are the property of the state. But in some way I shall arrange for you to receive an appropriate expression of my gratitude, within the next year."

I drove with Bob from the prison to our appointed rendezvous at Glienicker Bridge. When we arrived, it was clear but

*During 1962 and early 1963, I sent to Schischkin and others repeated reminders of the pledge. On October 11, 1963, Makinen was released by Russia. An American priest held 23 years was also freed. Two Soviet citizens facing espionage charges in the United States were deported in exchange.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pall Mall travels pleasure to you!

You can light either end!

PALL MALL's natural mildness is so friendly to your taste!

See for yourself! PALL MALL's famous length travels the smoke naturally—over, under, around and through the finest tobaccos money can buy. Makes it mild, but does not filter out that satisfying flavor, so friendly to your taste. Buy PALL MALL Famous Cigarettes. **Outstanding—and they are Mild!**

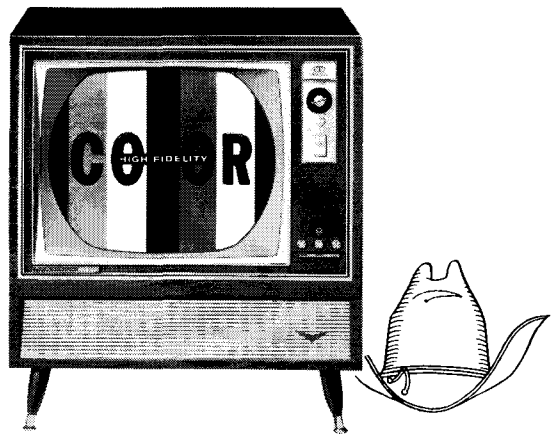
Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"

© A. T. Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RCA VICTOR BARGAIN

LATEST RCA VICTOR NEW VISTA COLOR TV

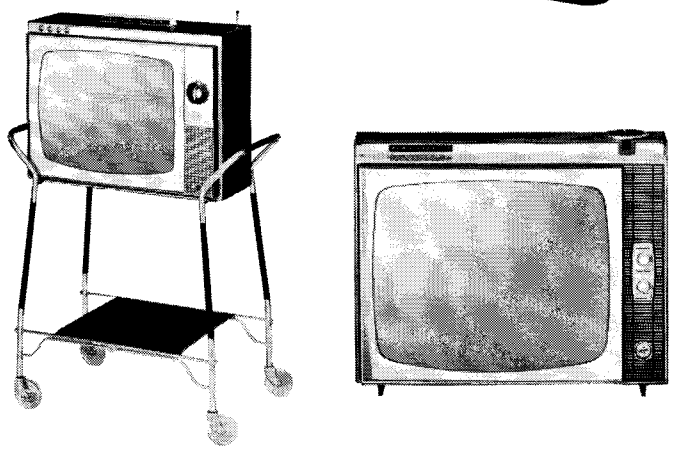


Now—console-styled, performance-proved 1964 RCA Victor Color TV at the lowest price in RCA Victor history . . . the Burbank Ensemble. Its super-powerful New Vista® Chassis gives you *unsurpassed natural color* . . . brighter than ever before! Metal cabinet on hardwood base in popular finishes. Bargain Bonanza priced at only **$469.95*** Optional with dealer

Value-priced Bargain Bonanza Color TV lowboy, the *Winslow*, with contemporary styling, for brighter-than-ever color pictures. RCA High Fidelity Color Tube sets the quality standard for the TV industry. Two 4″x6″ oval speakers. Hardboard cabinet in choice of popular finishes. **$549.95*** Optional with dealer

Save on RCA Victor Portable TV... with these Bargain Bonanza Values!

Look at the Bargain Bonanza price of "Sweet Sixteen" (16-inch tube overall diagonal—125 sq. in. picture) Portable TV from RCA Victor! The *Delegate*, with powerful Sportabout chassis, top-front controls, static-free FM sound. In smart Mist White. Only **$112.88*** Optional with dealer

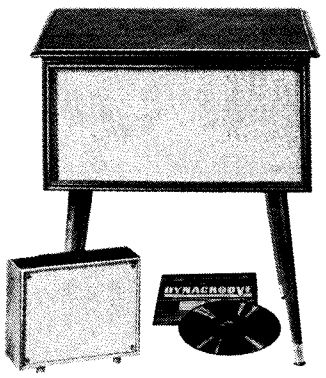


FREE Rollabout stand at many dealers with these 19″ (overall diagonal—172 sq. in. picture) portables. The *Contour* (right) features Sportabout chassis, "sculptured" design, new pop-up handle. The *Celebrity* (left) with powerful 18,000-volt (design average) New Vista chassis. Only **$159.95*** Optional with dealer for Celebrity

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

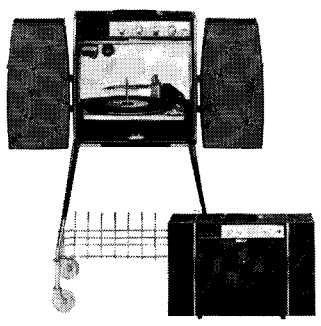
BONANZA

Now's the time to move up to STEREO!



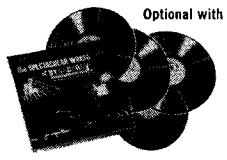
The *Bonanza*. RCA Victor's lowest-priced-ever self-contained stereo consolette! Twin 6″x9″ oval speakers. 16 watts maximum music power (8 watts EIA Standard). All-wood cabinetry in walnut veneers and selected hardwoods! One speaker lifts out for even greater stereo sound separation. Free Record Album included with purchase.

$99.95* Optional with dealer



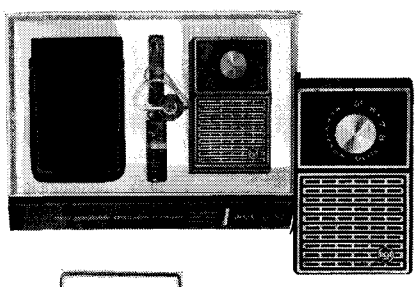
FREE Combination stand and record holder at many dealers with your purchase of the *Portable Mark II*, or *Portable Mark I*. The *Mark I*, RCA Victor's finest portable, has 4-speaker sound system, sing-along mike. Both have detachable swing-out speakers, precision Studiomatic Record Changer. *Mark I* priced at

$149.95* Optional with dealer

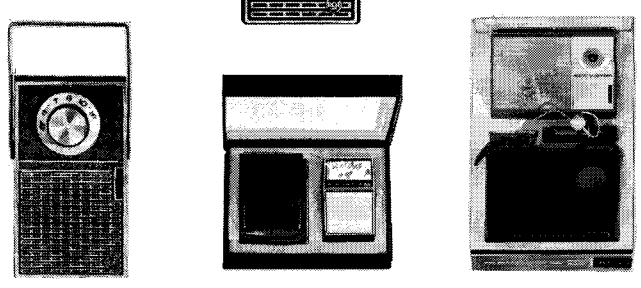


FREE at many dealers! *"The Spectacular World of Dynagroove,"* a deluxe gift-boxed album of five long-playing records, is FREE at many dealers with your purchase of a Bargain Bonanza Mark I or Mark II New Vista Portable stereo.

PROVEN VALUES IN TRANSISTOR RADIOS!



Get your RCA Victor dealer's price on the six-transistor *Asteroid* "Powerlift" radio. Available with or without Gift Box and Accessories. Earphone jack. Famous "Golden Throat" tone.

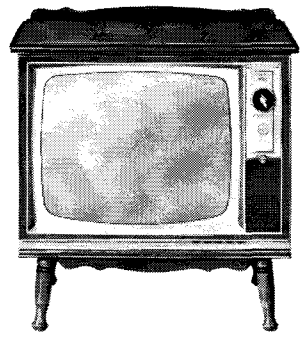


Smart-shopper awards on this powerful trio of six-transistor personal radios. At left, the *Nova*, with 3″ speaker, handle that doubles as easel stand. Center, the *Talisman*, with vernier tuning for pin-point station selection. Right, the *Lunar*, a style winner complete with earphone, batteries and carrying case.

SEE WALT DISNEY'S "WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR," SUNDAYS, NBC-TV NETWORK

RCA VICTOR BLACK & WHITE TV

COMPARE THESE VALUES!

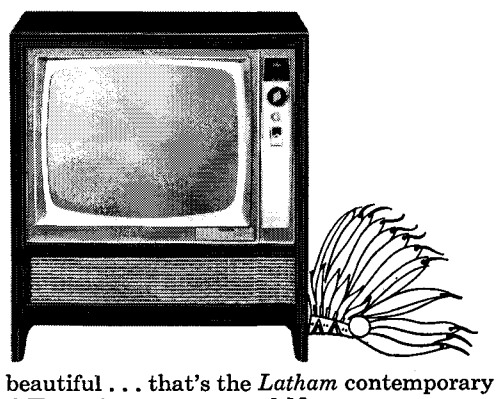


Popular Early American design, powerful New Vista TV! The *Cabot* space-saving, furniture-styled compact consolette, offers static-free FM sound. Colonial Maple veneers and selected hardwoods.

$219.95* Optional with dealer

Magnificent Bargain Bonanza lowboy, the *Brentwood* contemporary-styled New Vista TV with super-powerful New Vista chassis, big 5″x7″ oval speaker. Hardboard cabinet in fine-furniture finishes.

$219.95* Optional with dealer



Big, bright and beautiful . . . that's the *Latham* contemporary upright console! Transformer-powered New Vista chassis, dramatic picture-pulling power. Hardboard cabinet in popular finishes.

$219.95* Optional with dealer

If desired, UHF can easily be added by simply installing a matching tuner and selector knob. Or you can order UHF built in on most models now as an optional extra.

*Manufacturer's nationally advertised prices, optional with dealer. UHF optional extra on TV. Slightly higher some areas West, South, except for TV models: *Winslow, Delegate and Burbank Ensemble.* Prices, specifications subject to change.

RCA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The gratitude of the Pryor family will last long after this Wall is gone."

Reunited, Frederic Pryor and his now jubilant parents celebrate in New York.

Donovan's third victory—Marvin Makinen greets his parents on return.

With model U-2, Powers begins testimony before Senate Armed Services Committee.

Strangers on a Bridge

bitter cold. United States military police were in evidence everywhere at our end of the bridge. They had relieved the West German border guards, whom I discovered in the sentry box, sipping coffee and looking both puzzled and vaguely apprehensive. They obviously were uninformed of our mission. Abel arrived about 8:15 in a car filled with guards. One of them, who later marched out on the bridge with Abel and Wilkinson, was one of the largest men I have ever seen. He must have been six feet, seven inches tall and weighed perhaps 300 pounds. I never did find out who he was, but presumably he came from the Federal Bureau of Prisons.

At exactly 8:20 I walked to the center of the bridge, flanked by Alan Lightner of the State Department mission in Berlin and a young civilian who had been a comrade of Powers during his U-2 flying days. Schischkin meanwhile was walking toward us from the other side, accompanied by two civilians. He and I stepped out alone at the center of the bridge, formally shook hands and gave mutual assurances that all was ready in accordance with our agreement. I then introduced him to Alan Lightner and he introduced me to a "Mr. Pryzov" or some such name.

We then beckoned toward our respective ends of the span and a trio walked forward from each side. Ours comprised Abel, Deputy Director Wilkinson and the "man mountain" guard. The Russian trio consisted of Powers, with a fur shako on his head, and two men who looked like retired wrestlers. Both Abel and Powers were carrying overstuffed bags.

Schischkin announced to me rather precisely that since Pryor had been released by the East Germans at Friedrichstrasse, the exchange of Powers for Abel now could take place. I told him I must confirm this and called for confirmation from our end of the bridge. Someone finally yelled the message back to me, "No word on Pryor yet."

Schischkin said my side was in error and that we must complete the exchange immediately before civilian traffic appeared at the bridge. I replied, "We wait right here until my people confirm that Pryor has been released." I explained that we had told Pryor's family the night before there might be a favorable development and early this morning several security officers had driven them to "Checkpoint Charlie" to identify and then welcome back their son.

"My information," said Schischkin, "is that Vogel accompanied Pryor to the border crossing and the young man then was released."

"Perhaps Vogel is arguing with Pryor about his legal fees," I suggested with a smile. "This could take months."

Schischkin roared with laughter and said, "I yield to you as a lawyer. No doubt you've had the same experience many times."

Suddenly we heard a cry from our end of the bridge: "Pryor's been released." It was 8:45. I motioned to Wilkinson, who produced an official-looking document and countersigned it. (Identification of both prisoners had meanwhile been confirmed by friendly waves.) At signs from Schischkin and me, Powers and Abel moved forward with their bags and crossed the center line. Neither looked at the other. Powers said, "Gee, I'm glad to see you," and grasped the hand of his former comrade. They walked together to our end of the bridge.

Abel paused. He asked Wilkinson for his official pardon, saying, "I'll keep this as sort of a diploma." Then he put down the bag, extended his hand to me and said, "Good-bye, Jim." I replied, "Good luck, Rudolf."

Schischkin stood aloof, then put out his hand and said to me, "How long will you and Powers remain in Berlin?" I shrugged and, thinking of the Corridor journey ahead, replied, "I think we're entitled to a few days' rest here, don't you?" "Of course," he smiled. "Good-bye and good luck." We parted.

Tuesday, March 6

On this day the Central Intelligence Agency issued a report on Francis Gary Powers which stated, in substance, that he had reasonably performed his assigned U-2 mission to the best of his ability and had brought back information of value to the United States. On the same date Powers publicly testified before the Senate Armed Services Committee, which concurred in the conclusions of the CIA. Important to him, he was allowed to collect his back pay.

Almost a month later Frederic Pryor arrived in my New York office, accompanied by his mother, father and brother. It was our first meeting. The family graciously presented me with a small crystal paperweight containing an actual piece of rubble from the Berlin Wall and an inscription, signed by the entire family, which reads:

This is a piece of the Berlin Wall, from behind which you delivered Frederic on February 10, 1962. The gratitude of the Pryor family will last long after this Wall is a thing of the past.

In August, 1962, there was an incident at the Berlin Wall in which an escaping East German youth was shot by Vopos and left to die within full view of West Berlin spectators. At the height of this crisis a Soviet courier came to the border crossing at Friedrichstrasse and asked for an American mission officer. When the appropriate official was introduced, he gave him an envelope and package, addressed to me at my William Street address in New York. The enclosed letter read:

Dear Jim,

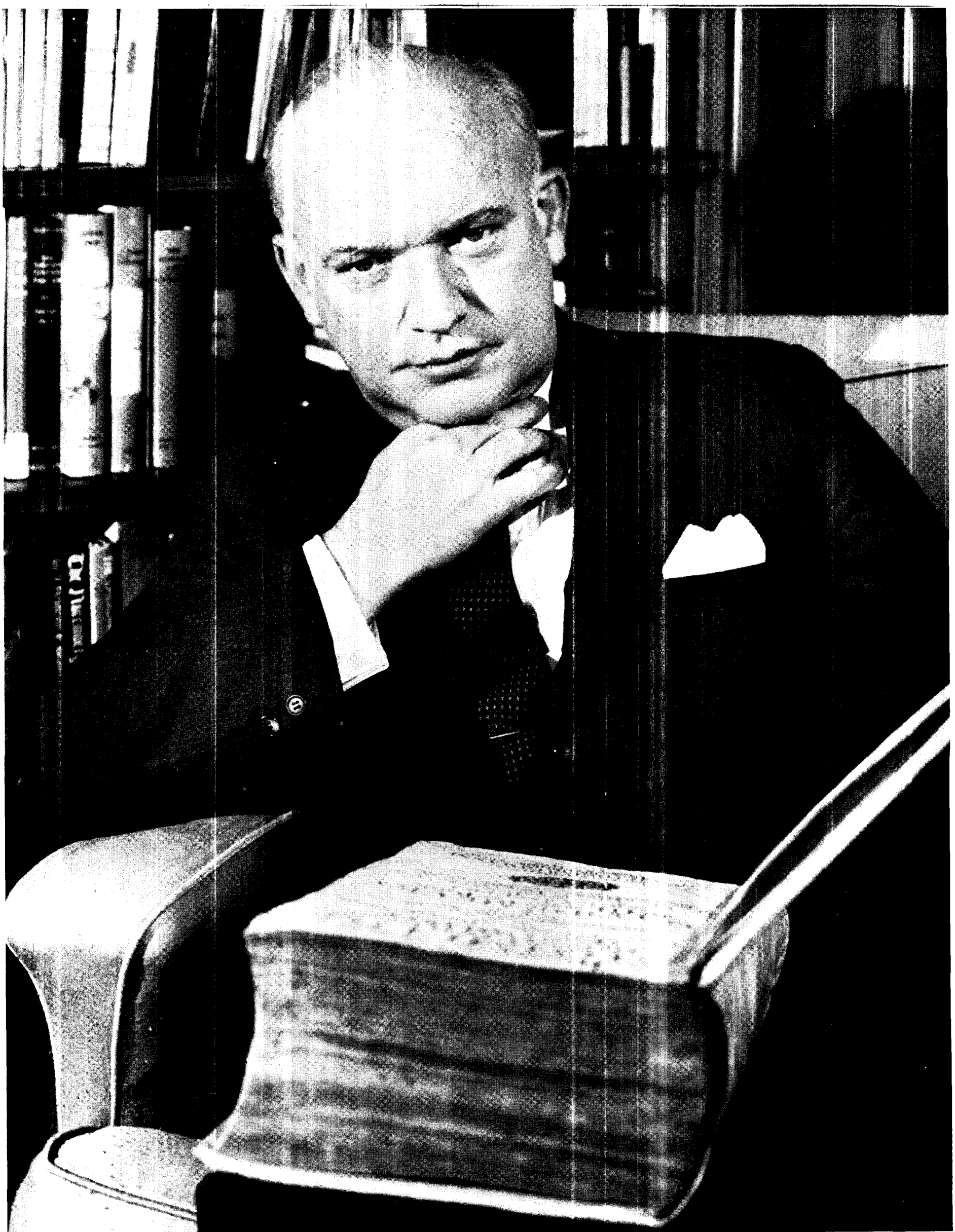
Although I am neither a collector of old books nor a lawyer, I believe that the two old books printed in the XVIth century and dealing with law that I was lucky enough to find are sufficiently rare to be a welcome addition to your collection. Please accept them as a mark of my gratitude for all that you have done for me. . . .

I trust that your health will not suffer from overwork. Sincerely yours,
Rudolf.

The accompanying package contained two rare 16th-century vellum-bound editions of *Commentaries on the Justinian Code*, in Latin.

The Abel case was closed. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



At home, book-collector Donovan examines a thoughtful memento from Abel—the first volume of a 16th-century commentary on the Code of Justinian.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He who would have bread to cast upon the waters must never sneer at bakers.

The Offering

By DAVID DEMPSEY *Illustrated by Merle Shore*

In his three long years playing gin rummy with the residents of St. Benedict's Home for Retired Clergymen, Father Jeremiah Monahan had won exactly 11,613 toothpicks. Six months before, the lay brother in charge of the commissary had complained to him that the toothpicks were disappearing from the dining tables at a rate that could hardly be accounted for by the condition of the clergy's teeth. Father Monahan, the administrator of the home, listened patiently, matching Brother Anselm's pretended ignorance with his own pretended astonishment. Something would have to be done about it. And something was. Father Monahan secretly returned the entire cache to the kitchen and started winning it again. In the flyleaf of his breviary he made a penciled note: "Owed to J.M. by St. B.—11,613 toothpicks."

St. Benedict's actually owed him a great deal more than this, but in a coin he didn't like to count—the years that had been taken away from his parish work. A man with a knack for reducing deficits, he had run a taut ship and a prosperous one until the archbishop, taking note of his skill, transferred him to the home. Here was a deficit that would really challenge a man's faith in money.

Dollar by dollar—writing a letter of appeal one day, making the pitch at some holy-name-society banquet the next—Father Monahan kept his foundering ship of mercy afloat. St. Benefits, they had begun to call it throughout the archdiocese. . . . To the despair of Brother Anselm, too, he had tightened up the commissary budget; this, he was convinced, accounted for that worthy man's preoccupation with toothpicks. Even so, the aging residents never had it so good, and they wanted to keep Father Monahan among them.

But he missed his parish work. Those had been the great days, coaching the C.Y.O. boxing team, skirting through the bazaar during Christmas week making a willing listener out of every willing worker. ("I see a grand bit of charity for us here, Mrs. O'Neill")—oh, he was among the living then, and not with these short-of-breath, rheumy-eyed soldiers of God who were too old to fight. Why had the archbishop made him do penance for his success?

He was staring out of his office window at the bleak Putnam County hills one morning when Brother Francis arrived with the mail. Father Monahan's eye noted that the topmost envelope—put there intentionally, no doubt—bore the archdiocesan return address, and with a slight tremor of expectation, he hastened to open it.

My dear Jerry: A request has come to me from one of our parishioners at St. Margaret's, in Fulham, a Mr. Davitt, the president of a steel-products company in New York. He and a group of friends go duck hunting each year about this time in North Carolina, and since the place in question is a considerable distance from the nearest town, the drive to church and back on Sunday morning means that the best part of the day is lost for hunting. Mr. Davitt has asked if there is a priest who might want to come along. He will, of course, be expected to say Mass in the lodge, or cabin, in return for some good companionship, hunting privileges and warmer weather than we are likely to have up north.

The trip encompasses an extended weekend, from Thursday to Monday, I believe, and I do not have to remind you how difficult it is to take one of our parish priests away from his duties over a Sunday. Ordinarily, my inclination is not to make our clergy simply the vehicle of convenience. However (the archbishop was a great however man, Father Monahan reflected), it occurred to me that you might welcome the chance to get away from St. Benedict's for a few days. With your permission, Jerry, I have assigned you to this mission. Perhaps it is not one of mercy, but I am sure it will do you good. Will you please drop a note to Mr. Davitt, whose address is below, and find out just where he wants you to meet him on the morning of November 19?

Father Monahan threw the letter on his desk, undecided whether to fume or be grateful. "With your permission . . ."! The archbishop wasn't asking permission, he was giving an order. The priest pushed the remainder of his mail to one side and sat there trying to determine his mood. True, a man got stir crazy at times after three years in a home for the aged. The jaunt might actually do him good, although he cared not a whit for hunting, and hadn't fired a gun since college.

He called Brother Francis into the office and asked him to take a letter. Brother Francis did not know shorthand, which meant that nearly all of Father Monahan's correspondence was brief and to the point. To Mr. John Davitt, President, Davitt Malleable Steel Products Co., he stated simply that he would spend the night of November 18 at the Commodore Hotel, prepared to join the duck hunters the following morning. A telephone call to his room would find him packed and ready to go.

Brother Francis looked up in surprise. "Duck hunting, Father?"

"Why not?"

"The poor creatures, that's all."

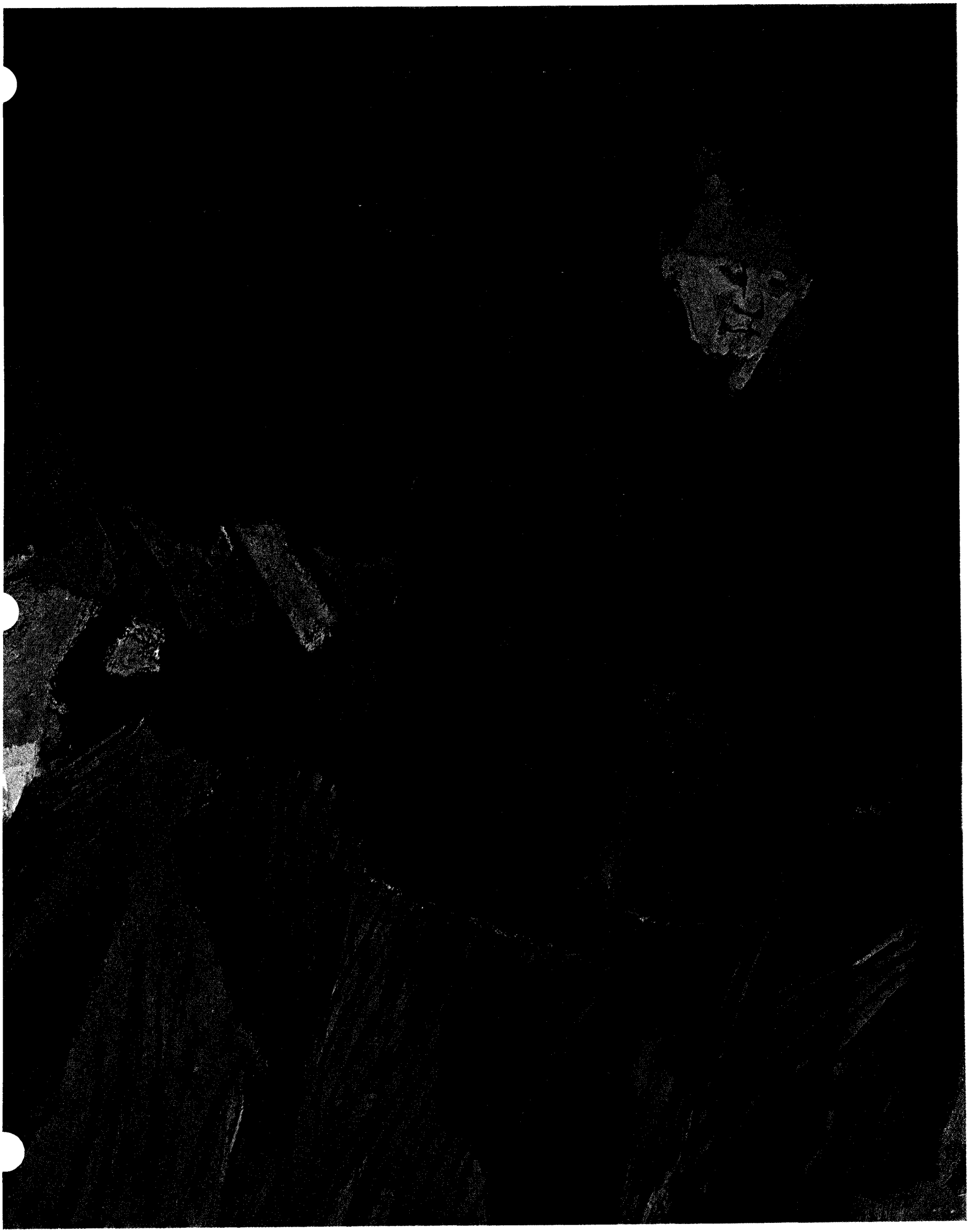
Father Monahan blushed, suddenly remembering where Brother Francis had acquired his name. "I don't expect to do any shooting," he explained, "and I shall pray for those who do."

With that, Brother Francis withdrew.

Late that afternoon, Father Monahan wound a frayed scarf around his neck, donned his Mackinaw with its two missing buttons, and drove the home's disgraceful old station wagon into town. A combination hardware-sporting-goods store carried St. Benedict's among its perpetual debtors; in return, the home bought all its hard

Post Fiction Writing is not a hobby with David Dempsey: During the war he served as a Marine combat correspondent; since then he has been on the staff of The Reader's Digest *and* Time, *and for several years ran the book-news column in* The New York Times Book Review. *Recently he has worked free-lance, publishing both fiction and nonfiction: a documentary, a novel, and stories and articles in* Mademoiselle, The New Yorker, New World Writing *and other publications. Now married, with three children, he describes himself as having been a "captive suburbanite" for the past fourteen years. He adds that he has never shot a duck in his life.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

106,086 PRIZES!

YOU ALREADY MAY HAVE WON IN KELVINATOR'S

TRIMWALL REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER SWEEPSTAKES

1ST PRIZE $25,000 IN CASH PLUS A RAMBLER AMBASSADOR PLUS 10 KELVINATOR KITCHEN APPLIANCES

PLUS 106,085 MORE PRIZES

5-SECOND PRIZES: A Rambler Classic plus a ten-appliance Kelvinator kitchen. **10-THIRD PRIZES:** A complete ten-appliance Kelvinator kitchen. **20-FOURTH PRIZES:** Magnavox color TV set. **50-FIFTH PRIZES:** Eight place settings of Gorham Sterling Silver. **1,000-SIXTH PRIZES:** A Waring Blender. **5,000-SEVENTH PRIZES:** Cory Knife and Scissors Sharpener. **100,000-EIGHTH PRIZES:** American Thermos Converter-Vacuum.

TAKE THIS COUPON TO YOUR KELVINATOR DEALER

Your Kelvinator dealer has a list of the winning numbers. Drop in and check your number against his list. If you are a winner, mail your card to Kelvinator Trimwall Refrigerator-Freezer Sweepstakes, Box 3067, Detroit 31, Mich. Winning numbers have been selected and will be checked by an impartial, nationally accredited contest judging organization.

Prize offer ends May 31, 1964 and is restricted to the U.S.A. This lucky number reserved for a subscriber to the *Ladies' Home Journal* or *Saturday Evening Post*; no more than one prize per family. Sweepstakes not open to personnel of American Motors, its advertising agencies, Kelvinator Distributors and Dealers, the Curtis Publishing Co., R. L. Polk—and their families.

Here's your lucky number D100444

SWEEPSTAKES VOID IN FLORIDA, NEW JERSEY, NEBRASKA, WISCONSIN, and wherever else prohibited by federal, state or local laws. RESIDENTS of these areas should see their local Kelvinator dealer about a special contest with exciting, valuable prizes.

YOUR NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE___ STATE_____

SALESMAN_____

DEALERSHIP_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE___ STATE_____

goods there, an arrangement that left the priest uncertain which party to the bargain was the more gracious. It was to this store that Father Monahan now proceeded. He would need a pair of good rubber hunting boots and a warm outdoor shirt. And having heard that hunters' shirts were supposed to be red, he bought the reddest he could find.

"Is this the Reverend Mr. Monahan?" the voice on the house phone asked.

"That's right."

"This is Jack Davitt, one of the duck hunters. Can you come down and have breakfast with us? Then we'll cab out to the airport."

"I'm all dressed," Father Monahan said. "Suppose you wait for me by the registration desk."

Davitt rejoined his five companions, who were standing in the middle of a pile of luggage that included several shotguns in cases. "He says to wait for him by the desk," Davitt said, and without discussion the men moved everything to the other side of the lobby. Davitt, who might have been taken for a labor organizer, or an ex-prizefighter, chewed impatiently on a dead cigar. Finally, a man stepped off an elevator and started toward the desk. Davitt gave a start. With that jazzy sport-coat he was wearing, revealing underneath it a tomato-red flannel shirt, he didn't resemble any priest Jack Davitt ever remembered. Over one arm was folded a heavy plaid mackintosh, and in the other the man carried a battered grip and a pair of rubber boots. Davitt saw that the others, too, were watching the stranger as he skirmished his way through the lobby.

"My God!" Jack Davitt muttered. "If that's our man, he must be planning to shoot out of the plane window. Besides, he's dressed for deer hunting."

As Father Monahan came up to the group, he was greeted by a bewildering silence. Determined to travel incognito, as it were, he had dressed for hunting, only to make himself look foolish. The silence was broken finally when a short, sallow-faced man with a hairline moustache stepped forward and said, "I'm Lou Fanelli. You must be Father Monahan."

"That I am," said the priest, in a hearty, businessman's voice that caught them all by surprise.

Fanelli nervously introduced the others: Jim Coughlin, Barry Smith, Dink Fallon, Frank Reardon and Davitt. When it came his turn, Davitt tried to brush away his feeling of disappointment. In his letter to the archbishop, he had asked for a young priest, but the man who stood before them was easily in his fifties, a stocky 200-pounder with a full head of coarse, graying hair, the traditional high coloring of his race, and a disarming glint in his eyes. And that awful red shirt. . . .

Davitt turned away. It was Fanelli who took Father Monahan's battered black suitcase and boots and placed them with the luggage.

After breakfast a bellhop loaded them into two cabs. In one, the priest found himself sitting next to Fanelli, sensing that the man had deliberately arranged it this way. The third passenger was Barry Smith, who promptly slumped against the seat and began dozing.

"I don't have to tell you, Father, how grateful we are to you for coming along. I hope you won't get bored."

"On the contrary," Father Monahan replied. He had lit a pipe, and now he exhaled a burst of smoke, as if censoring an unclean thought. "I look forward to it."

"We've been flying down to Cape Florence for six years—same bunch," Fanelli went on. "We have a shack on the dunes and do our own housekeeping. Funny thing—at least you might think it's funny—I'm the only non-Irishman in the pack. On the other hand, I can cook. I hope you don't mind Italian cooking, Father."

The priest laughed, more emphatically, Fanelli thought, than the remark called for. "I like real Italian cooking, and I don't like bogus Irishmen. Put it that way."

Lou Fanelli winced inwardly. He didn't want to seem disloyal to his friends; they needn't have invited him at all. There was no use denying that he was asked to come because he'd always been willing to do more than his share of the dirty work. He said, "They're a pretty straight bunch, Father."

Father Monahan raised an eyebrow in surprise. "I have no doubt of that."

"Have you ever hunted, Father?"

"I belonged to a rod-and-gun club in college. We shot clay pigeons. You couldn't call that hunting, could you?" He was looking straight up, through the glass panel of the taxi roof, at a sky noisy with aircraft. "That was a very long time ago, Mr. Fanelli."

Two cars were hired for the drive from Fayetteville to Cape Florence, and by four that afternoon, after making one stop for groceries, and another to rent a couple of golden retrievers and some decoys from a local farmer, they were at the cabin. It sat in a scraggy collection of loblolly pines, overlooking the dunes. Beyond was a rocky beach strewn with seaweed that had been braided into long, careless garlands by the waves. On either side tidal marshes framed the beach with tall, plume-headed reeds, and an inlet backed into a slough on the south. Father Monahan could hear the beat of the surf on the rocks, and his heart leaped with excitement for the first time in years. While the others unloaded the cars, he strolled toward the water. The wind flew into him, and spray hung in the air like drizzle, biting his nostrils with salt. Aside from the cabin, no habitation was in sight, and the beautiful loneliness of the place appealed to him. He lit his pipe and sat for half an hour looking out over the water.

When Father Monahan got back to the cabin, everyone had unpacked. Frank Reardon said, "Well, Father, can I offer you something for the digestion?"

The men waited edgily. There had never been any doubt in their minds that the priest expected them to drink. The question was whether he drank himself. But Father Monahan did not seem at all surprised.

"You may," he said agreeably.

"Bourbon or Scotch, Father?" Reardon asked.

"Bourbon will do. Plain water."

While Reardon was pouring the drinks, Lou Fanelli managed to get a fire going. It was not easy, and he had to do considerable fanning and blowing. The men felt more at home now; and although most of them had put on sweaters against the threat of evening, Father Monahan remained in his shirt sleeves. Davitt looked at him skeptically, wondering if he was a whiskey priest. He studied the man carefully for the telltale signs of an

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

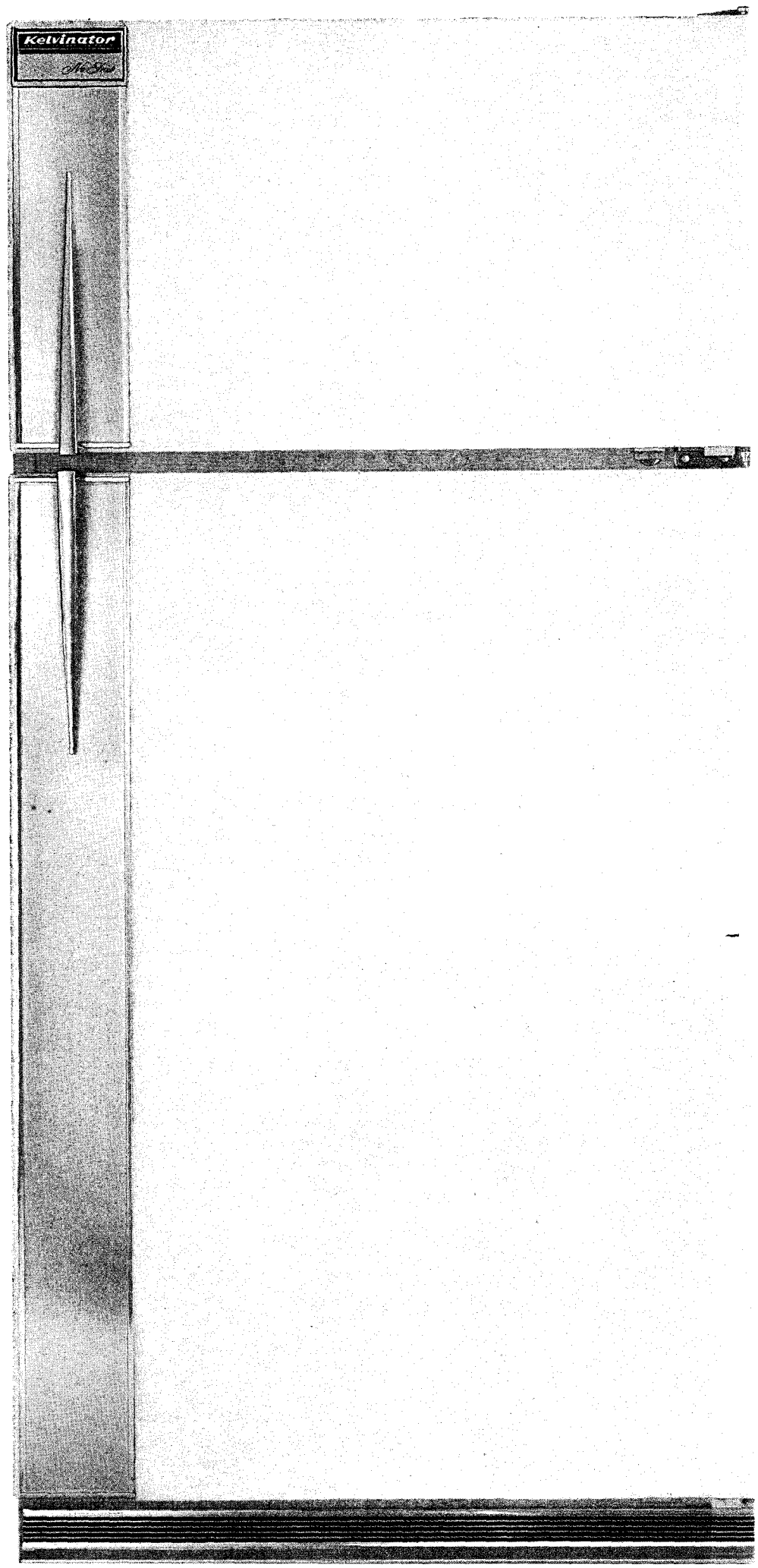
rigidity; truly this cabinet was built to last a lifetime. I'm sure you understand why we feel every good homemaker deserves a Kelvinator Trimwall. ■ Only Kelvinator with 50 years' experience puts so much quality into a refrigerator. ■ Don't miss the big Kelvinator announcement on the page opposite this.

Kelvinator

DIVISION OF AMERICAN MOTORS CORP., DETROIT 32, MICHIGAN. DEDICATED TO EXCELLENCE IN RAMBLER AUTOMOBILES AND KELVINATOR APPLIANCES.

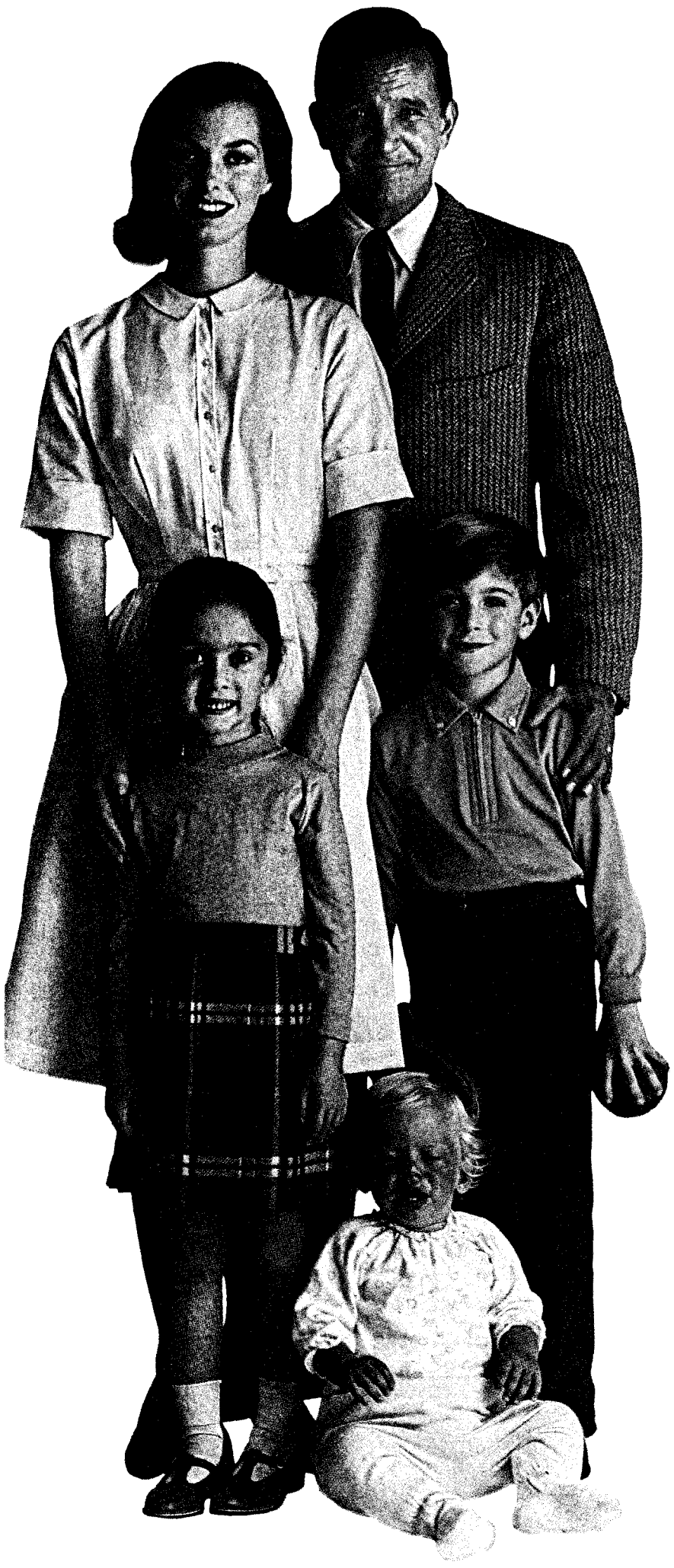
KELVINATOR 50th ANNIVERSARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"open the door of our new Kelvinator Trimwall and see how much mother loves her family"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"My wife is a good cook and a wonderful mother. It shows in so many ways. A good example is the rich store of family meals and snacks she always has on hand for us. A lot of love and happy labor went into that chiffon pie, the casserole and fruit bowl. ■ "She deserves to have the finest 'No-Frost' refrigerator built today, our big new Kelvinator Trimwall. It's 17 cubic feet big—twice the size of our old refrigerator and fits in the same space." ■ Size isn't the whole story. The wonderful advantages of Kelvinator's new-type cabinet construction are used to maintain safe, more uniform temperatures throughout both freezer and refrigerator. And it holds those temperatures no matter how hot the kitchen gets. Believe it or not, you get this safer foodkeeping at a lower operating cost because of the efficiency of the new walls. This new construction is also designed to provide greater strength and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alcoholic, but after two drinks the priest declined a third and lit his pipe. He seemed quite content to listen to the men chew over last year's hunting experiences, and to watch Lou Fanelli working away at his spaghetti sauce.

After dinner Lou Fanelli proposed a game of bridge. "You do play, don't you, Father?"

"I do," Father Monahan replied.

Pleading weariness, Reardon went to bed, while Smith and Fallon begged off, in deference to Jack Davitt, who was not a man to be left out of the entertainment. Fanelli brought out two bridge decks, improvised a scorepad, and carefully placed himself opposite the priest, who had remained seated while the table was being cleared. Fanelli waited for the usual apologetic remarks expected of a strange partner, but Father Monahan said nothing. Indeed, he proved to be an excellent player, and when the two men found themselves 5,500 points ahead, the priest surprised everyone by saying, "By the way, are we playing for anything?"

"We didn't know how you'd feel about it, Father," Jim Coughlin replied. "Ordinarily, we make it half a cent a point."

"That suits me." He was dealing the cards, and Davitt noticed the professional flourish with which he spun them around the table. When the final score was totted, Fanelli and Father Monahan had won eleven dollars. The priest folded the five-dollar bill around the fifty-cent piece and put the wad in his shirt pocket.

"You gentlemen have just made a contribution to the archbishop's fund for the upkeep of St. Benedict's," he announced.

Lou Fanelli, who had started to put his share of the winnings in his wallet, could feel Davitt's eyes on him. The man was staring across the table as though he, Fanelli, were something to be shot down. Slowly, he withdrew the bill, picked up two quarters off the table, and handed them to the priest. "Add this to it, Father."

"Bless you, sir." The priest deposited this money, too, in his shirt pocket. There was a bottle on the table, and he poured himself a short drink, swallowed it neat, and went into the big, dormitory-like bedroom. Unheated, it was cold after the kitchen. He sat down on his bunk and began taking his shoes off.

Jack Davitt came to the doorway. "We'll be getting up early, Father, but there's no reason for you to. Stay in bed and get a good sleep."

"I'll see how I feel in the morning," the priest said, climbing into the bunk with his shirt on.

It was still dark when Davitt's alarm clock went off. He suppressed the bell quickly, got out of bed, and gently shook the others awake. By custom, the men drank nothing but coffee laced with whiskey before getting into the blinds, waiting until midmorning for their regular breakfast. By six-thirty they were out of the cabin. When Father Monahan awoke some time later, he was surprised to find himself alone. The noise that waked him seemed to be an endless flock of ducks squawking overhead, but when he stepped outside and looked at the sky, he saw that the few birds flying across the marshes were too high for the volume of sound. The noise was coming from the blinds.

The ducks flew over, and Father Monahan went into the cabin to make breakfast. The squawking persisted, broken occasionally by silence. Once he was startled by the blast of a gun. His hand trembled, a wave of guilty excitement broke over him, and he started to rise from the table, then sat back to await the shots that were certain to follow. They came, more faintly as the hunters in the two farther blinds took up the shoot. Father Monahan rushed out of the cabin, leaving his breakfast half eaten, and strode to the nearest dune, from where he could see the inlet, with its flocks of wooden decoys.

But the ducks vanished, like trails of smoke. The honking in the blinds changed to a reedy chuckle, and Father Monahan turned to see another flock drifting toward the shore. His pulse jumped, and a feeling of exhilaration touched him as the birds began their slow, fateful surrender to land. They headed straight toward him when, without any reason that Father Monahan could see, they executed a sudden wheeling movement that led them out of range. A belated outpouring of gunshot greeted this unexpected maneuver angrily.

Father Monahan turned back to the cabin. Twenty minutes later, finishing his cold breakfast, he was surprised to see Fanelli.

"I'm knocking off, Father. There's nothing coming down this morning."

"Yes, I could see that. The birds in this state seem to be particular as to who shoots them."

It was meant as a joke, but Lou Fanelli did not smile. "You saw?" he asked.

"Yes. I heard the guns and walked out on a dune. It was a ringside seat."

Fanelli felt the blood mount to his head. He was very embarrassed for the priest, who had literally played the scarecrow, not knowing any better. Davitt would be furious if he found out. Actually, the fellow had simply wanted to see the fun, not having much himself. How did you go about telling him? Fanelli wrestled with the question a few moments and gave up.

"Can I ask a favor of you, Father?"

"I think it is possible."

"Don't say anything to the others about your looking on this morning."

"Of course." It would be embarrassing to know that someone had watched while you missed hitting a single bird. Father Monahan promised not to mention it.

Saturday was not much better. Dink Fallon scratched down a black duck without killing it, and it struggled out to sea, dying finally beyond the fetch of the retriever. Later that morning, Coughlin bagged a teal with a pass shot, but he missed with the other two shells, and even though one bird wouldn't make a meal, it was something to talk about.

After lunch, as the day warmed, Father Monahan went for a walk. He followed the beach to its end, then skirted the inlet through rushes whose golden spore fell like cinnamon on his red shirt. Leaving the inlet, he turned back along the dunes, staying on the landward side where he could breathe the frankincense smell of the loblolly pines. The walk was a tonic to his nerves. Or was it merely getting away from St. Benedict's that made the difference? At this he felt guilty, until he remembered that the trip was the archbishop's decision, not his, and the question really came down to whether he was doing all that was expected of him.

That night he played gin rummy. It was Davitt's idea, and Davitt had been surprised to find the game in the priest's repertory, even more surprised when Father Monahan suggested that the stakes be set at a nickel a box. It had been a long time since the priest had played for anything but toothpicks. Tonight, with Lou Fanelli and Smith as partners, he won six dollars and eighty-three cents. Davitt paid his share with a forced attempt at good humor.

"Well, Father, I seem to be subsidizing St. Benedict's on this trip."

"Yes, and every bit helps," the priest agreed, wrapping the coins in the bills, and putting the wad in his shirt pocket.

This time Fanelli gave over his part of the winnings without waiting for Jack Davitt's dirty look.

They were up in darkness on Sunday and no time to waste, because the Mass would take twenty minutes. The priest unpacked the communion service, put his vestments on over slacks and shirt, and rigged up a table in the living room for an altar. When he had finished the Mass, he began a prayer for the well-being of hunters. The men were pleased, but he could see that they were also getting impatient—daylight was threatening, and it was time to get into the blinds.

Fifteen minutes after the hunters left the cabin, Father Monahan, having removed the cassock, walked to one of the dunes. This time he sat down. The air was cold, and he lit his pipe, warming his hands occasionally by holding the bowl in first one palm, then the other. The view was deeply pleasing from where he sat, but it would not hold still as the sun began peeling the layers of blue mist off the marshes. The wind was coming up, the dune grass began to rustle, and waves rattled against the beach.

He sat for almost an hour, and in all that time, despite the steady chuckling of the calls, the ducks refused to decoy. Finally, he walked back to the cabin. As he was about to enter, the chuckling increased to a bleat. He wheeled around to see a flock of birds pressing close to the shore. Braking their flight, some of them began circling the decoys. A gun went off. The birds starting flapping away in all directions. Three more blasts followed from the other blinds. The honking stopped, but the ducks now set up a din of their own as they started climbing. More blasts. The priest was surprised to see only one bird fall. A dog sent into action threshed excitedly through the rushes to the water, where it swam to its quarry, returning it like a votive offering to Jack Davitt.

Father Monahan went into the cabin. When the men returned, he learned that one more duck had been shot down. Fanelli cleaned them both, but it was Davitt who cooked dinner that afternoon, after everyone had taken a long nap.

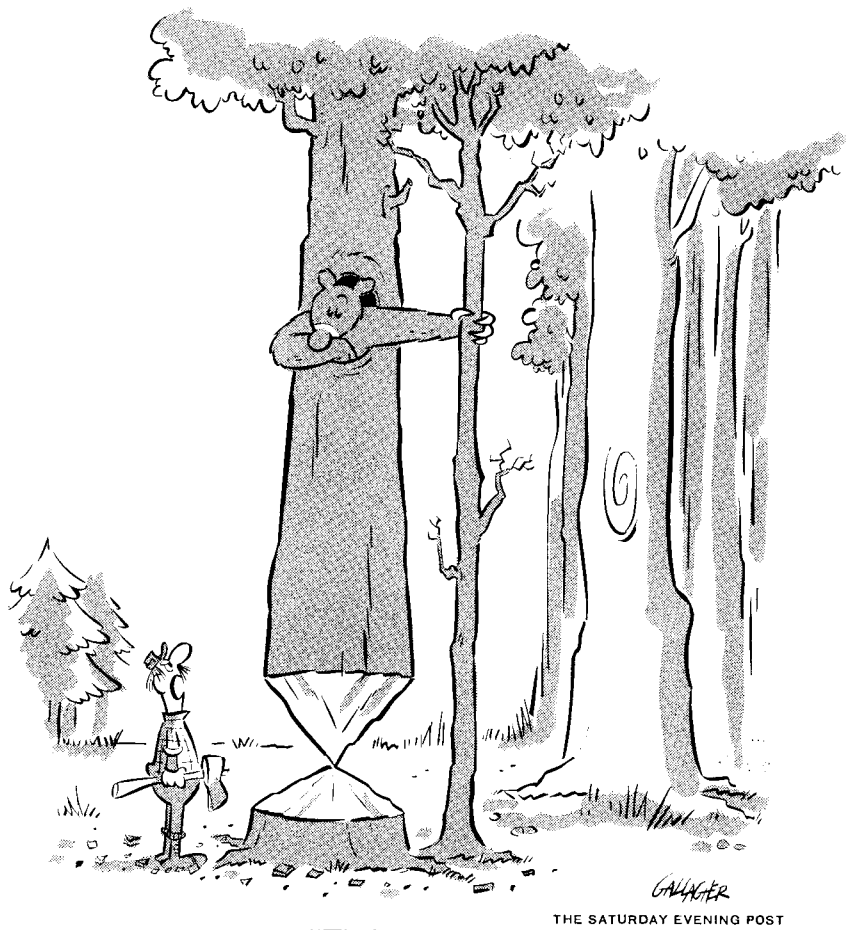
When they finished eating, it was dark. An hour of drinking before dinner had left them exuberant, and the dishes had hardly been put away when Frank Reardon brought out a bottle of bourbon. Soon Coughlin was belting out *The Rose of Tralee.*

"Join in, Father. You needn't be bashful."

Even Fanelli was singing. The priest didn't know the words, but by watching the others, he faked enough of them to get by.

"That was great," Fallon said. "My turn now. *The Wearing of the Green.* Come on, Father."

That one he knew—as who didn't? Although Fallon led off, Jim Coughlin took over halfway through. Father Monahan recognized the type; let someone else struggle through the verse, then come on strong with the chorus. The man



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Timber, damn it!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

d a good voice, but he was a bore. *An sh Lullaby* followed, and it was easy be-use all you had to do was keep singing oo-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral" over and over. alf an hour later, when the men started in with *The Rose of Tralee*, Father nahan excused himself.

Gentlemen, I must have some fresh ," he announced. "Can you spare e?"

"Listen to him!" Barry Smith shouted. e was drunk. "Father, you've got the st voice in the room. You can't walk it on us."

But he did, closing the cabin door on e babble. He walked toward the beach. rising moon, low in the sky and as oated as the singers, lay a path across e water that came to an end right at ather Monahan's feet. Sitting on a boul-r, he felt like a man on the stage of an npty theater.

He filled his pipe, lit it and sat for a ng time wondering if the old men at St. enedict's missed him.

Some time later, his cherished solitude as broken by the sound of footsteps. He rned to see Fanelli.

"Mind if I join you, Father?"

"I wish you would."

"It's a full moon tonight."

"Not as full as some of your friends ack there."

Surprised at the priest's bluntness, anelli felt a strange need to come to the en's defense. "But they mean well, ather. It's a vacation, after all."

"Oh, I'm not criticizing them, Lou." It as the first time he had called him that, nd Fanelli was pleased. "It's the singing. nough is enough."

"Enough is too much," Fanelli ad-itted. "I'm no Irishman, Father."

Perhaps you should be grateful for at." The priest laughed. "We're a loud-nouthed bunch, Lou—there's nothing ery subtle about us; but you've got to emember that the Irish were trampled on or centuries, and now it's their turn to o some trampling. It's all nonsense, of ourse, and I don't approve, but that's he way it is. Do you know something? My first parish was in an Italian section f Chicago. I was there eight years. I eclare to you that the Italians are the asiest people of all to tolerate in large umbers. Why is that?"

Fanelli felt proud and humble all at nce. He stood up, walked around to Father Monahan's left, and sat beside im on the boulder. But there was no nswering the question—he hadn't known t was true. "You're very kind, Father," he said.

"It's a mixed bag I'm holding now," he priest went on. "You don't think of us s having to be looked after ourselves, ut we do, some of us. I've been at St. Benedict's three years now. It seems onger."

Father Monahan sucked his pipe, which had gone out. In an odd way, the little Italian reminded him of the old men at the home, someone who needed cheering up. Why were they always at-racted to *him?* Because he was not very priestly? Because he was convenient, like a piece of adhesive plaster for a cut fin-ger? He went on, "An uphill drag, Lou. Your average parishioner will give his ickels and dollars for an overseas mis-, but little or nothing, mind you, for ything as close by as St. Benedict's."

"You are absolutely right about that, Father."

When they got back to the cabin, much later, the lights were out and the others had gone to bed.

It was Jack Davitt who saw the priest standing on the dune next morning. An ocean wind, towing an ominous bank of clouds, had blown some of the decoys into the reeds, and Davitt had taken the skiff to haul them out again. When he came in, there was Father Monahan, like a huge stop sign. He tried waving him away at first, but the priest simply waved back, and Davitt started toward him through the dune grass, getting redder all the time.

"God Almighty!" he shouted, running up the dune. "No duck will come down with you standing there, Father. What are you thinking of?"

Davitt stopped for breath as the priest, confused by the outburst, said, "I came out here to give a few cheers, but that's not thinking, is it? I'm very sorry." Father Monahan was more surprised than hurt. So this is what Fanelli had been talking about that first morning? How stupid of him not to have caught on. "I promise not to make this mistake again," he added, although he would scarcely have the opportunity. They were going back that afternoon.

"The damage is done, Father," Davitt said bluntly.

The priest was about to agree when he saw Fanelli and Smith coming toward them. Having heard Davitt shouting, they wondered what had gone wrong, and now, seeing Father Monahan, they understood. Fanelli lowered his head, unable to bear, in the priest's expression, his own share of the guilt. Father Monahan had turned away when an idea occurred to Fanelli.

"You must try it yourself, Father. Please do. Have a crack at them. You can use my gun, and I'll call them down for you."

Father Monahan hesitated. Then suddenly he swung around. "Why not?" he said. "I'd like to see if the old eye can still find the sight. Do you mind?"

They marched toward the shore. Still in a bad humor, Davitt said nothing. The wind belted them harder, and it had begun to rain murderously as Fanelli handed his gun to the priest. "Get into the blind, Father."

Father Monahan remained standing. He was not sure why, but he wanted it that way. With the storm whipping them, the birds fought their way inland, indifferent to the presence of the men. The priest raised the gun to his shoulder and sighted across the marshes. He was frightened, unable to squeeze the trigger. The ducks were sliding around in front of him like fish. At thirty yards, he knew, they were fair game; at twenty, they would be impossible to miss. Even before the bird fell, by the way it slipped off course he knew that he had hit it.

In disarray, the flock tried to beat its way higher. The priest shot into it blindly and saw a bird tumble headlong into the marsh. For a bare moment, he felt sorry for it.

Davitt was jumping around behind him enviously, his own weapon lying useless in the other blind. "Shoot, Father!" he shouted. "There's a shell left. You'll never get another chance like it."

Father Monahan hesitated. The ducks were in a frenzy but he could hardly see them for the rain, and besides, these birds did not fly apart and disappear like the clay pigeons he remembered. He was through now; his finger simply would not move. Slowly, he lowered the weapon and gave it over to Fanelli, who shot a teal not ten yards away, straight off the barrel.

The storm drove them all back to the cabin, where for half an hour they drank whiskey to celebrate Father Monahan's triumph. When the rain passed, the ducks were gone. There would be no more hunting, Davitt saw; it was time to pack. While the other men were changing into dry clothes, Lou Fanelli fitted Father Monahan's two birds into an empty bread carton, wrapping them first in newspaper. Then it occurred to him to surprise the priest by putting in his own duck too; Father Monahan needn't know until he got back to the home. He could see the look of gratitude on the priest's face when he opened the carton and found the teal, which Fanelli pressed into place with the mallards. Another offering for St. Benedict's! he thought.

All the way back to New York Davitt did not speak. He was still smarting, Father Monahan realized. The priest himself was depressed, but he was not sure why. The old men with their hoarded toothpicks, awaiting his return? The trip had been a tonic; for the first time in years he'd played for keeps. And wouldn't they be astonished when he hauled out the two plump ducks? It was unlikely he'd have anything else to show for his fun; he had bungled things as far as Davitt was concerned. Was he losing his touch?

The wild hope came into his head that the archbishop might even replace him, for it was clear now that it wasn't ducks he'd been sent down there to hunt—no, it wasn't that at all. . . .

And wouldn't that be a stroke of luck? His mood swung to one of elation. Then, thinking of the ailing, 1955-model television set at the home, he felt guilty. At the very least, the men would expect his trip to North Carolina to be worth a new one, possibly even a color set. Then there was the balky hot-water system, which had a habit of running cold if the principle of cleanliness was pushed too far. . . .

Coming into the Grand Central from the airport, shortly after eight o'clock in the evening, they found the concourse almost empty. Father Monahan's train would be departing in ten minutes, and one by one the hunters shook hands with him.

"We must do this again, Father," Frank Reardon said.

"By all means."

When it came Davitt's turn, Father Monahan struggled for something to say. He looked into the man's unsmiling face, his heart beating clumsily at what he was about to do. "Mind you, two ducks wouldn't make a meal for a home full of elderly priests," he began. "They'd only bicker over them and swallow the birdshot. If you'll allow me, Mr. Davitt, I should like to make you a present of them."

He held out the carton. Surprised, and very much pleased, Davitt took it, declaring his thanks. "Believe me, you didn't have to do this," he said, smiling broadly. "Father, I hope you don't think there are any hard feelings."

"I'm sure of that."

Fanelli, too, was surprised, but in a different way. Father Monahan saw him go pale. Had *he* expected to get the carton? The priest felt sorry for the man, who was the kind of person you understood; Davitt, unfortunately, was the sort you did business with.

As Father Monahan walked through the gate, he avoided looking at Fanelli, wondering, at the same time, why his baggage seemed heavier after he had given part of it away. THE END

VIOBIN
Wheat Germ Oil
HELPS HEART ACTION
GIVES MORE STRENGTH
• STAMINA • VIGOR •
PROVED 10 years — 600 persons
University Experiments
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES—
only VioBin Oil PROVED helpful.
Send NOW for FREE book #7
PROMETOL—8 to 1 vigor factor concentrate VioBin Oil. Same benefits—NO fat calories.
Liquid & Capsules
VIOBIN MONTICELLO, ILLINOIS

USED BY MILLIONS WHENEVER MODERATE
ARTHRITIC
RHEUMATIC
MUSCULAR
PAINS
OCCUR
DOLCIN®
TABLETS
Money-back guarantee

ASK FOR HASTINGS
PISTON RINGS stop oil pumping
FILTERS keep engines dirt-free
CASITE ADDITIVES restore pep and power-save oil, gas, repairs

Mounties
PHOTO CORNERS
LOOK BETTER LAST LONGER!
10c & 25c SIZES AT CHAIN, DRUG, VARIETY STORES

HOW TO MEET EXPENSES
YOU can earn extra cash to meet your expenses by selling subscriptions to *The Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal, Holiday, Jack and Jill, American Home,* and other popular magazines. Earn generous commissions in your spare time. We'll send details without obligation. Write to
CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
204 Independence Square, Phila., Pa. 19105

IN CALIFORNIA . . . EARN
4.85% WITH INSURED SAFETY
CURRENT RATE PER ANNUM
Paid 4 times a year
FIDELITY Federal
SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSN.
Box 1631-29 • Glendale, Calif. 91209
Just 7 miles from Los Angeles City Hall
Assets now over $300 Million
R. M. RIGGLE, Assistant Vice President
Please send information about your Association
NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT)
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____
STATE _____ 29

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POST FICTION

ARNOLD STONE

The big-city operator knew he was onto a profitable deal in that small town . . . at first.

BY JOHN O'HARA

Hemphill & Stone offered only plays that had stood the test of some time. The test had not necessarily been a long run on Broadway; in the Hemphill-Stone repertory were some comedies that had not done well in New York. But they had proved themselves over the years in productions put on by the half dozen Hemphill-Stone companies that were likely to be playing at any given moment in the Middle West and the East. There was nothing experimental about the Hemphill-Stone selections, and they never, never did Shakespeare. The late Arnold Stone had said, as far back as 1905, that Shakespeare was for colleges. He said he had lost his shirt on Shakespeare—not true, but he had indeed lost money on the few occasions that one of his leading men had coaxed him to put on *Hamlet*, or one of his leading ladies had seduced a production of *Macbeth* out of him. In 1905 he established the policy: No more Shakespeare. By that time Arnold Stone was immune to the blandishments of leading ladies. Only an occasional soubrette or ingenue, not the Lady Macbeth type, could get anything out of him that way, and Arnold Stone made all the decisions.

There *was* no Hemphill; it was just a name Arnold Stone happened to like, that he thought would add a little class to his enterprise. But the ghost partner came in handy as a taker of blame. "Hemphill ain't only my ghost, he's my goat," Arnold Stone was fond of saying to his intimates. When Arnold Stone changed his mind about something, or forgot something, or wanted to bargain on a tentative basis, he would invoke the support of Harold H. Hemphill. It will never be known how many actors and theater owners, in towns and cities east of the Mississippi, have wanted to kill Harold H. Hemphill with their bare hands. "Arnie Stone had me all signed up, or just about," the actors would say. "I gave up my room at the hotel, and spent six hundred dollars on new wardrobe. Twenty weeks' booking, sure. Then that bastard Hemphill vetoed it. Nothing Arnie could do. Hemphill is the money man, the son of a bitch. Out of his own pocket Arnie reimbursed me for a hundred dollars of what I spent on wardrobe; that's how embarrassed Arnie was. But if I ever see that Hemphill, I don't care where it is, right in the middle of the Hunting Room of the Hotel Astor, I'll go right up and punch him in the nose."

More than one actor and actress had stormed into the Hemphill & Stone offices, in a Seventh Avenue building just south of Times Square, and demanded to see Hemphill. "He isn't in," Miss Shapro would say. The indignant ones would push past her and find no one else in the office. On their way out Miss Shapro would say, "Now're you satisfied?" And Arnold Stone once said to an actor, "Bobby, I happen to see that letter you wrote my pardner, Hemphill. I took the liberty of doing you a great big favor. I put your letter in my pocket, and here it is. You should know better than write that kind of a letter to a manager. He could take a lot of umbrage from reading a letter like that. You'd never work for him again."

Twice a year Arnold Stone would take a business trip. The first would be to call on the theater owners to tell them what he had lined up for the next Hemphill-Stone repertory season. It was a pleasure, that trip; meeting his old friends and haggling with them over terms and coming away with signed contracts. The second trip was his inspection trip, to see how each company was holding up. But on this trip he had to listen to the theater men's complaints, the actors' bellyaching, and he would see things on his own that he did not like, such as bored leading ladies walking through their parts and leading men hamming it up unreasonably. He would also catch the owners in discrepancies between their reported grosses and the real grosses. On these trips he would arrive in a town without giving advance notice of his coming, and stay out of sight until curtain time.

He knew the seating capacity of every theater that he did business with, and he would climb the stairs to the peanut gallery—the groot, it was called in some towns—and look down at the balcony, the boxes, and the orchestra, and be able to guess what the take should be. It would then be necessary to have an unpleasant talk with the owner and the box-office man. "Stealing a few dollars from me ain't gonna land you in the sneezer," he would say. "I'd have a hell of a time proving anything, specially me against you in the local court. But why do you want to rob me? It ain't good business to rob me. For a few miserable dollars you take a chance on all next season, and listen to what I got lined up. *Within the Law*, *The Little Minister*, *The Great Divide*, *Polly With a Past*, *Alias Jimmy Valentine*. You got Emma Dale Renwick this season. I got you Emma Dale because she got a big local following. But you try

© 1964 by John O'Hara

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK ENGLISH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my patience and the only time you ever see her in this town again she'll be playing the Orpheum. I'll let you keep what you stole so far, but don't try that again on Hemphill & Stone. Don't try *that* again." He would then have to have a talk with Emma Dale Renwick, who had loafed through a performance of *Enter Madame* that night, and he would have to tell her that he had received reports that she was losing her local following, and no wonder, the performance she gave tonight. Trouble and tears everywhere he went on those inspection trips, and he dreaded them more and more each year.

By 1920 he could call himself a millionaire, not all of it made through his theatrical enterprises, but the hard cash for his real-estate speculations had come from the hard work he had put in in selecting the right plays and the right players for his repertory companies. He got the Broadway hits as soon as they were released for stock presentation because he had a good reputation among the playwrights' agents. He made a study of the popularity of certain actors in certain towns; he could not explain why one town would go to see Emma Dale Renwick reading out of the Sears, Roebuck catalog, and a town a hundred miles away would stay away from her like she had the smallpox. He lost money in some towns. Some towns did not like the theater, some towns wanted *Officer 666* every season without fail, and there probably were some towns that liked Shakespeare, although Arnold Stone had not discovered them. Some towns would support two burlesque houses all year long and, if Sothern and Marlowe were booked there, they would only do enough business to justify a split week. And so Arnold Stone had no desire to raise his social standing by engaging Sothern and Marlowe, or to try to do rep in a vaudeville town, or to stuff Emma Dale Renwick down the throats of Wilkes-Barre, P-A. Dan Frohman could do his Shakespeare and Bill Brady could make the decisions for Grace George; Arnold Stone would do things his way and head for his second million.

It was always a serious thing when a local owner or manager had to send for Arnold in midseason. Most of the houses into which he booked his rep companies were locally owned and managed by the owners, who had a lot at stake. Few of them ever felt quite at home with actors; they were businessmen who for one reason or another happened to be in show business. They could get along all right with Arnie Stone, who likewise was a businessman in show business but who also fully understood performers. In his early days in show business he had put on costume and makeup to play bits—waiters, Indians, sailors, second halberdiers—and probably could have eked out a living in the acting end, but he had not been infected by the itch to perform; he would always give up a chance to play a minor role if he could get a job selling delicious richly coated milk-chawklit-covered imported awmonds with a surprise gift in each and every package.

As a candy butcher he always made more money than as an actor, and indeed he made some of the money from actors, to whom he would lend ten dollars at a-dollar-a-week interest. It was not the hazardous sideline for him that it was to other men who lent money to actors; he was there, in the theater, a few feet away, when the company manager handed them their weekly salary. He made sure he was there; he understood actors. And he was not unsympathetic to them merely because he had not become one of them while he was young, or because he found them vacillating creatures when he got older. "Like they say, scratch a Russian and you find a Cossack," he once said. "Well, scratch an actor and underneath is a show-off kid." He tried, and with much success, to maintain friendly relations with actors. (Here, of course, he owed a lot to Harold H. Hemphill.) Even when it became necessary or desirable to break off more intimate relations with actresses he took a gentlemanly pride in remaining their old and discreet friend. He had no stauncher admirer than, for instance, Emma Dale Renwick, unless it was Rosalind Chatfield-Leigh, his only two Ladies Macbeth. It was distressing, therefore, to be summoned to the Gibbsville, Pennsylvania, unit of the Hemphill & Stone Production Company in the summer of 1921.

Gibbsville was much the smallest in population of the cities visited by Hemphill-Stone companies, but the census figures were deceptive. It was the county seat, surrounded by boroughs that brought the area population close to 100,000, making it larger than Wilkes-Barre. It was a pretty good show town, with vaudeville (three-a-day), six moving picture houses, a lyceum program, Chautauqua, Ringling Brothers, the Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch, the Denishawn Dancers, the Philadelphia Orchestra, college glee clubs, traveling light opera and one-nighter road shows all doing generally profitable business from year to year. Arnie Stone had played it twice in his youth, although the theaters he had played—the Academy of Music, and the Loughlin—were destroyed by fire before he returned to the town with a Hemphill-Stone unit.

The owner-manager of the Globe, a theater built in part on the insurance money from the Academy fire, was a man named Harry Lang, who had lived most of his life in Gibbsville but to most of its citizens was as remote as if he had been an absentee owner. To the actors who played his theater, Lang seemed, contrariwise, like a man who had never once left Gibbsville. He did not have a sign that read, "Don't send out your laundry till we see your act," but in all other respects he was the kind of manager whom actors feared. He never wasted time in the amenities: He neither welcomed nor bade godspeed to the hundreds of actors and actresses who had played the Academy or the Globe. Any messages he had for them were passed to them through Kelly, his head stagehand, or Mary Hogan, his secretary and box-office treasurer. No matter how big the star—and some big ones came to his theaters on their tours of the provinces—he had never been known to send a box of posies to her hotel room. No matter how many bows a song-and-dance man earned or how many encores were demanded of an accordionist, Lang never bothered to telegraph the good news back to the artist's bookers in New York. The artist had to do that himself. A monologist might have the audience splitting a gut at his comedy routine, which he had painstakingly peppered with allusions to local people and places—the chief of police, the cheapest hotel, the nearby

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sane asylum—but Lang, standing in e back of the house, reacted no more or ss favorably than he did to a dog-and-ony act.

"How was I, Mr. Lang?" the artist ould say.

'Hello," Lang would say, pretending t to have understood the question. hello was often more than some per-rmers got in the course of nine per-rmances in three days.

But Harry Lang had great respect for rnold Stone. He automatically re-ected any man who had made a million llars in any line of business, and he as in ignorance of the fact that Arnold one's million had been made in real-tate speculation. He therefore believed at Arnold Stone had made his million the precarious business of putting on ock-company productions, and this en-tled Arnold Stone to even greater re-ect than the average businessman mil-onaire. Harry was, for him, ecstatic that ay in the winter of 1918-1919 when rnold Stone, whom he knew only by putation, called on him at the Globe nd talked about putting on six weeks of ock. Harry Lang usually said no to erything that originated with anyone se, but against Arnold Stone he offered o resistance. This man, this successful illionaire about his own age, quickly roved that all the legends about his usiness acumen were justified. He knew ore about the Globe than anyone but arry Lang and Mary Hogan, and it ould have been useless to argue against im. "You close for these six weeks any-ays," said Arnold Stone. "One week ou got the painters in, the carpenters, ut the rest of the time you don't make nickel. Your taxes and your insurance

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I've worshiped her from afar."

you gotta keep on paying. My proposition is, you offer famous Broadway plays with star actors at a dollar top, fifteen cents in the groot. A brand-new different play every week. You won't sell every ticket, but you'll sell enough tickets so we both make a few dollars." Arnold Stone knew that vaudeville did not draw in the summer; the good acts laid off, and others were so awful that the audiences stayed away. But for some reason—possibly because of a different kind of audience, which did not patronize vaudeville—repertory companies sometimes made money. This might be the case with the Globe, where money had been made with road companies of established plays and playlets that presented top stars.

The two men shook hands on a deal, and the summer seasons of 1919 and 1920 were profitable. Their winter meetings were pleasant. Arnold Stone suspected that Mary Hogan was stealing a little, but he refrained from complaining to Lang; he had only to see Lang and Mary Hogan in the box office together to guess that she was Lang's mistress and presumably had been so for a long time. She was now well up in her forties and Lang was past sixty, but they had that look of being used to each other. She had a neatness about her that told Arnold Stone that she was capable of handling a love affair in the same orderly fashion that was typical of her spruceness of attire and her ledger entries. Her pince-nez spectacles left little bruises on the bridge of her nose, but her skin was remarkably unlined, her figure well corseted, her stockings silken, and Arnold Stone was sure she did not miss a word of the conversations between him and Lang. She was much too carefully giving the impression of not eavesdropping. She was Lang's lady friend, and to accuse her of stealing a few dollars was not worth the risk. It could even turn out that what she was stealing was stolen for Lang. And Arnold Stone was inclined to be tolerant of Lang because he had met Lang's wife, a disagreeable woman whose tiny eyes were almost hidden in her fat face. He had met Mrs. Lang just once, when she entered the box office during a business conversation and with no preliminaries said, "Give me fi' dollars for Leonard."

"I'm talking business," said Lang.

"I know you are, but I'm in a hurry."

"Introduce you to Arnold Stone," said Lang.

"Oh, Arnold Stone of Hemphill? Well, this *is* a pleasure," said Mrs. Lang.

"Likewise," said Arnold Stone. He did not rise.

"Heard so much about you from Harry," she said. "Harry, will you let me have the fi' *dollars?* Leonard's up at the corner, with the other kids, and the trolley'll be along any minute. It's the school picnic."

"Fi' dollars to take along on a school picnic? Is he *giving* the picnic?"

ONLY MAGNAVOX COMBINES MAGNACOLOR AND ASTRO-SONIC* (NO TUBES) STEREO HIGH FIDELITY IN ONE FAMILY-ENTERTAINMENT THEATRE

Astro-Sonic—the revolutionary space-age development that makes tube sets obsolete—surpasses all previous achievements in the re-creation of music.

Magnacolor transforms programs into a thrilling new experience. Vivid color pictures of breath-taking beauty are combined with high fidelity sound to create spectacular realism.

Astro-Sonic Stereo—ten times more efficient than conventional tube sets—has such vast tonal dimension that it can "whisper" the full beauty of music or shake the walls with a resounding crescendo.

New solid-state circuitry eliminates all tubes and component-damaging heat, the cause of most failures—so reliable, parts are guaranteed 5 years!

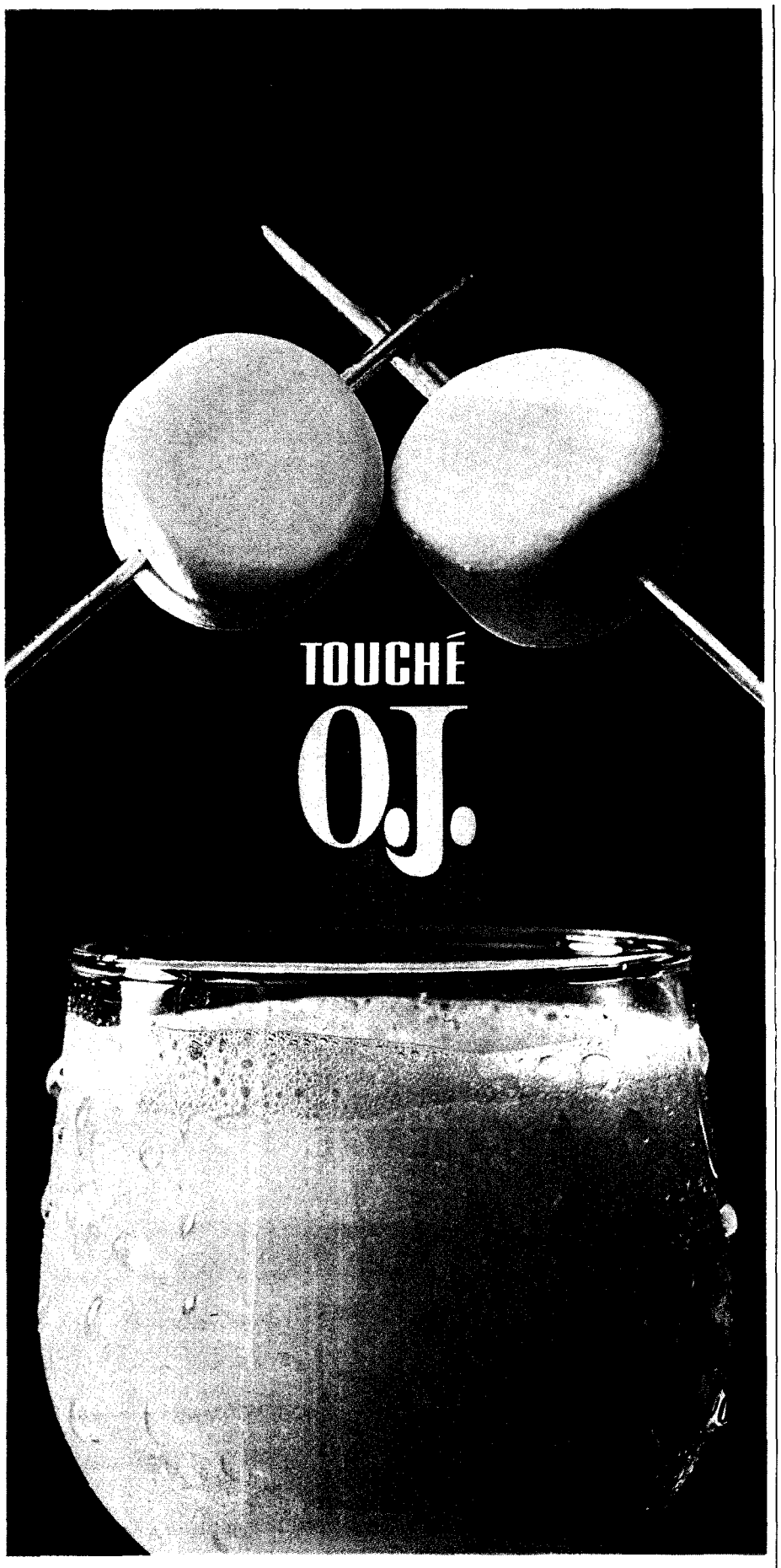
Now your records can last a lifetime! The Micromatic record player has a pick-up that plays at only 1/10-ounce touch, banishing record and stylus (needle) wear. The diamond stylus is guaranteed 10 years. The turntable speed is as accurate as an electric clock; there is no pitch distortion.

Enjoy a thrilling demonstration at your franchised Magnavox dealers, listed in the Yellow Pages. Color TV from $498.50. Color Stereo Theatres from $795. Shown: Model 552 with Stereo FM and FM/AM radio. In beautiful Walnut cabinet, now only $895.

the magnificent Magnavox

Music comes alive with the spectacular dimension of stereophonics and the purity of high fidelity. Sound is projected from cabinet sides and front to surround you with the full beauty of music. Astro-Sonic model 638 with Stereo FM and FM/AM radio, only $348.50. Choose from a wide variety of beautiful styles.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Raise a toast with O.J.—honest-to-goodness fresh frozen Florida orange juice. Whether it's a marshmallow toast or your morning toast, genuine O.J. is the drink most likely to quench your thirst while satisfying your system's need for natural vitamin C. And O.J. over ice in a big tall glass becomes tantalizingly new after breakfast — brisker, brighter, jazzier, snazzier. So glamorous you'd hardly recognize it! Have yourself a healthy helping any time of day. Touché!

Nothing else takes the place of orange juice

THE REAL THING ®
FROM FLORIDA

©1964 FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA

Arnold Stone

"Don't you want your son to be popular? Fork over," she said. She snatched the bill Lang handed to her. "Please to meet you, Mr. Stone. Come for supper."

"I appreciate ——" said Arnold Stone, but she was gone.

"I won't invite you for supper," said Lang. "You're better off eating at the hotel, that I promise you."

"Anyway I couldn't accept your invitation, much as I appreciate the thought. Owing to a previous engagement."

"I know. Your previous engagement said was it all right if she didn't stay for the curtain call tonight. I told her it was all right."

"I know," said Arnold Stone. "Just as long as she don't think she's a privilege character. I got other privilege characters."

"Like a sailor, one in every port," said Lang.

"Not every, but pretty near," said Arnold Stone. Miss Hogan went right on working, and Arnold Stone understood everything.

But he did not understand anything but the urgency of Harry Lang's telegram summoning him to Gibbsville in the summer of 1921. Like all telegrams originating in small towns, the message form was worded discreetly. "Important you come soon as possible discuss cast problem," it said. Lang was not one to waste his money on a long-distance telephone call, or, possibly, to trust telephone operators any more than he trusted telegraph operators. Arnold Stone telephoned the Globe on his arrival in Gibbsville, and was surprised that it was neither Harry Lang nor Mary Hogan who answered the call. Lang, however, got on the wire and said he would be at the hotel in ten minutes.

"First of all, let me ask you a question," said Lang. "Where did you get that Jerome Wellington from? What whorehouse did you pick him up out of that he was pimping for?"

"Jerome Wellington? Jerome Wellington?"

"Yes, Jerome Wellington. Don't stall me," said Lang.

"I had to think a minute. The young juvenile lead. Why, he was a chorus boy in a couple of shows and he had a couple walk-ons. A very handsome sophisticated young fellow with a complete wardrobe. Riding togs, swallowtail, all his own wardrobe. What did he do to get you all so upset?"

"You'll find out."

"If I live long enough, or you do. What the hell's the trouble, Lang?"

"He made off with twenty-five thousand dollars. Him and Mary Hogan."

"Your lady friend?"

"Yes, Goddamn it. Over twenty-five thousand. Maybe closer to thirty-five. All the cash in my two bank accounts. The week's take for last week, and some Liberty bonds I kept in my safe. Monday morning I went in my office and no Mary Hogan. She has to be there early Monday morning to go to the bank with the Friday and Saturday receipts. But ten o'clock, eleven o'clock, and finally twelve noon and no Hogan. And her phone don't answer all this time. Then I stard looking around in the safe and I couldn't find a Goddamn cent. Yeah. I found six dollars in pennies. But nothing above a nickel. Cleaned out of all the cash and the Liberty bonds, five of them."

"Then you called the banks," said Arnold Stone.

"Like hell I did. I didn't want this to be all over town."

"Ah, how smart of you, Lang. Congradulations."

"I went and saw my lawyer and I got the loan of two thousand dollars from him, on a personal loan. I couldn't write a check on my bank accounts, because they would of known I didn't authorize the withdrawals."

"How did you know she cleaned out the accounts?" said Arnold Stone.

"If she cleaned out what was in the safe the small stuff, she wasn't such a fool that she'd leave the bigger stuff, in the banks. But just to make sure, I got my lawyer to call one of the banks, and they gave him the information."

"How did he do that?"

"How did he do that? Easy. Called a fellow he knew and like he was expecting it he said did Mary Hogan close out the Globe account, and the fellow said yes she did, Saturday morning. To think of the nerve of that whore, selling tickets here all Saturday matinee and evening, and all my cash in her satchel somewhere. Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"No, not exactly," said Arnold Stone.

"How did you know she was sleeping with me?"

"That was only a guess," said Arnold Stone.

"A clever guess. Nobody else ever guessed it. Little Irish girl, came to work for me twenty-two years ago the first of June. We fell in love with one another and kept it secret all these years. She wouldn't marry a Jew, but she didn't care if I did."

"Then you were married twice?"

"Wife Number One passed away, then I married again, the present one."

"Was Hogan true to you all this time?

"I never had the slightest doubt. She used to knock down a few dollars every week. That I knew, but she was entitled. But sleeping with? Nobody but me, of that I'm so positive I could bet on it."

"And you're not a betting man," said Arnold Stone.

"I wouldn't bet on the fourth of July coming after the third, but I'd bet on that," said Lang.

"Well, she cleaned you out of your cash and some bonds. Her and Jerome Wellington. What's wrong with siccing the dogs on them? The police?"

"It'd come out about me and her, and I don't want my wife and son to find that out. I raised him very strict, my son, and it don't look like I'll have another. If it came out about me and Mary, my wife is liable to get my theater and my son, and where would I be?"

"What I want to know, Lang, why did you send for me?"

"I wanted to talk to you about something. I wanted to get your advice. But that ain't all. Your help is what I want, too."

"Financial, you mean?"

Lang nodded. "I'm down to two thousand dollars capital, that I got the loan of from my lawyer. You're a rich man."

"I'm listening."

"How much would you say this theater of mine is worth?"

"Oh, anywhere from twenty-five to fifty thousand. That depends on if you're talking about real estate or a theater that's making money."

"I make money. You know that."

"I do, and you got a nice, fireproof, modern theater."

"Including the latest in movie-projection machines," said Lang.

"Uh-huh. But what do I want to own

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a theater for? I'm in New York City, and I'm over sixty years of age."

"I don't want you to own the theater. All I want is you to loan me twenty thousand with the theater for security."

"You own it outright?"

"Free and clear. No mortgages. I don't like to pay interest on anything. I like to collect interest. Near all my bills I get a discount for cash within ten days. That's why I had so much cash in the banks."

"You must have good credit then."

"The best. But I can't go to the banks and tell them my cashier run out on me. I can tell you, an out-of-towner, but I can't tell the bankers I been doing business with all my life."

"Supposing I was to let you have the loan of fifteen thousand?"

"It would have to be twenty. I want it to look like I was putting that money back in the two bank accounts. It'd have to be twenty."

"Well, say twenty. What's in it for me?"

"Fifty dollars a week guaranteed interest for fifty weeks. In other words, a total of ten percent interest on twenty thousand, even if I repay the twenty thousand in six months. If I go over the year I keep on giving you fifty a week till the principal is paid back. That sounds like a pretty good proposition to me."

"To you, Lang. But how it sounds to me is what counts. You put up the theater for security, but what's the time limit on that?"

"Eighteen months, but don't you worry; you'll get the principal back long before that. I don't want to keep on paying interest, not at those rates. You won't get terms like that anywhere else, but I have to pay high interest because I don't want it to get out that Mary Hogan robbed me."

"I'll have to talk to my pardner, Hemphill."

"No, I don't want you talking to *any*body. I don't know Hemphill. This is strictly between you and I."

"It's a lot of money, twenty thousand dollars. I was thinking for that much cash I ought to get a ten-year contract to put on Hemphill and Stone productions on the same terms we got now."

"Arnie, that's taking advantage."

"Maybe it is, but Hemphill is going to find out someday, and he's going to say what was I doing making deals behind his back. By rights he ought to be in on every theatrical deal I make, win or lose. I gotta have something to show him that I was looking out for the firm."

"All right, I give in," said Lang.

"You give in? I don't know if it's you giving in or me giving in," said Arnold Stone.

They wrote out an agreement with pen and ink on hotel stationery, then summoned the manager of the hotel to witness their signatures without showing him the body of the contract. This concluded, Arnold Stone wrote out his personal check for $20,000 and caught the night train back to New York. Late the next morning the Gibbsville bank telephoned him to verify the signature on the check, and he assured the bank that it was authentic and that he had already instructed his New York bank to that effect. He had lunch that day with the good appetite of a man who has combined a good deed with a safe and potentially profitable investment. It was particularly enjoyable when he recalled his frame of mind upon being summoned to Gibbsville. He had gone there expecting trouble and not knowing what kind of trouble.

The blow that killed him fell three days later. Miss Shapro opened his office door and closed it behind her. "There's a man out there says he's a detective, from Gibbsville," she said. "Schroeder, his name is. He has a badge."

Arnold Stone trembled. "Let him in and close the door, and as soon as you close the door get my lawyer here right away."

Schroeder, in a tight-fitting double-breasted Palm Beach suit, entered Arnold Stone's office and showed his badge, which was in a leather case. "District attorney's office, Lantenengo County, Mr. Stone."

"Have a seat," said Arnold Stone. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"Well, like it often happens, it comes in pairs. Did you see or hear from Harry Lang since you left Gibbsville three nights ago?"

"Not a word."

"Uh-huh. The check you gave him, Mr. Stone. What was that for exactly?"

"Exactly twenty thousand dollars."

"I meant in payment of what?"

"It was a loan."

"Do you have a note or anything on that order?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

mom, what'll i do now?

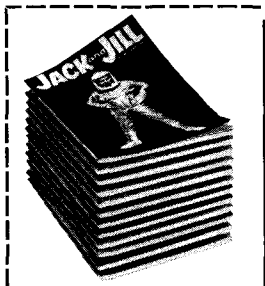
It's not so much a question as it is a call for help. When they're aged 4 to 10, they become bored quickly, need new worlds to conquer every half hour.

Oh, to have the time and patience to channel their energies and develop them along constructive lines!

We propose a yearly subscription to *JACK and JILL*, a magazine *just* for boys and girls from four-to-ten. It's a magazine of big and little adventures, animated with sparkling words and pictures, full of things to color and cut out, puzzles and games, stories of fact, fiction and fancy . . . and specifically designed to capture that amazing little mind . . . to coax him into learning to think, reason and read whether he knows it or not!

That's quite a month-ful. And our editors like to think they do it every issue. Surely you *must* know a youngster worth the investment of 33 cents a month. One who wants his own name on a magazine that comes in the mail. Write down the name on coupon provided and mail to *JACK and JILL* today.

$3.95 . . . That's exactly all it costs for a whole year.



JACK & JILL

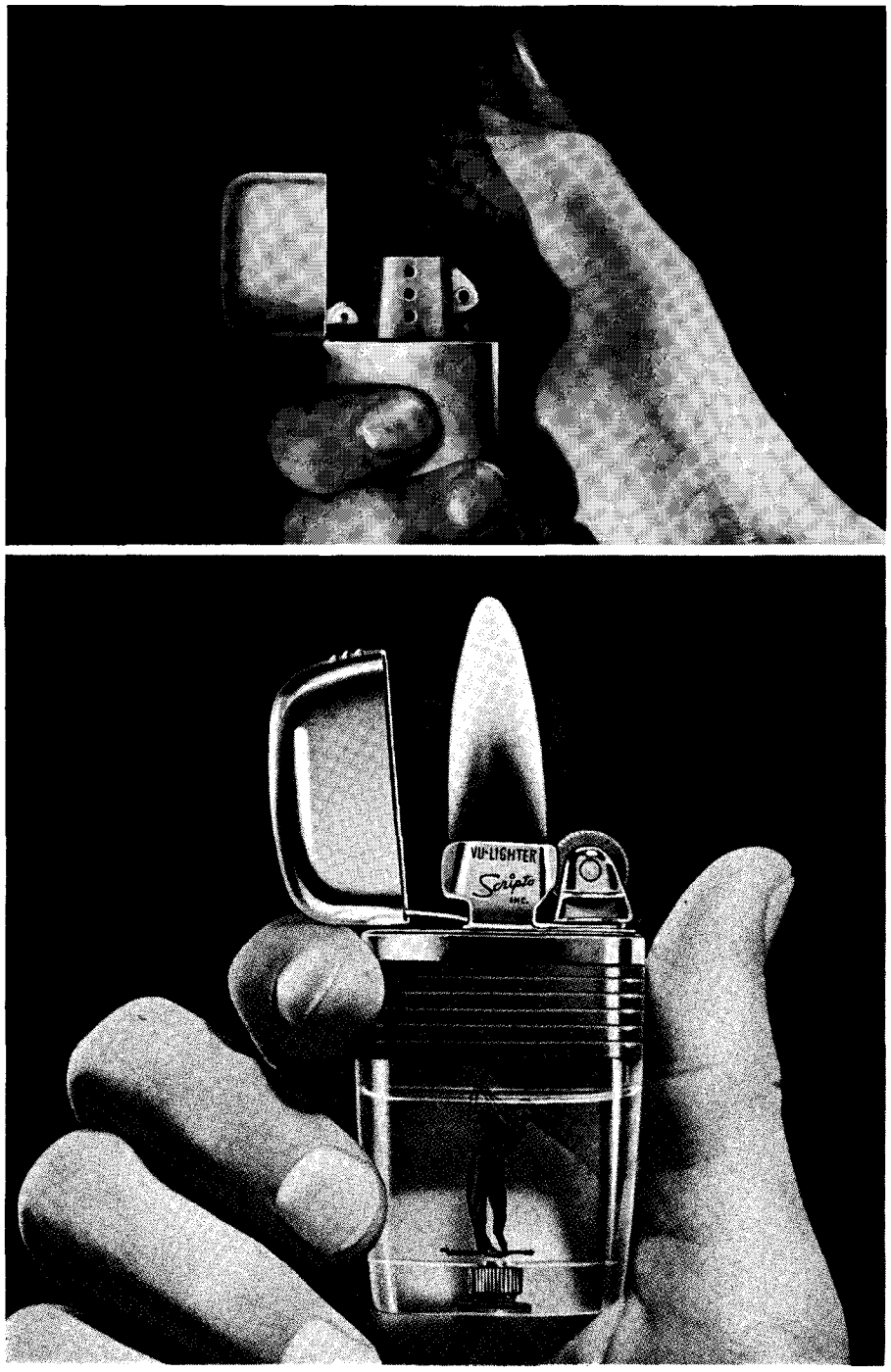
JACK and JILL, DEPT. T-963
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA., PA. 19105

Please enter subscription for _____ *year(s).*
send to: _____
street _____
city _____ *state* _____ *zip code* _____
sign my gift card _____
☐ *bill me* ☐ *payment enclosed*
order sent by: _____
street _____
city _____ *state* _____ *zip code* _____

Prices for **JACK and JILL** *Subscriptions* (U.S. and Canada)
1 YR. $3.95 2 YRS. $6.95 3 YRS. $9.95
Each Additional Year $3

WITH LOVE . . . FROM THE MAILMAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



When you want a light,
you want a light. Right?
So get a **VU-LIGHTER.**
Lets you know when the fuel is low!

VU-LIGHTER stays on the firing line. It's engineered with a transparent reservoir that lets you know when the fuel is low. It also features a windguard hood, permanent wick, extra stowaway flints, choice of colors and inserts. Only $3.95. And if your Vu-Lighter ever fails to work, return it to Scripto and we'll repair it free of charge. *Can be imprinted for business gifts.* For information write Scripto, Atlanta, Ga. Available in Canada.

Scripto
ENGINEERING WITH IMAGINATION

"I have, but that's private business, Mr. Schroeder."

"Yes, so far. I'm only here to ask questions for the time being. Principally I want to find out the whereabouts of Harry Lang. You have any information on where he would be?"

"No, none. Why?"

Schroeder studied him silently for a moment. "Mr. Stone, we're on the same side in this matter, or I'm very much mistaken."

"On what matter? So far you didn't say anything much."

"You want to be on the side of the law, don't you? I understand you're a reputable businessman."

"I'm always on the side of the law, but what's this beating about the bush? Spill it, Schroeder."

"All right, I will. We have good reason to believe that Harry Lang has rooked you out of twenty thousand dollars, along with some other people. Does that make you wish to cooperate?"

Arnold Stone found breathing difficult. "How cooperate—if it's true. Tell me the whole story, get to the point."

"Harry Lang has flown the coop. He borrowed a certain amount of cash from two banks, he wrote two good-sized checks sold a diamond ring belonging to his wife and other articles of jewelry, plus some bonds belonging to her he took out of the safe-deposit box, plus various small amounts of cash he borrowed from merchants, like fifty dollars here and fifty dollars there up and down Main Street. We don't know how much he got all told, but it comes to over twenty thousand dollars, not including the twenty thousand he got from you, and not including closer to thirty thousand his cashier, Mary Hogan, got away with a week ago. We have reason to believe they planned this together and are together right now. There's warrants out for their arrest, and I'm glad to say the New York authorities are fully cooperating with us, Mr. Stone."

"I'll cooperate. But right off the bat, you're wrong about one thing," said Arnold Stone.

"What's that?"

"The Hogan woman ran off with an actor. A fellow by the name of Jerome Wellington."

"That's where *you're* wrong, Mr. Stone," said Schroeder "She only took him as far as Philly. He was a cover-up, or else she just ditched him, we don't know for sure. You oughta know him, Mr. Stone. He was one of your people."

"My people?"

"You hired him, didn't you? Lang didn't hire him."

"Oh, that way my people. Yes, I hired him," said Arnold Stone. "A cheap actor."

"And a queer. You knew he was a queer, didn't you?"

"Listen, I started trying to find out what actor was a queer and what one wasn't—this is show business, Mr. Schroeder. I don't know who's a queer and who isn't, and I don't care. But I guess Wellington was more one than some others. So?"

"Well, that's the part we don't understand," said Schroeder. "How Mary Hogan got inarrested in him in the first place."

"You want me to do your detective work for you?" said Arnold Stone. "Well, all right. Some queers aren't all queer. Some can satisfy a woman, especially a woman in her middle age and she got a little money. You want my theory; my theory is the Hogan woman got Wellington to run away with her, all right. Give him a few dollars and make out like there was gonna be plenty more. That was the cover-up. They get as far as Philly ar she ditches him. That'd be easy for h She gives him a hundred dollars to go ou and buy some clothes, and when he comes back—no Hogan. She's on her way to meet Harry Lang."

"That's about the way it happened, from what we know. You're a smart man, Mr. Stone."

"Am I? I ain't as smart as Harry Lang, that took me for plenty. I got his paper, that entitles me to his theater maybe, but it'll be a long time before I get ownership of that. A long time. And I don't want his Goddamn theater."

"I'd like to have a talk with Mr. Hemphill. Is he in?"

"There ain't no Mr. Hemphill."

"Dead?"

"There never was no Hemphill. He's a figment of my imagination. I'm Hemphill and I'm Stone."

"Isn't that a sort of a funny way to do business?" said Schroeder. "Why would you want to have the name Hemphill on your door, on your stationery?"

"Because I'm a crook. What the hell kind of questions are you coming here and asking me? It's no business of yours what name I do business under. If I called myself Broadway Theatrical Productions, would you ask me these kind of questions? Well, I call myself Hemphill and Stone."

"Calm yourself, Mr. Stone. Calm yourself."

"Yeah, calm myself. You as much as accuse me of being a crook. If I was crook, would I be as big a chump as th to get robbed of twenty thousand dollars by a small-town hick from Gibbsville, P-A? I'm worth over a million dollars, Schroeder. Over a million dollars. I don't bother with petty larceny."

"You can't seem to make up your mind whether twenty thousand dollars is a lot of money or petty larceny."

"Will you just get out of here and leave me alone? Will you do that, please?"

"All right, Mr. Stone. But would you be willing to come to Gibbsville and make out a complaint against Lang?"

"On what grounds? If Lang sends me fifty dollars by the end of the week, I got no charges against him. I don't think he *will* send me fifty dollars, but so far I got no cause to have him arrested."

"You're absolutely right, I guess," said Schroeder. "But if it turns out that he did steal your twenty thousand, will you be willing to come and testify?"

"We'll cross that bridge when you find him. I'll bet you never find him."

"We'll find him, all right. He won't get far."

"You want to bet me? Him and that Hogan woman, they're the first ones ever outsmarted me in my whole life. A couple of hicks from Hicksville. No, I won't testify. Arnold Stone on the witness stand, testifying under oath how a couple of hicks swindled him out of twenty thousand dollars? No, I changed my mind. I won't be the laughingstock of Broadway."

"Well, like you said, we'll cross that bridge when we come to it."

"We just came to it, and I refused cross it," said Arnold Stone. "I don't care if I never cross the Pennsylvania state line the rest of my life. You can't make me testify. Now will you please go away, Mr. Schroeder?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Yes, I'll go, but I'll probably have to come back."

"Don't have anything personal against you, Schroeder, but I won't testify, that's all there is to it."

"I'll give you a chance to think that over," said Schroeder. "Your lawyer may advise ——"

"That reminds me, where *is* my lawyer?" He called out. "Elsie! Miss Shapro! Did you get Arthur Yeddin?"

Miss Shapro appeared in the doorway. "Mr. Yeddin's in court and won't be back till five o'clock."

"When you need them," said Arnold Stone.

"So long, Mr. Stone."

"Yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah," said Arnold Stone. He did not watch Schroeder's departure. "I don't feel so good."

"A glass of water, Mr. Stone?" said Elsie Shapro.

"A glass of water maybe," said Arnold Stone. "Ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh. Elsie!" He fell out of his chair to the floor.

The only medical assistance she could think of was a dentist in the building, and he, in his white coat, came to the office. "He's had a stroke," said the dentist.

"I could *see that*," said Elsie.

"All I can do is phone an M.D. There's a urologist across the street."

"Well, do something for God's sake, the man's dying."

"I wish I could think of the man's name, the urologist," said the dentist.

Arnold Stone did not die that afternoon, but his life was rapidly ending. He could not go to his office again. Elsie Shapro visited him every day in his apartment at the Marie Antoinette, brought him his mail, took dictation of the letters he was writing to wind up the affairs of Hemphill & Stone. "I'd leave the business to you, Elsie, but a woman couldn't handle it," he told her.

"Thank you, Mr. Stone, but I wouldn't want it anyway."

"I got my sister in Baltimore; her son could have it but he's in medical college."

"I know. Mrs. Cohen's son. Who's putting him through medical college if not you? Who supported the entire Cohen family if not you?"

"Well, your only sister. I'm taking good care of you, Elsie. You know that, don't you?"

"I do know that, Mr. Stone, thank you very much."

"I don't have to tell you to invest it carefully. No quick get-rich-quick schemes, nothing like that. You can live comfortable the rest of your life. Be satisfied with five thousand a year; don't try to stretch it to ten."

"Don't you worry about that, Mr. Stone."

"I was thinking of adding a codicil."

"Another codicil? You got a lot of codicils as it is."

"Yeah, but I got a lot of money. Make a note of it for Yeddin. A codicil. Two thousand dollars to Father Duffy over on Forty-second Street."

"Why him?"

"Oh, he's a nice man. And what he done in the war. But he gives money to actors, I know he does. Ones that need it. Put him down for twenty-five hundred, tell Yeddin. No, what's twenty-five hundred? Put him down for five thousand."

"It's your money," said Elsie Shapro.

"It's the only enjoyment I can get out of it now, thinking of the surprised look on their faces. Like Father Duffy, when they tell him I left him five thousand dollars. 'Arnold Stone? You sure? I didn't hardly know Arnold Stone, just to say hello to.'"

"You ought to have a better reason than that for leaving a man five thousand dollars," said Elsie.

"You tell me a better reason," he said. "Five hundred dollars to Jimmy Pacelli."

"Who's that?"

"Used to be my barber."

"Jimmy at the Astor House?"

"That's the one."

"He died a couple years ago. You sent flowers."

"Oh, did I?"

"Yes, you did, and you were glad when he retired, so you wouldn't have to go to him anymore. You said he was rough. Rough hands."

"Now I remember. Uh-huh. Yeah, he had rough hands. You wouldn't think a barber would have rough hands, all that hot water all day. But he did."

Elsie Shapro would duly report these conversations to Arthur Yeddin, and once a week Yeddin would appear in Arnold Stone's suite at the Marie Antoinette with the codicils properly drawn. On one such visit, early in the fall, Arnold Stone said to him, "While I got you here, Arthur, put down the name Mary Hogan for twenty thousand dollars."

"Mary Hogan. I know that name. Where do I know that name from?"

"No, you never heard of her, Arthur."

"I'm sure I have, Arnie."

"No, I never told you about her. I had her in a couple shows. Binghamton, two-three summers ago. Wilkes-Barre. She was never much on Broadway, but she was a big draw in Wilkes-Barre. She was a particular friend of mine for a couple years. Beautiful woman."

"Where does she live now?"

"Oh, you can get that information from Elsie," said Arnold Stone.

Arthur Yeddin dropped in to see Elsie Shapro. "Arnie suddenly remembered another one, but this one's for twenty thousand. Who is Mary Hogan?"

"Mary *Hogan!*"

"I know the name from somewhere," said Yeddin.

"I'll say you do. That's the cashier in Gibbsville. Ran away with the owner, Lang."

"Could there be another one, an actress?"

"No, don't you see, Mr. Yeddin? The boss is gradually losing his mind."

"Oh," said Yeddin. "That's going to be a problem."

"I can see that, all right," said Elsie.

"He has you down for a hundred thousand."

"And you for twenty-five," said Elsie.

"It's quite a problem," said Yeddin.

"I'll say it is," said Elsie.

"My, oh, my."

"You're right," said Elsie.

"Some of these bequests, you know, they're entirely proper. I mean, the trust fund for Mrs. Cohen, the sister. And Mount Sinai Hospital. Federation. This, that and the other. But then we come to this Mary Hogan. She's a fugitive from justice, warrants out for her arrest."

"Not to mention, I told you he wanted to leave five hundred dollars to a dead barber," said Elsie. "I stopped him from doing that."

"A good thing you did, or it'd be in the will right now. That wouldn't look good in there. That would look just as bad as Mary Hogan, if somebody wanted to break the will. Mrs. Cohen, for instance, or her son."

"Or her no-good husband."

"Well, I don't know anything about him, but the sister could easily break this will if the dead barber was in there and Mary Hogan. Anybody could, that knew what we know. It's a tremendous problem, Elsie."

"I can see that, Mr. Yeddin."

"We have to look at it from all sides," said Yeddin.

"I'll say we do," said Elsie. "From *all* sides."

"These charities, for instance, in the event of Mrs. Cohen breaking the will; they wouldn't stand to get anywhere near the money Arnie has them down for. Could be they wouldn't get anything, these hospitals and philanthropic organizations. Not a thing. In an out-of-court settlement sometimes the various parties agree to a lesser amount, just to keep the thing out of litigation, you understand."

"Yes, I know."

"But for instance now, if it went to court. If I was on the opposite side of the fence, counsel for Mrs. Cohen, the sister, I'd be pretty sure to make something out of Hemphill. Harold H. Hemphill."

"Oh, yes, I see."

"I'd subpoena you, Elsie Shapro, and make you testify that the deceased carried on a pretense of having a partner named Hemphill when in fact no such person ever existed. That you were frequently called upon to lie regarding the existence of said Hemphill. That on various occasions you pretended over the telephone that said Hemphill was busy on the other wire. I heard you pull that one more than once myself."

"Under orders, sure."

"Therefore, it would be my contention that said Arnold Stone behaved in a strange, eccentric fashion over a period of years, finally culminating in the last will and testament that could not have been the work of any sane person, et cetera, et cetera. Furthermore, the loan of money to the fugitive Harry Lang is additional evidence of a deteriorating mental condition, resulting in bad judgment in business matters also indicating impairment of the mental faculties."

"My goodness, Mr. Yeddin," said Elsie.

"In plain and simple language, Elsie, this will could be broken by any lawyer that knew half of what you and I know."

"I don't doubt it," said Elsie. She waited for him to go on, but for the moment he merely looked at her. "It's beginning to sink in, Mr. Yeddin."

"What is, Elsie?"

"Well—I don't know for sure."

"Just say what's in your mind," said Yeddin.

"Well, I wouldn't like to see all those charities lose this money."

"Uh-huh."

"And it's probably too late to get the boss to start a whole new will."

"Which would probably be a worse will than the one we have now, don't forget."

"So—we don't do any more about this will."

"Are you suggesting that we ignore this new codicil?"

"Well, we could type one up and get him to sign it, but we don't have to add it to the rest of the will. I'd need some will paper, if you wanted me to do it."

"I can get the paper all right, but of course you'd have to do the typing. I wouldn't like to have that done in my office. And there's this to consider, Elsie."

"What, Mr. Yeddin?"

"If we stall around a little, it may not be necessary."

"Yes, he don't look so good, I'll say that. And maybe he'll forget about Mary Hogan—but don't be too sure about that," said Elsie. She sighed. "I wish I would of been born a pretty woman. He certainly did take a fancy to pretty women. But then I guess if I'da been pretty he wouldn't of hired me in the first place."

"And a lot of pretty women wish they had a hundred thousand dollars, Elsie."

"Well, I guess I'm entitled," said Elsie. "Not that he didn't always treat me right. Mr. Stone was always very good-hearted."

"And you can look at it this way, Elsie. If he had all his faculties, he'd realize we're only doing the right thing."

"Oh, I believe that, Mr. Yeddin," said Elsie. THE END

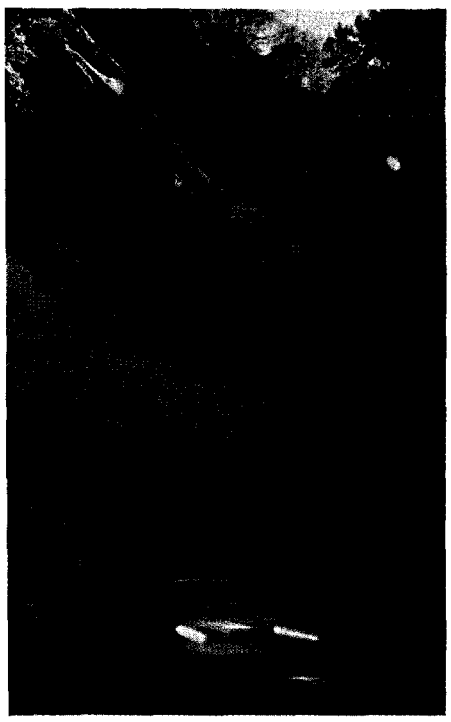
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Gold! There's gold at Sutter's Mill!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BY BEVERLY SMITH JR.

THE CHANGE IN THE MOUNTAINS



A car hurtles through the Cumberland Forest that once echoed the ox-driver's call.

Shadrack Mace, of Marshall, N.C., fashions nailless, glueless chairs, as father did before him.

For centuries the feuding folk of the Appalachians held out against progress. Now, with the onslaught of "ggaranteed" corn whiskey and jukeboxes, they have learned some modern joys and miseries.

A short while back, driving up a gorge in the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia, I was trying to identify the landmarks I once knew well. Where was the deep cold pool, at the foot of a waterfall, where we used to swim? Where was that twisting foot trail we used to climb, the clearing where we camped when I was a boy? Somehow, maybe because of the shimmering glare of the broad new concrete highway, I could not recognize the old familiar places.

Then, as I entered a level stretch, a glittering sign confronted me:

MOTEL
FULLY AIR-CONDITIONED
TV IN EVERY ROOM
CHLORINATED SWIMMING POOL
FALLOUT SHELTERS

The flashy lettering, breaking into my reverie, struck me as fantastic. It couldn't be far from this very place—"hollerin' distance when the air was right"—that I once watched the mountain men with ropes and oxen snaking logs down to the creek. And now, fallout shelters.

The "gee" and "haw" of the ox drivers seemed still to echo in my ears. They were dragging logs to shore up the moldering one-room structure which served as a school on weekdays and church on Sundays. It was here that the horseback preacher warned against the prides and presumptions of progress. His sermon was widely quoted, in jest or in awe, through the hill country. The year was 1912, and the preacher took for his text the *Titanic* disaster. He described the building of the huge ship, with all its fancy machinery and newfangled scientific contraptions.

"The builders got so swole up with sinful pride, they figgered they was so almighty sci-en-tif-ic, they says, 'This here ship can't be sank.' But all the time they was abuildin' and abraggin', what was the Lord doin'?" He paused and smote the pulpit triumphantly. "The Lord, He was tinkerin' with that iceberg."

Despite the warnings of the preacher, progress and its contraptions have moved into the mountains—slowly at first, then with increasing tempo during the last 15 years. For long generations this rugged region, stretching from West Virginia to the highland counties of Georgia and Alabama, had been shielded by its ranges against the gains and pains of modern civilization. Most of the mountain people lived as had their foreparents in Revolutionary days. They raised their own food and fibers; fabricated their own clothes, furniture and farm tools; distilled their own liquor; sang their own songs; and "fiddled up their own fun." Their talk was old American—colloquial, vivid, emphatic and picturesque.

Curious about the effects of recent changes, I recently went back to the Southern Appalachians for my first extended visit in 15 years. One of my encounters was with an old farmer near Steeles Tavern, Va. After talk about the crops I asked about progress in the mountains. He studied for a while.

"I ain't agin progress," he said. "But she's a mixtry of fair and foul. She's like them new miracle remedies. She cures up a sight of old miseries, but ever' now and then she fires up some fresh ones."

For perspective I sought out wise old hands who knew the mountains when. One of these was Sen. Sam Ervin of North Carolina. Born and reared in the high hills of Burke County, he has shown what the versatility of the old mountain stock can do. He has won distinction in war, in law and in politics. Though he can speak with judicial precision, he often delights his colleagues by cooling the rancor of debate with an old tale of the hills.

One of his favorites tells of Uncle Eph who, asked by the minister to testify to his blessings, recited a catalog of calamities. In conclusion he said, "I ain't afaultin' the good Lord, but He might nigh ruint me."

At Galax, in western Virginia, I talked with 78-year-old State Sen. S. F. Landreth, who recalls the feuding days. He was in the courtroom at Hillsville in 1912, when gun-toting members of the Allen family were guilty of downright contempt of court. When the smoke cleared away, five persons had been shot to death: the judge, the prosecutor, the sheriff, one juror and one witness. Young lawyer Landreth, appointed to succeed the deceased prosecutor, had to bring the impetuous Allen boys to trial. "It was a touchy task, but a duty," he says. Two of the Allens were electrocuted, two sent to prison. "But I don't like to talk about it," says the senator. "There's still some feeling hereabouts that the Allens were picked on, considering that they were just naturally so high-tempered."

The Appalachians are as beautiful as ever to the eye, but less beguiling to the ear. Old mountain songs are giving way before the whine of the airwaves and jukeboxes. The speech of the young people is losing pioneer vigor. It is more grammatical in form—no harm in that—but flabbier in quality, which is a pity. The color is being bleached out. Good talk requires effort and imagination. In the old days men vied with each other in spirited storytelling and argumentation.

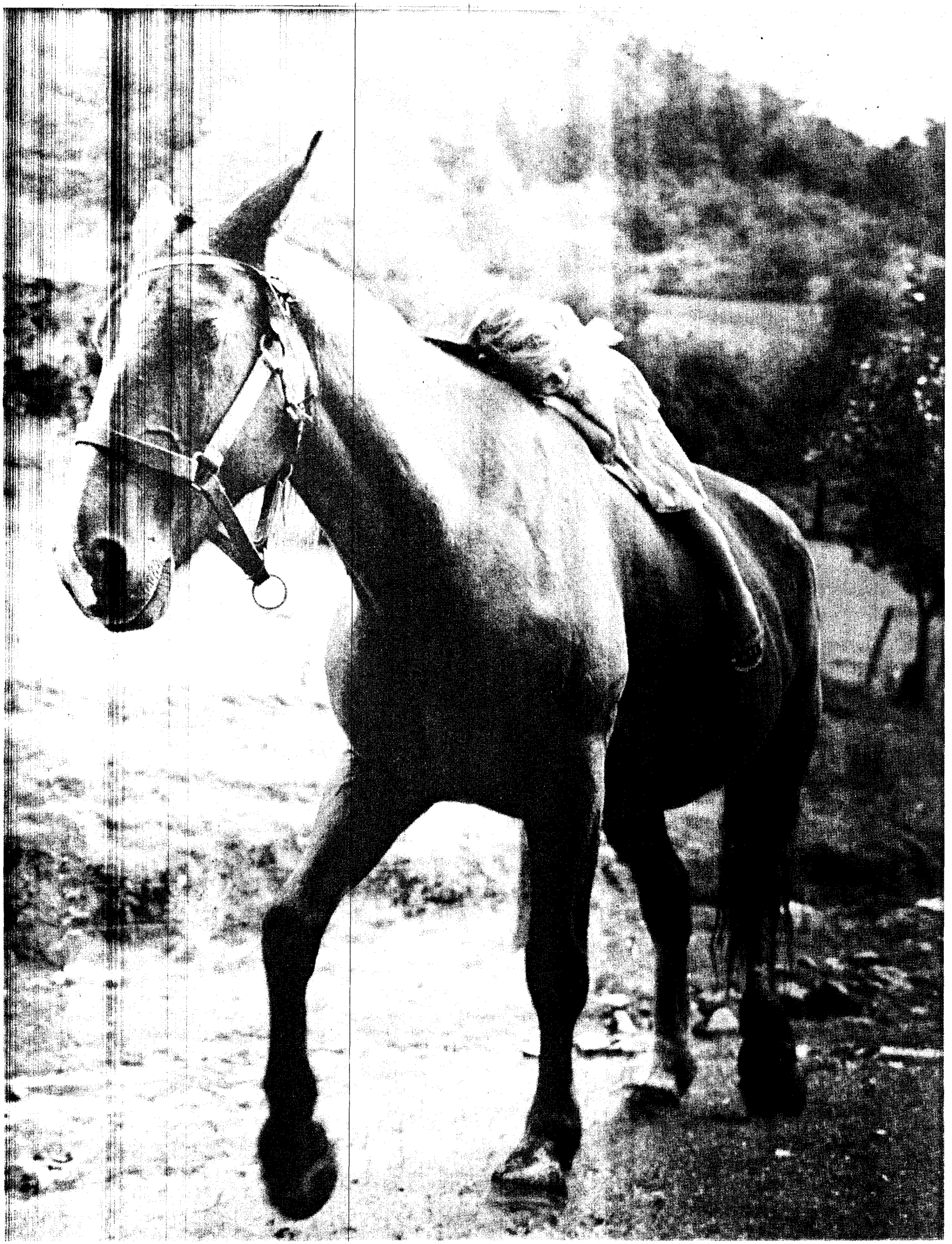
I remember the talk at the country store. "He's a ready man for a wrastle, and so big he could go bear huntin' with a switch." Of a friend overwhelmed by troubles: "Poor feller. He might as well be in the yonder fork of hell with his back broke." Of a first ride on a railroad train: "We went so fast the telegraph poles looked like a fine-tooth comb."

There were darker sides to the old mountain life which we tend to forget. (There still are some that remain.) Tuberculosis flourished in overcrowded cabins. Typhoid ravaged entire communities. These diseases have been brought under control.

"The other great blessing," said an

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LARRY FRIED

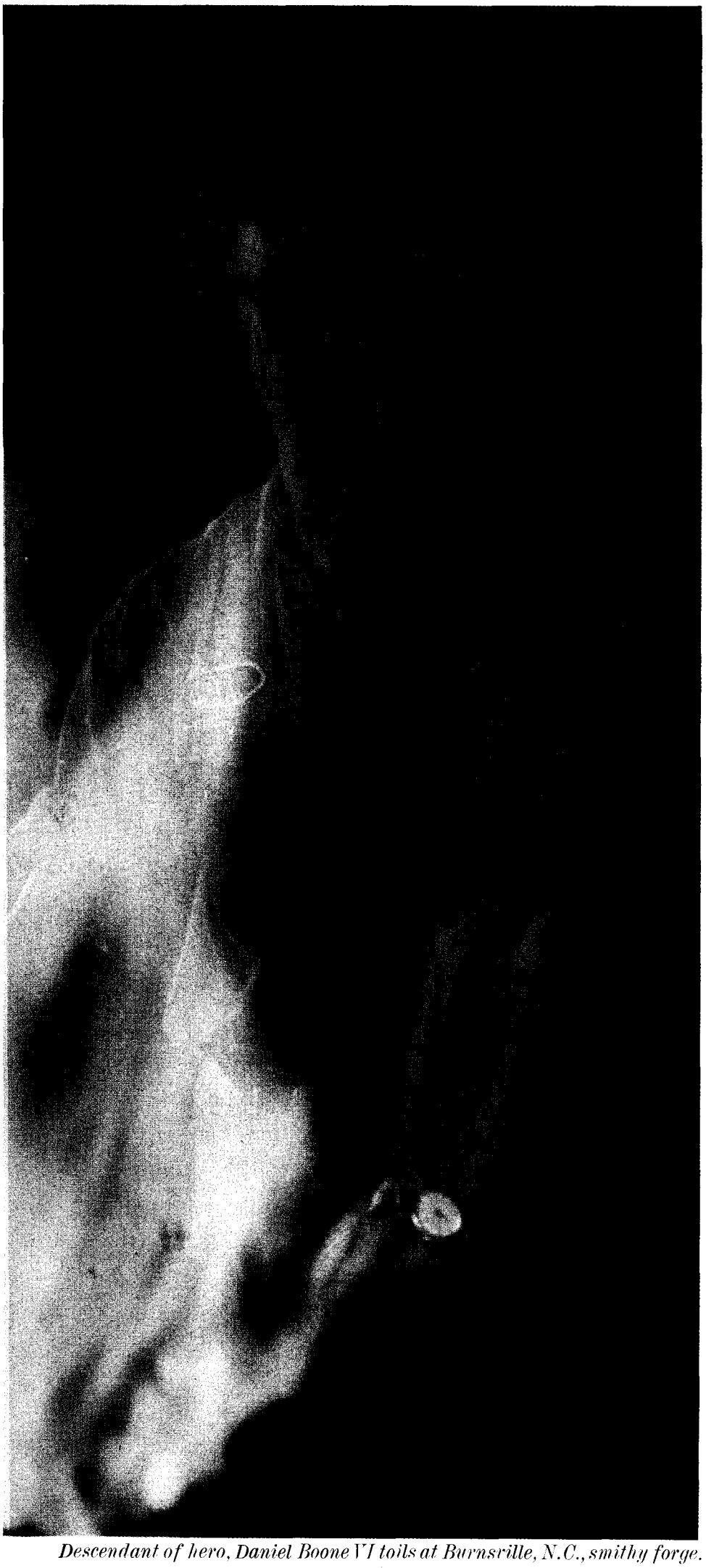
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Despite the advent of blaring TV sets, a mountain girl can still find peace on her father's Yancey County, N.C., farm.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The young boy stared at the cars: "Great Gawd a'mighty, Maw. Look what's acomin'!"



Descendant of hero, Daniel Boone VI toils at Burnsville, N.C., smithy forge.

Mountain Change

elderly librarian, "is electricity. It runs the labor-saving gadgets that take the backbreak out of housekeeping. Washing machines, water pumps, dishwashers, hot-water heaters, refrigerators. But of course you know about that."

Indeed so. Every flatlander is amazed by the power lines which hurdle the mountains with giant strides. And he is astonished to see, in the back coves and high hollers, electric washing machines on the front porches of old log houses. If he is invited in, he may find a new kitchen built on the back, with as many electrical devices as he has at home in the city.

It happens that I watched the beginnings of all this when the Tennessee Valley Authority got under way in 1933. The revolutionary concept in TVA was not government ownership, but a simple idea: Set your rates low, and consumer use will grow fast enough to make the low rates profitable. The idea spread, first through the REA and the rural co-ops, then to the private power companies. This was the key which turned the switch that electrified the mountains.

Of course, it took time. In 1933 TVA power seemed feasible only for the valley. It was in the mid-'30's that I began to guess how far it might reach into the hills. It was then I visited a mountain farm in eastern Tennessee.

One of the farm children, a five-year-old towhead, clung shyly to his mother's skirts. Suddenly he pointed down the gorge, his eyes shining with excitement.

"Great Gawd a'mighty, Maw," he shrilled. "Look what's acomin'!"

Far down the holler there was a cloud of dust. Three 1935 sedans—count them, three—were laboring up the crooked little dirt road where even a lone jalopy had been a rarity. It turned out they were bringing a passel of officials with congratulations and glad tidings. The chairman of the county's electric co-op wrung the farmer's hand.

Pearten up the holler

"Jim," he said, "you led the way. The farmers along the branch wouldn't pay no heed to us officials and professors. But when you proved out what you could do with the new soil controls, fertilizers, feed and stock—why, they up and j'ined the pe-rade. It's peartened up the whole holler. So we wanted you to be the first to hear the news. We're running a wire up here, and that sorry dirt road will be graveled and graded all the way down to the hard-top."

This gave me a dim idea of what was acomin'. I could hardly guess what changes electricity and paved roads would bring to the mountains, to trade, to family life, to education. Who could foresee the yellow buses herding the youngsters off to the big consolidated schools for all the benefits and boredoms of mass-production education?

"We are getting so civilized around here," a mountain friend told me, "that some folks have gone to drinking legal liquor." But not without suspicion. In a village package store I saw an oldtimer peering critically at the label on a bottle of legally distilled "white" corn whiskey. He turned to the gray-haired clerk.

"Is this'yer gyaranteed?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the clerk. "She's p'int-blank gyaranteed less than one month old." The customer bought six quarts and shuffled out. "He's one of them as likes his whiskey fresh," explained the clerk. "No brown, stale, five-year-old stuff for him."

Along with the roads and power lines, some good and some bad employers have moved into the mountains. The worst are the fly-by-nights. They take advantage of the farmers and the lack of arable land. Most farmers can hardly clear enough cash money to pay for the new conveniences and machines. Their communities are hungry for an industrial payroll. A sharp-witted entrepreneur flourishes by paying substandard wages. When his workers begin to squawk, he moves on to some other low-wage area.

The desirable industry is the kind that comes in because it finds here the resources it needs—water, timber or minerals. Its managers know that the mountain people, properly trained and fairly treated, are up to the best workers in the world.

These factories pay decent wages, and adjust their schedules so their farmer-workers have time for planting and harvesting. The farmers raise much of their food and net cash money for poultry, cattle or milk. It seems a healthy balance between the values of old and new.

"I just love that factory paycheck,' one worker told me. "It takes care of the luxuries. But if it stops, I've got my farm for the necessities."

While jobs and custom keep many on the land, others, especially the young ones, leave in large numbers. The mountains produce more than their share of brilliant teachers, but many of the best are drawn to more prosperous areas by higher salaries. Thus the pupils are likely to be poorly prepared not only in the three R's but in other skills needed to cope with the changing world around them. Bored or baffled, many join the 100,000 mountain youngsters who each year drift off to the big cities.

Here is a matter of concern for the nation and for the states and counties of the Appalachians. The mountain people come of fine old stock. Their children average high in native intelligence. Do they get the education their potential deserves?

I don't think so. But here I'm getting beyond my depth. When I try to draw comparisons, I am reminded of the mountaineer who met an old friend at the village store.

"How's your wife?" he asked.

His friend pondered. "Compared with what?" he countered. It was a stopper.

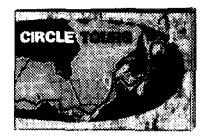
So I, too, had better stop. This is not a sociological treatise. For that I refer our serious thinkers to *The Southern Appalachian Region—a Survey* (University of Kentucky Press, 1962, $10). It is jam-packed with diagrams, charts and statistics. Its conclusion is that this mountain region, in spite of all the recent advances remains a "problem area."

When I asked an upcountry sage about this verdict, he, too, countered with a wise question of his own: "Ain't everywhere?" THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Adventure along
THE TRANS-CANADA HIGHWAY

Treat yourself to the beauty of a waterfall, the sophistication of a modern resort, the excitement of discovering new and different places. Every tour off the 5000-mile Trans-Canada highway takes you to a new holiday adventure, and breath-taking scenery you'll remember forever. Clip this coupon for maps and colourfully illustrated booklets, all designed to help you plan a more memorable Canadian vacation.



CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU, OTTAWA, CANADA

Please send Trans-Canada Highway Package to:

Name_____
2 please print C-08-03
Address_____

City_____ State_____

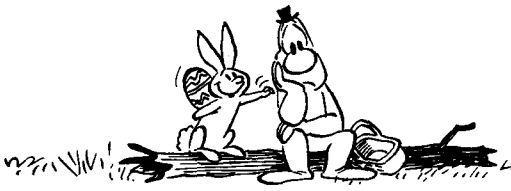
TRAVEL BONUS: Your dollar goes further in Canada

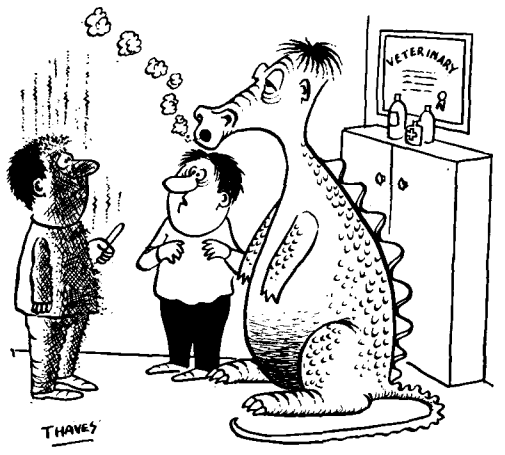
Few vacationers ever forget the beauty of Lepreau Falls, New Brunswick.

HOLIDAY IN CANADA
the wonderful world at your doorstep

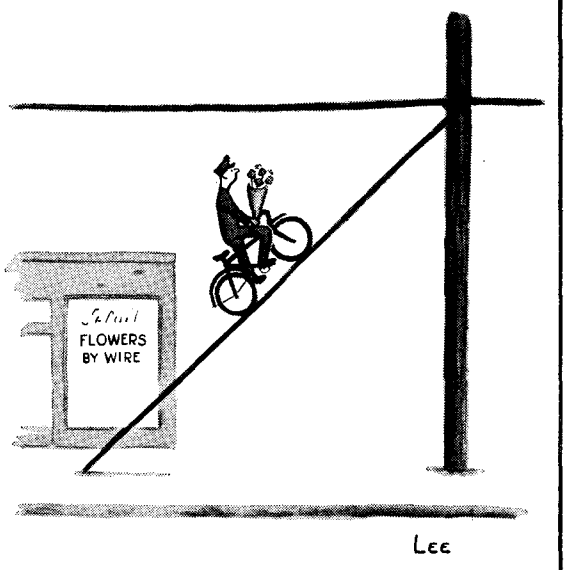
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

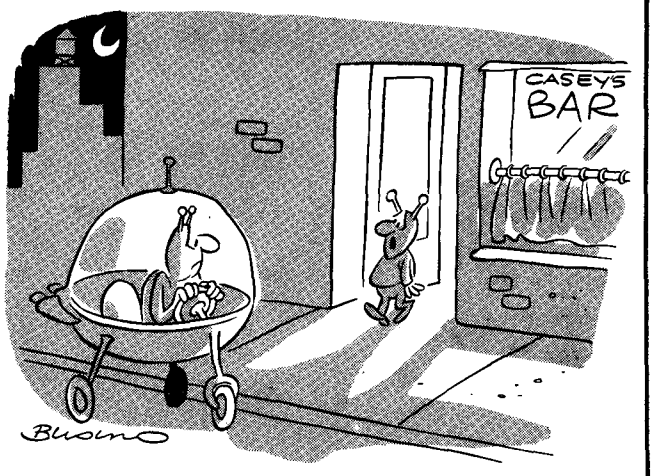
post scripts



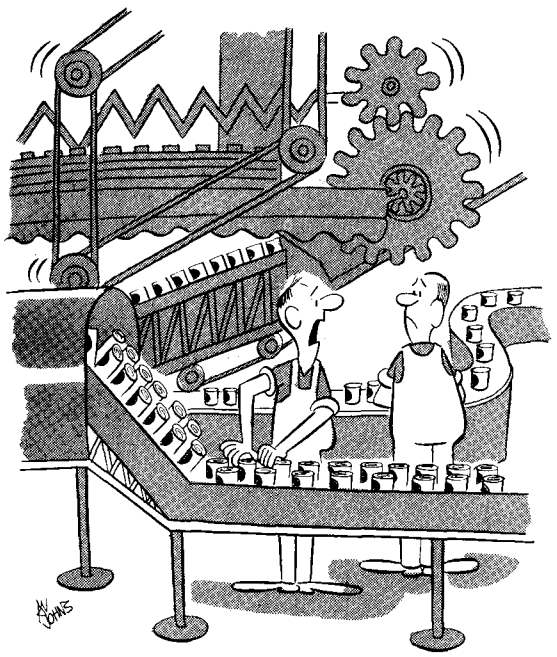


"You shouldn't have asked him to exhale!"





"Funny! Everyone pretended not to see me."



"Did you hear the awful news about Charlie? He got canned!"

"And now, Brahms' Lullaby."

"Then one of us is in real trouble."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This scratch can kill. Are you protected?

One of the deadliest of all infections you can get is tetanus, sometimes called lockjaw.

Tetanus spores exist everywhere—in dust and earth. Even the tiniest puncture wound can let them in. If you get tetanus, chances are 6 out of 10 you will die.

These facts are not meant to frighten you. They *are* meant to make you think about protection.

That protection is safe and inexpensive. It is also remarkably effective, as shown by the armed forces during World War II, when only 12 cases of tetanus were reported in the entire American Army.

Eli Lilly and Company has long been intensely interested in tetanus prevention —in fact, we pioneered the large-scale production of tetanus toxoid in America.

The almost unparalleled success of the vaccine is another proof that, when it comes to your good health, Medical Research has a way of never leaving well enough alone.

The rest is up to you. If you've never had antitetanus injections, or haven't had a booster dose in the last five years, why not talk to your doctor now? He can protect you against tetanus.

Lilly

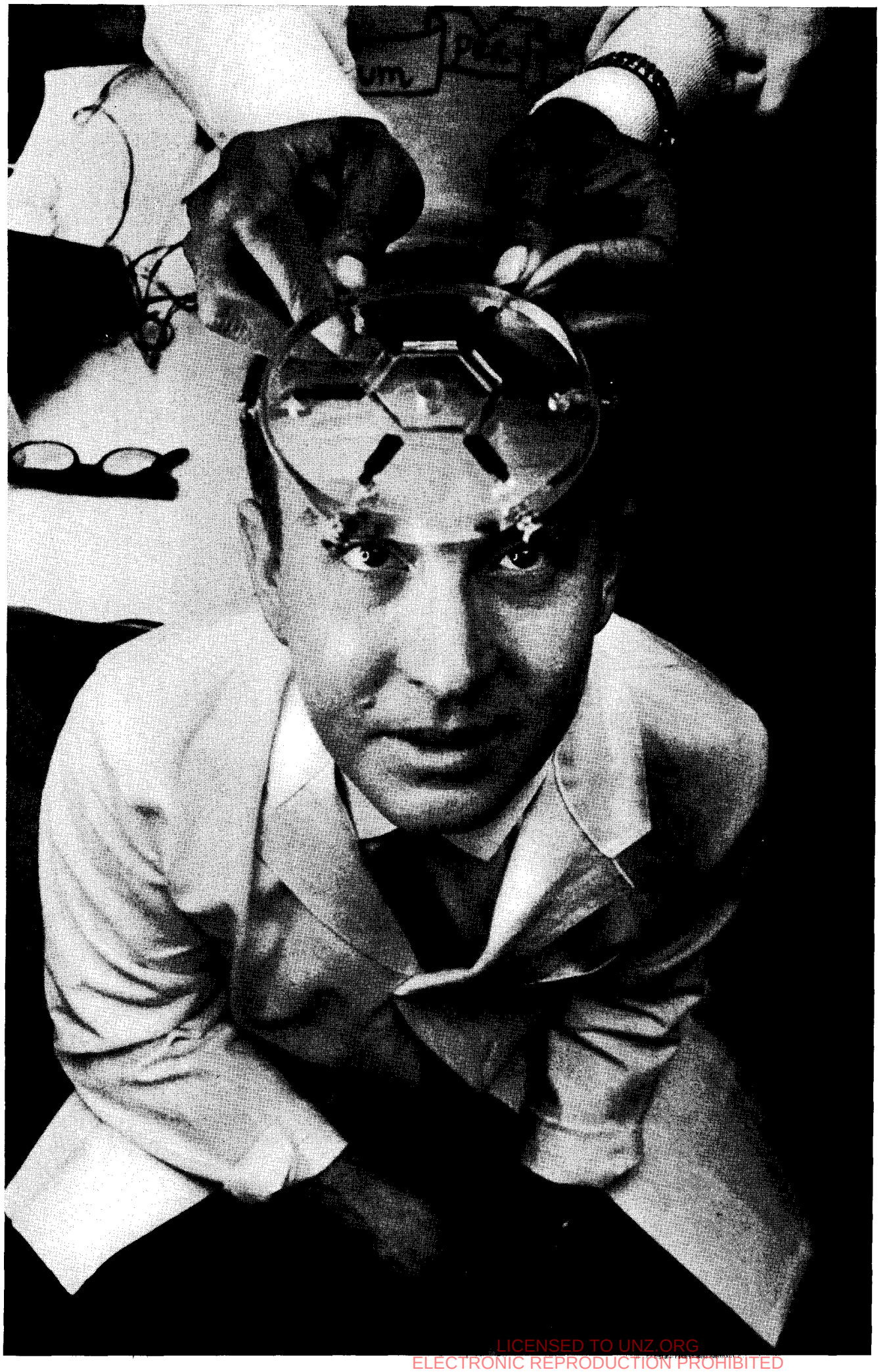
Prescription medicines around the world

Eli Lilly and Company • Indianapolis

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WORM LEARNS

At Michigan University, psychologists study the secrets of memory



In the basement of a new cinder-block building, the Mental Health Research Institute at the University of Michigan, Dr. James V. McConnell and a dedicated staff of psychologists are trying to find out what makes a worm learn. What they find out could revolutionize not only mankind's understanding of the worm but of man himself.

It might seem unlikely that worms could learn anything at all. But Doctor McConnell, who has 8,000 of them in his laboratory, has taught them to react to lights and electric shocks, and to creep through elaborate mazes. At a research cost of up to $500 per worm, he and fellow scientists have found that some worms rebel against learning, while others develop wormish anxieties, and all of them give up their love lives once they begin school. Even more surprising, they have found that uneducated worms can acquire the wisdom of more intellectual ones by eating them. This suggests a theory of knowledge which, avoiding outright cannibalism, might someday enable us to learn the piano by taking a pill, or to take calculus by injection.

"Our work is more serious than it sometimes sounds," says Doctor McConnell, a wry 38-year-old bachelor, onetime radio announcer, and now professor of psychology and head of the Planaria Research Group at Michigan. "It is now of sufficient scope to approach scientific respectability."

By his own cheerful admission, McConnell is something of a nut on worms. When he started 10 years ago in a small, makeshift way in his kitchen, with $3.89 worth of equipment and a supply of worms from a nearby pond, his mother asked, "When are you going to do something useful?" He now heads a staff of 18 research psychologists and biologists, including several Ph.D.'s, graduate students, undergraduates and laboratory technicians. They call themselves "worm-runners," and even publish a highly successful magazine, *The Worm-Runner's Digest*, devoted to the care and education of worms.

The flatworms known as planarians which go to Doctor McConnell's school can be found under rocks near any pond, stream or river, but the Planaria Research Group finds, as in higher animals, that some worms are smarter than others. Of the four or five main species of planarians, the Michigan researchers prefer *Dugesia dorotocephela* for overall training; they seem quick to learn, proliferate happily, and they are the most active cannibals.

The common freshwater flatworm is small (ranging from about half an inch to two inches in length), may be speckled brown or black, has a distinct arrow-shaped head with two slightly crossed

Dr. James V. McConnell watches worm "student" learn to travel a hexagonal maze.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By John Bird

with student worms.

Worms with two heads do better at school. Others get amnesia, grow anxious or rebel. Some improve their grades by cannibalism.

primitive eyes, and feeds through a tubelike mouth in the center of its body. It has a hearty appetite, lives in nature on almost anything and thrives in the laboratory on aquarium shrimp or chopped brother flatworms.

Although near the bottom of the evolutionary scale, it has a brain of sorts and a well-developed humanlike central nervous system. It is the highest animal to retain the ability to divide and regenerate: Cut a flatworm in two—or three or four—and within two weeks each severed part fully develops all the necessary vital parts, such as head, eyes, mouth and a remarkable variety of sexual equipment.

Adult worms have both male and female organs with which they can mate, acting as male and female at the same time. Each of the resulting jet-black cocoons, about the size of a pinhead, contains about 16 eggs. From egg to adolescent worm takes about three months; then, after about two or three years of sexual maturity, the flatworm grows old, but instead of dying, regenerates, dividing itself into two adolescents, each fully equipped. Under theoretically ideal conditions, apparently, the worm would never die. This theoretical immortality does not overly impress Doctor McConnell. When he exhorts his student worms on difficult training tasks, he addresses them all impartially as "George."

At the start of the training, each worm gets moved from his own private custard cup, filled with distilled water, into a semicircular plastic trough, about a foot long and a half inch wide. As he glides along at one quarter of an inch per second, the researchers flash two 100-watt lights on him for two seconds and follow the lights with a mild electric shock of 32 volts for one second.

After 150 to 200 of these lessons the worms show that they can associate the light and the shock. They don't wait to be shocked but cringe as soon as the light is flashed. When a worm responds to light alone in 23 out of 25 successive runs, he is considered "conditioned"; he has learned his lesson.

After letting the worms rest for as long as four weeks, the researchers test them again—and find the animals retain much of their acquired response to light. That is, to get honor marks of 23 out of 25, they need only 30 or 40 refresher lessons—a clear demonstration that worms can be taught and do remember.

Because of the worm's ability to grow new heads or tails whenever it is divided, McConnell wondered what would happen if he trained a batch of worms, cut them in half, let them regenerate, and then tested both "heads" and "tails" for memory. "This was the sort of test nobody in his right mind would attempt," McConnell says. "Everybody knows that the brain controls memory—everybody except the worms. Fortunately we were sort of stupid and curious."

The worms were given 25 to 50 trials a day, with rest periods between lessons. They learned rapidly, were "graduated" in 134 trials and were then cut in half. After a four-week layoff the regenerated worms were put through training trials. The "heads" remembered their lessons almost as well as before—but the former "tails" remembered even better.

"Logical when you think about it," comments McConnell. "Those tails just lay there growing new heads, not being bothered with a lot of new experiences."

McConnell wrote reports on his experiment, but several scholarly periodicals rejected them. McConnell recalls one critique: "This is either a classic experiment or a piece of patent nonsense. We are inclined to think the latter."

As McConnell's work progressed, so did his unique magazine, *The Worm-Runner's Digest*, which is crammed with cartoons, satire and poetry, as well as perfectly serious reports on worms. McConnell began it as a simple handbook, but when his experiments attracted requests for more information, he and his associates decorated it with a fancy crest, featuring a two-headed flatworm, and began sending it out free. The free list grew so rapidly that McConnell had to start charging, and he now has 2,000 readers at $1.25 a copy.

"Our standards are exceptionally high," says McConnell. "We print anything that appeals to us." This may include a playlet called *A Christmas Caramel*, by a world-famous Harvard psychologist. Or a piece of doggerel: "The worm is a most indispensable thing but then: one can say the same for a piece of string." Or there may be an article proposing "The Gesundheit's Test"—the way a person sneezes—as a guide to personality. One professor wrote in angrily to demand that the comic material be labeled as such because he had wasted his time reading a spoof that he had thought serious. McConnell refuses to change, remarking, "Sometimes the technical papers are funny too." In fact, he observes: "You have to have a sense of humor to run worms. On the face of it, the whole thing is ridiculous."

The important implication of McConnell's heads-or-tails test is that although the brain may do the learning, memory appears to be retained throughout the body as a chemical code of some kind. McConnell suspects RNA—ribonucleic acid. RNA is a biochemical cousin to DNA—the long chainlike molecule that determines heredity with a master code of instructions.

McConnell's thesis won support in 1961 when two scientists at the University of Rochester dissected trained flatworms and let their heads and tails regenerate in an enzyme solution which could hydrolyze, or "erase," the RNA. After the tails had grown new heads, they were tested and found to have forgotten all their earlier training.

Unfortunately, RNA is not easy to isolate. Unable at first to extract RNA from educated worms, McConnell took a logical step that has led to astonishing results. Since hungry worms will eat anything, he decided to try and transmit the RNA by grinding up trained worms and feeding them to other worms.

Thirty worms were fed trained worms, while another 30 ate untrained worms. Then each worm was given a code number, so that the technicians running the tests would have no way of knowing which worm was which. When the data was finally sorted, it showed that the worms which had fed on trained planaria were half-again as smart as their fellows who had eaten the untrained planaria.

The full implications of this are still being debated, but it has stimulated an outburst of worm research all over the world—Vienna, Japan, Spain, Australia, and a number of universities in the United States.

At Washington University in St. Louis, Edward Ernhart and Carl Sherrick took flatworms and split their heads down the middle; instead of the two halves healing together, each half regenerated into a complete head. Ernhart then compared the length of time it took to condition the resulting two-headed worms and found that, indeed, two heads were smarter than one.

Associate Professor Jay Boyd Best, now in the Department of Physiology, Colorado State University, has constructed mazes of clear plastic blocks. The worm crawls into a Y-shaped tunnel looking for water. One fork is brightly lighted, the other darkened. If the worm chooses the lighted well, the maze is flooded with water. If it chooses the darkened one, water is withheld and the lights are switched around so that the worm must make a choice again in the next Y between light and water, dark and disaster.

Some of Professor Best's worms got lethargic and rebellious, refusing to choose any fork even when the flooded maze was sweetened by raw liver. Professor Best then placed the entire maze in the larger "home bowl," and in familiar waters the worms' paralyzing anxiety disappeared.

At Michigan, Doctor McConnell is now attempting to extract RNA concentrate from trained worms and then inject it through the tubelike central mouth of untrained worms.

Should RNA turn out to have the properties he believes it has, it will be theoretically possible to inject learning into any living creature. The RNA which contains the specific elements of any piece of knowledge must be isolated, but science will then be on the way to a frightening world in which training and knowledge can be passed along quickly and painlessly.

Doctor McConnell speculates on the meaning of his research. "The 'blind-chance' hypothesis which lies at the heart of the Darwinian dogma is a very comforting one to many people. It negates any responsibility on our part for contributing to our own destiny."

By contrast, he says, "our grandchildren might be able to control what part of their genetic makeup and what part of their knowledge will be passed on to their offspring. I foresee the day when a man and wife will go to a technician and tell him what they want their child to look like and what skills they want him to have." THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cambodian ruler Sihanouk claims the United States supports his enemies.

WILL CAMBODIA GO COMMUNIST?

BY JERRY A. ROSE

Courting the Chinese, neutralist Prince Sihanouk has told America to take its money and go back home.

His Royal Highness Prince Norodom Sihanouk, chief of state of the Southeast Asian kingdom of Cambodia, presented the prisoner to the shouting mob.

For a small country of five million people, it was a large mob. Ten thousand laborers, office workers, bicycle-cab drivers and schoolchildren jammed the parade ground of the capital city, Pnompenh. It was a special holiday, declared so everyone could be present. The noon heat beat down on four lime-white Buddhas glaring at the shadowless city from the spire of the royal palace.

The prisoner, a gaunt man named Preap In, was placed on a chair to be better seen. With his chin on his chest, he stood on the chair for two hours.

In a violent speech, the 41-year-old prince said Preap In was a traitor to the state because he belonged to the *Khmer Serei* (Free Cambodians, a small anti-Sihanouk group), led by the most notorious traitor of all, Son Ngoc Thanh. Son Ngoc Thanh was a demon-traitor because he had sold out to the enemy: His movement was being supported by the Americans. The United States despises neutralists, Sihanouk shouted, and wants to get rid of Sihanouk because of his neutralism.

Former Premier Son Ngoc Thanh, photographed in hiding, is reviled by Sihanouk as a "demon-traitor."

Standing on a shaded platform, the small pudgy prince spoke for three hours. He had been making the same speech for two weeks, sometimes twice a day. What initially upset his royal highness two weeks before was a radio broadcast from a transmitter hidden somewhere near the border between South Vietnam and Cambodia. It belonged to the Free Cambodians of Son Ngoc Thanh. The prince had declared that if the transmissions did not cease he would stop accepting American economic and military aid, renounce neutrality and appeal to Peking to "institute the new form of socialism."

The radio transmissions did not stop. More important, two men were caught who belonged to the Free Cambodian movement. One of the men, the son of Sihanouk's chauffeur, said the Americans were behind a plot to eliminate Sihanouk. He was released immediately. The other man, Preap In, was condemned to death. His reluctant confession said only, "I am of the opinion that Son Ngoc Thanh was in contact with the Americans." It was enough proof for Prince Sihanouk.

"The dollar is not worth our territory," his royal highness screamed to the crowd. "Now that we have irrefutable proof, should our country continue to accept aid from this government which stabs us in the back? Can we henceforth receive a single dollar without being dishonored?"

"No! No!" the mob bellowed.

Sihanouk promptly cut off American aid. While he was about it, he also nationalized the import-export business and the banks.

Startled by this onslaught, U.S. diplomats were shocked a few days later when a Cambodian radio broadcast expressed delight at the death of "the boss of the aggressors," President Kennedy. American officials angrily protested; Sihanouk replied with new accusations and threatened to recall his ambassador from Washington.

As Sihanouk veered away from the United States, France stepped in and offered him tanks and planes to replace American military aid. Emphasizing France's "particular and cordial interest" in its former Southeast Asian colonies, President Charles de Gaulle called for neutralization of the entire area, including U.S. withdrawal from South Vietnam. De Gaulle then proceeded to establish diplomatic relations with Communist China, explaining that "external intervention"—presumably meaning American, but not French, influence in the area—could not be controlled without Chinese participation. Prince Sihanouk declared his gratitude to France, "one of the very rare, true friends of Cambodia." Several thousand students demonstrated before the U.S. embassy in Pnompenh, denouncing the United States for "imperialism" and its support of Son Ngoc Thanh. Sihanouk's shrill demands for neutralism have not reduced the American determination to defend Southeast Asia, but his actions have afflicted Cambodia itself with serious troubles.

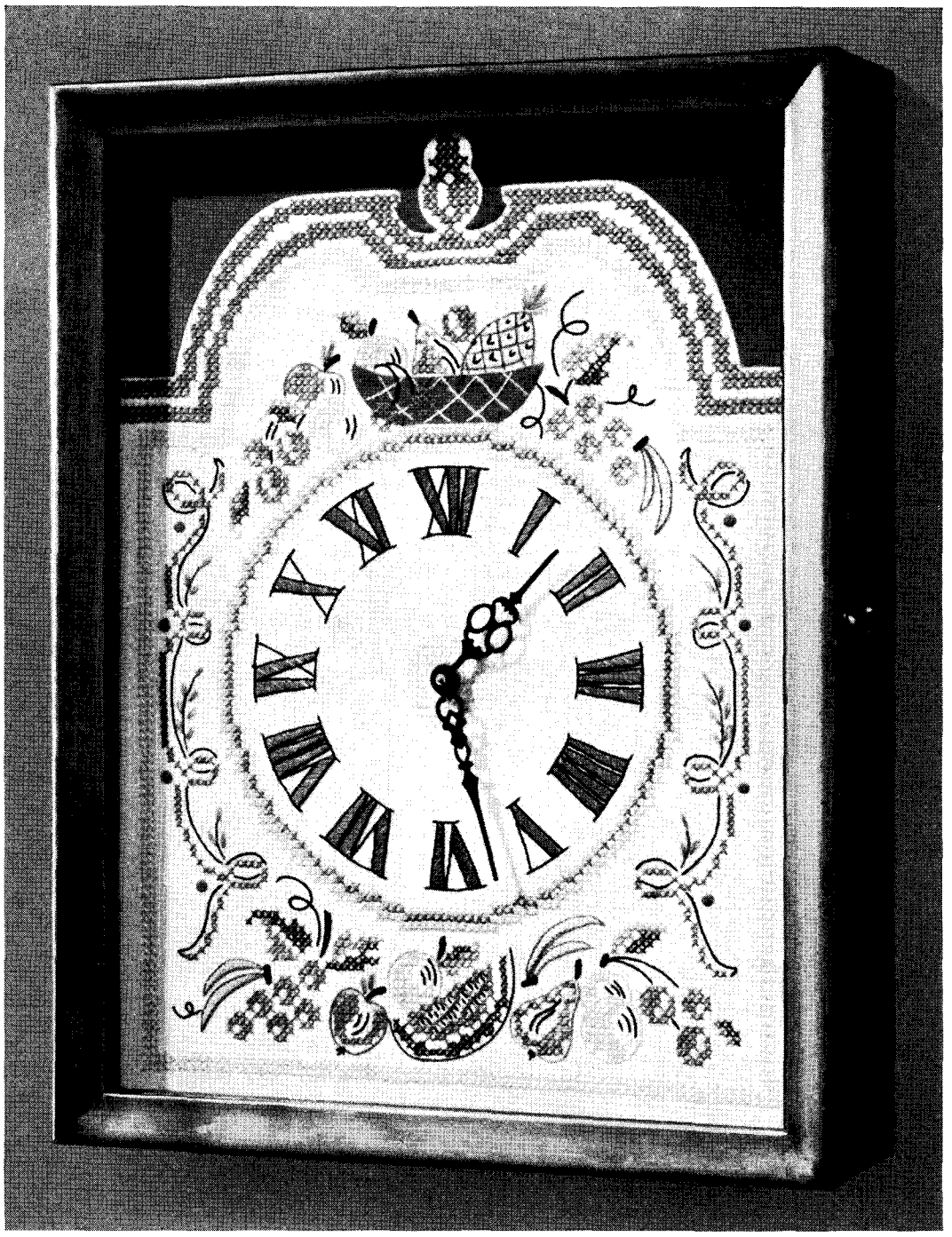
Sihanouk had once said that American aid was "the oxygen that keeps Cambodia alive," yet shortly after he stopped all aid Sihanouk seemed surprised that his country was "being asphyxiated." He was both surprised and angry when the United States actually shut down its aid mission and sent home most of the 110 technicians.

The aid that Sihanouk had abruptly declared himself uninterested in has amounted to $252.9 million since 1955—about $50 for each of Cambodia's five million people. A gentle race, the Cambodians inhabit an uncrowded country, slightly larger than the state of Washington, that could easily support four times as many people. The climate is mild, and food is plentiful. Despite rich resources—chiefly rice and rubber—backwardness in education and public health has kept the standard of living at a primitive level. The infant mortality rate, for example, is 50 percent.

Until the cutoff, however, the foundations of progress were being laid with economic aid. The United States has not been the sole donor. Cambodia's strategic position in Southeast Asia, where it shares borders with South Vietnam, Laos and Thailand, makes it the object of kindly ministrations from both East and West, and Sihanouk has shown himself masterfully adept at playing off one power against the other. But U.S. aid

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAKE THIS HEIRLOOM SAMPLER CLOCK



This wonderful new easy-do clock is as handsome as the day is long . . . and accurate too. Think how many times a day you'll enjoy your handiwork, as you tell time by the big readable numerals and antiqued black hands. Make it for a wedding, anniversary or housewarming gift. It will be long remembered. Stand it on a mantel or hang it on a wall—it's an heirloom-in-the-making that you'll treasure for years. Bright natural colored fruits and brown numerals are embroidered on fine white linen with cross-stitch. Wood frame is ready to assemble, then stain or paint—all parts are presanded, and grooves and holes for screws are already in place. It's easy to install the fine electric clock movement, and quick too. Overall size is 13½″x17½″x3¼″. Glass is not included. KIT #PCK-23, price $12.98 postpaid. Federal excise tax included.

Complete kit contains stamped 100 per cent Belgian linen with embroidery thread, U.L. Approved Telechron electric clock movement, assembled front-frame, easy-to-assemble box frame, instructions. Kit assembly takes less than ½ hour after face has been embroidered.

HEIRLOOM SAMPLER CLOCK ORDER FORM

Heirloom Sampler Clock has been designed expressly for The American Home. Fill out coupon, enclosing personal check or money order (no stamps, please). Sorry, we are unable to handle foreign orders.

Please allow three weeks for handling and mailing.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Dept. PW 12, P.O. Box 76, New York, N.Y. 10046

Please send me_____Heirloom Sampler Clock Kit(s) at $12.98 each. Federal excise tax included.
(New York City residents please add 4 per cent sales tax.)

_____
Print Name

_____
Print Address

City_____State_____Zip Code_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trying to understand Prince Sihanouk, says an American diplomat, is like "living with Alice in Wonderland."

Crisis in Cambodia

amounted to twice that of all other countries combined. The 1963 U.S. allotment of $20.3 million was almost equal to the entire eight-year Soviet total. About 38 percent of the Cambodian army's salary was paid with U.S. aid money, and in addition $83 million in military equipment was given. Even more crucial was a $15-million commodity-import program that brought into Cambodia almost every drop of its gasoline and oil.

When Sihanouk stopped aid, Cambodia's best rice crop in years was ready for harvest. In good years rice exports earn Cambodia almost $50 million. But by taking over the import-export business, Sihanouk disrupted normal commercial channels, and farmers decided simply to harvest enough rice for domestic needs. The rest of the rice crop was left to fall in the paddies.

As Sihanouk's problems increased, his temper worsened. One sunny morning in Takeo, 40 miles south of Pnompenh, Prince Sihanouk made another speech to dedicate a new railroad. After two U.S.-donated fighters zoomed overhead, the prince arrived, whirling twice over the field in his helicopter. The band struck up. With their hands together prayer-like, Sihanouk and the people bowed to each other. Then hands stretched out to touch him. Old women threw their arms around his waist and legs. He was breathless, laughed nervously. He was worshiped.

After the practiced songs had been sung, Sihanouk launched into his speech. "Why doesn't the U.S. pull out faster?" he said. "Why are they taking three months?" U.S. economic aid was responsible for all the corruption in Cambodia, he said. The corruption was the reason Cambodia is a poor country. Therefore, U.S. aid is the reason Cambodia is a poor country.

When he finished speaking, he set to work on the railroad. Soldiers piled loose dirt in front of him, and he hoed it into a shovellike basket. Forty-five minutes later a discordant bugle sounded. It was time to eat and take a three-hour siesta. Sihanouk waved to the crowd and disappeared into a huge air-conditioned trailer. Said an American diplomat, "I feel like we're living with Alice in Wonderland."

There are similarities between Alice and His Royal Highness Prince Sihanouk, and between Wonderland and Cambodia.

Prince Sihanouk was once practically an Alice-like little girl. Born on October 31, 1922, the son of Prince Norodom Suramarit, Sihanouk was "spoiled by august parents—they raised me as a little princess." The first six years of his education were spent at a girls' school run by his aunt. When called to the front to receive his primary-school diploma, he was addressed as "Miss Norodom Sihanouk." He was then sent to Saigon, Vietnam, to a proper boys' school, but his formal education was cut short in 1941. The French, who then governed Cambodia, called him back to Pnompenh and crowned him king. He was eighteen years old.

Being king was fun at first. Young and fine-featured, theoretically the most important man in the French-ruled land, Sihanouk took three wives and fathered 13 children. He dabbled in painting, played the saxophone, composed both popular and classical music. "From 1941 to 1952 when I was king," Sihanouk explains, "certain pretty specimens of the feeble sex liked my company and led me astray. But since 1952 my personal life has been beyond reproach."

Whatever changes 1953 may have brought in Sihanouk's personal life, that year he dissolved the national assembly and emerged as a real political power in his country, not merely its figurehead monarch. Cambodia, a semi-independent state within the French union since 1949, had been the scene of a continuing struggle as the French tried to withdraw without ceding the region to the Communists. Guerrilla warfare raged in neighboring Laos and Vietnam, and a series of Geneva conferences failed to bring more than a limited truce to the region. Sihanouk enjoyed genuine popularity, however, and after abdicating the throne in 1955 he was elected premier.

Through the years he has followed a curious neutralist course, determined not so much by his own will as by an oriental fatalism. He has often pointed out that his noble heritage makes it impossible for him to welcome Communism, but at the same time he contends that "Communism will triumph in Asia over a 'free' world which believes that guns and the buying of conscience can stop ideas."

Obviously Prince Sihanouk cannot hope for a Communist Cambodia. Yet his vision is distorted by fear of his two neighbors, Thailand and South Vietnam, both strongly supported by the United States. He is convinced, to an almost paranoid degree, that these two countries want to conquer Cambodia. The prince does have some legitimate grievances against his neighbors. Besides a long-standing border dispute with Thailand, there are unproven charges that Thais have been involved in plots against the prince. As for South Vietnam, Sihanouk accuses it of bombarding Cambodian villages and sending armed expeditions into Cambodian territory. The accusations are justified. But South Vietnam also accuses Cambodia of harboring the Communist Viet Cong guerrillas and permitting them to infiltrate Vietnam from Cambodian bases. There is little doubt that the guerrillas do use Cambodian territories for their operations, but without Sihanouk's cooperation.

Vietnam's late President Ngo Dinh Diem also supported the prince's arch-rival, Son Ngoc Thanh, buying him arms and radio transmitters. Today a new government rules South Vietnam and has been trying to improve relations with Cambodia. Yet Sihanouk continues his blasts against his eastern neighbor and the United States for wanting to replace him with Son Ngoc Thanh.

Many people are not sure that Son Ngoc Thanh, a former Cambodian prime minister known for his pro-Western views, is even alive. He has become a shadowy scapegoat, denounced by Sihanouk but never seen. But Son Ngoc Thanh is alive, lithe and tough at 55. He makes his home in the dense jungle along the border between Cambodia and South Vietnam, and sometimes moves his headquarters 30 miles on foot in a single day.

Declaring his hatred for Sihanouk's "despotic feudal monarchy," Thanh acknowledged that he used to receive aid from the Diem regime. "We get enough money and food from the people, but we cannot make our own arms." Thanh claims 4,000 followers for his Free Cambodian movement, but only 2,000 are well equipped with weapons, he says.

Wearing glasses, seeming more dedicated than intelligent, Thanh said, "Sometimes our cause seems hopeless, but I must continue the struggle. It is the reason for my life." It is this ascetic rebel, harassed from one jungle encampment to the next, that Sihanouk calls a "demon-traitor" backed by U.S. funds.

"I've never made contact with our American friends," Thanh said wistfully. "Sihanouk has refused money from the U.S. Well, give us a little; I'll take it." Son Ngoc Thanh, indirectly responsible for stopping U.S. aid to Cambodia because Sihanouk believes the United States supports him, had one plaintive request for the *Post* reporter: "Monsieur, can you help me make contact with an American official? I need help."

Told of the interview, a high-ranking U.S. diplomat in Saigon said. "We wouldn't touch him with a ten-foot pole."

In his capital of Pnompenh, Sihanouk ranted on about American deceit and demanded an international conference to guarantee Cambodia's neutrality and fix its frontiers. Washington indicated willingness to cooperate, but Sihanouk said, "We have become mistrustful and will await more precise and positive reactions." Still threatening a break in diplomatic relations and closer ties with the Communist bloc, he recently set a May deadline for a definite U.S. commitment.

There are dangers in sitting down at the conference table with an irascible man like Prince Norodom Sihanouk. He has stated frequently that Communism will be "the inevitable victor in the fight" for Southeast Asia. He has said that "China is our friend Number One, our Number One friend"—and he becomes more friendly with China each year.

The prince has named his 19-year-old son, Naradipo, who is studying in Peking, as his successor. Sihanouk, who has heart trouble, said. "If I die, I would not wish my country to fall into the hands of capitalists and imperialists." There is little chance of that: "His Excellency Chou En-lai of China," exulted the prince, "occupies himself seriously and personally with Naradipo's education."

The prince does not consider this a risk. If nothing else, Prince Sihanouk is a Cambodian, and for him Cambodia's interests outweigh any considerations of an East-West struggle for influence. The course of neutrality that he seems to have chosen for himself and his nation is not an easy one, but for years it has proved successful for the Swiss and a few penguins in Antarctica. The climate in Cambodia, however, is hot rather than cold, and there are strong indications that it will grow even hotter. THE END

HAZEL, STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, MAY BE SEEN ON NBC-TV THURSDAY EVENINGS.

"I wouldn't, and I'll tell you why."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By Northern canoe or Southern pirogue... telephone men give the same good service!

Working out of Grand Marais, Minnesota, Len Goodell (above), Bob Coffey and Earl Krause maintain telephone service by paddling canoes to island lodges in lakes like Sea Gull and Saganaga. Winters, they snowshoe along the rugged Gunflint Trail in temperatures that touch 40° below. And at any time, they're likely to encounter bears, deer, lynx, wolves or even bull moose that make a game of butting down telephone poles!

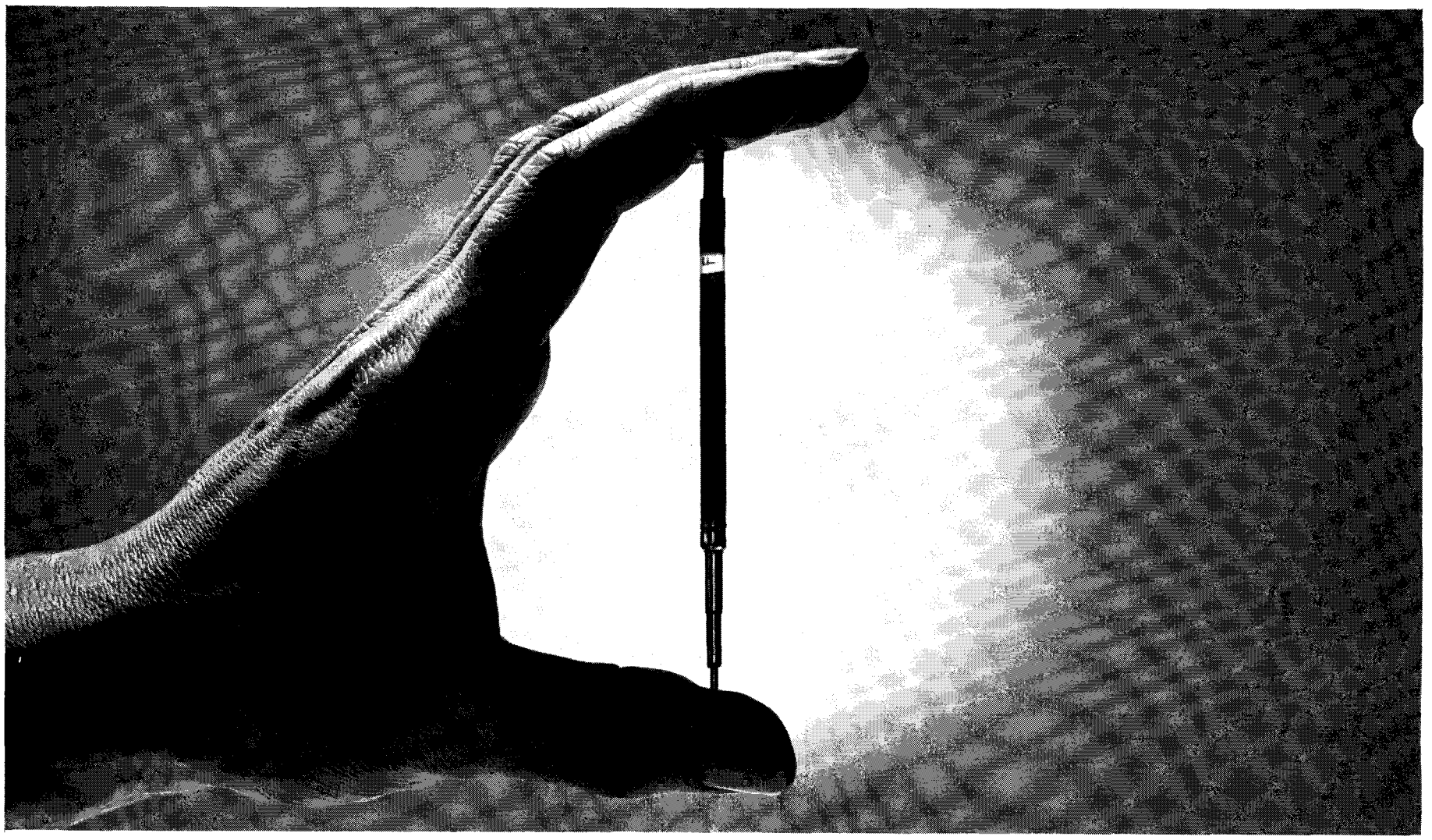
Down on Petite Caillou, a beautiful bayou in Louisiana, telephone man Marvin Thibodaux uses a craft called a "pirogue" to reach some customers near the remote village of Cocodrie. He speaks the same Cajun French as his customers, and services the cable that carries telephone calls under the dark waters, the moss-draped oaks, the shrimp boats, to give bayou residents their only direct link with the outside world.

Wherever you live—in the crowded city or the lonely hills—telephone people do their human best to bring you service so good and so dependable that you take it for granted. Sometimes it's delivered under difficulties. Almost always it's courteous. And we keep trying to improve it.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Serving you

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Now, see Scripto's new TeleGauge Refill. The refill that tells you when you'll need another refill, before you'll need another refill.

See what engineering with imagination does for you? It comes up with a great new idea in refills: the Scripto TeleGauge. When you're almost out of ink, TeleGauge tells you. And tells you before you're out, not after. An idea so simple, nobody thought of it before. An idea you'll find in every Scripto ball pen, from 29¢ to $1.98.

Scripto®MR

Engineering with imagination.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DARK ENIGMA OF CONGRESS

Adam Powell could be the most powerful Negro in America, yet he fritters away his opportunity, and only he knows why.

By DREW PEARSON and NORMAN RITTER
Photographs by LYNN PELHAM

One evening recently Rep. Adam Clayton Powell Jr. pondered President Johnson's search for a running mate and announced to a prominent Washington attorney that he was going to run for the vice presidency. "The best security measure the nation could take would be to have Adam Clayton Powell as Vice President," he said, "because then no one would dare shoot the President."

Like most Washington wisecracks this one had its share of truth. While Powell will not run for the vice presidency, he will run again for representative from New York's 18th Congressional District—and he will win in a walk as he has every two years since 1944. But the nation's most powerful Negro politician unmistakably savored the low esteem many Americans have for him when he suggested himself as a safeguard against presidential assassination.

This feeling is held not only by those Southerners who do not think Powell has kept his place as a Negro but also by certain of his colleagues in Congress and by ordinary taxpayers who resent his frequent junkets, his chronic absenteeism and his trouble with the Internal Revenue Service. Many white liberals, who share Powell's convictions on civil rights, distrust him. So do many Negro leaders.

Powell deserves much of this ill will. He has consciously created for himself the irritating role of a strutter and swaggerer—and played it to the hilt. At the age of 23 he was already famous on the streets of Harlem for crusading for equal opportunities for Negroes. In Congress he has scored some notable achievements, for which he merits more credit than he has received. But his record still falls far short of his potential.

Perhaps if he were not so able and not a Negro, his swaggering attitude would be tolerable. But Negroes need all the capable leaders they can find, and Powell has given only part-time devotion to their cause. In the words of a fellow congressman, "He is a rather tragic figure. He has gains, position and ability, but he has no sense of restraint or inhibition—none of the self-discipline of a Martin Luther King. He has a more important public position than King, but he has allowed his playboy side to erode his public image."

Powell has disappointed both Negro and white leaders of the civil-rights movement by his failure to assume a larger role in the Negro Revolution. Although he was a great civil-rights champion 30 years ago, long before the current crop of Negro leaders had emerged, Powell was not invited to be in the forefront of last year's March on Washington. A liberal congressman who admires Powell says, "He is no longer the great civil-rights spokesman. He was an also-marched on Washington." Says another colleague, "It's a tragedy that a man of his ability, who could have been the great Negro leader in America, has dissipated his talents."

Powell shrugs off such appraisals: "The one thing people always forget is that I am not a national leader. I am a congressman from Harlem. I am chairman of a committee. I am a minister of the gospel. I am not head of the N.A.A.C.P. or C.O.R.E. The only way for me to live up to my potential as a national leader is to go out and found another organization. God forbid."

How can a man who receives such widespread criticism hold so firm a grip on his congressional seat? The main reason is that Powell continually attacks the Establishment—white and black—and this never fails to delight the lower-class Negroes who make up most of Harlem's population. They live vicariously in his globe-trotting escapades, and an office seeker trying to unseat Powell with an appeal to reason does not stand a chance. A fairly typical Harlem voter once interrupted a Republican candidate who was attacking Powell for high living at the expense of the taxpayers. "Quit complainin', Mac," the heckler shouted. "That cat Powell is livin'."

Harlem's *Amsterdam News*, which tries to maintain an objective approach to Powell, suffers a circulation slump each time it takes him to task. "The Negro finds escapism in Adam's shouting and screaming," says Earl Brown, a Harvard-educated Negro who lost to Powell in the 1958 Democratic primary and now serves as deputy borough president of Manhattan. "Adam doesn't *have* to deliver."

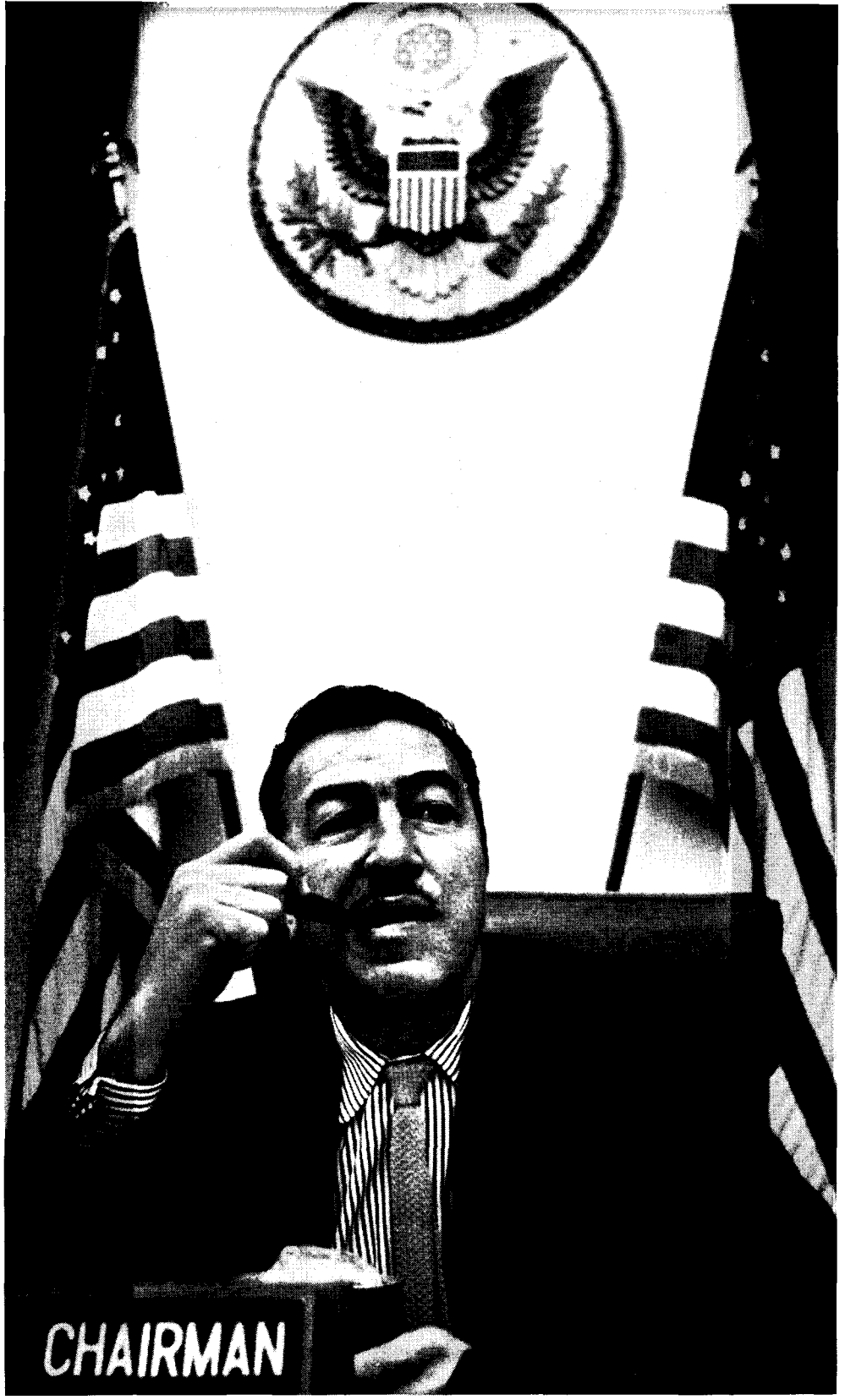
Friendlier critics than Brown concur in this estimate. One who has followed Powell closely over the years observes, "He's a playboy and he's forever popping off, but he's beyond any man's control. There is nobody he is afraid to attack. This is the secret of his success: attack. Follow-through is not in his vocabulary."

Powell scatters his verbal volleys like buckshot. He has berated Washington's Negro society ("the black bourgeoisie . . . still wrapped in antebellum dreams of a mulatto society"), prominent Negro religious leaders ("Uncle Tomming clergymen with Harvard accents"), AFL-CIO President George Meany ("absolutely a zero") and U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson ("He's in bed with [Mississippi Sen. James O.] Eastland.")

Harry Truman simmers at the mention of the man. "Do I *have* to comment on Adam Clayton Powell?" he said when asked about him a few weeks ago. "If I do, you can't print it."

Thanks to the peculiar makeup of his constituency, Powell can behave about any way he chooses. His 450,000-population district has a dismal voter turnout, and 15,000 ballots are usually enough to return Powell to Congress with a sweeping majority. He piles up this total easily with the running start provided him by his Abyssinian Baptist Church, whose 11,000 members make up the nation's largest Protestant congregation.

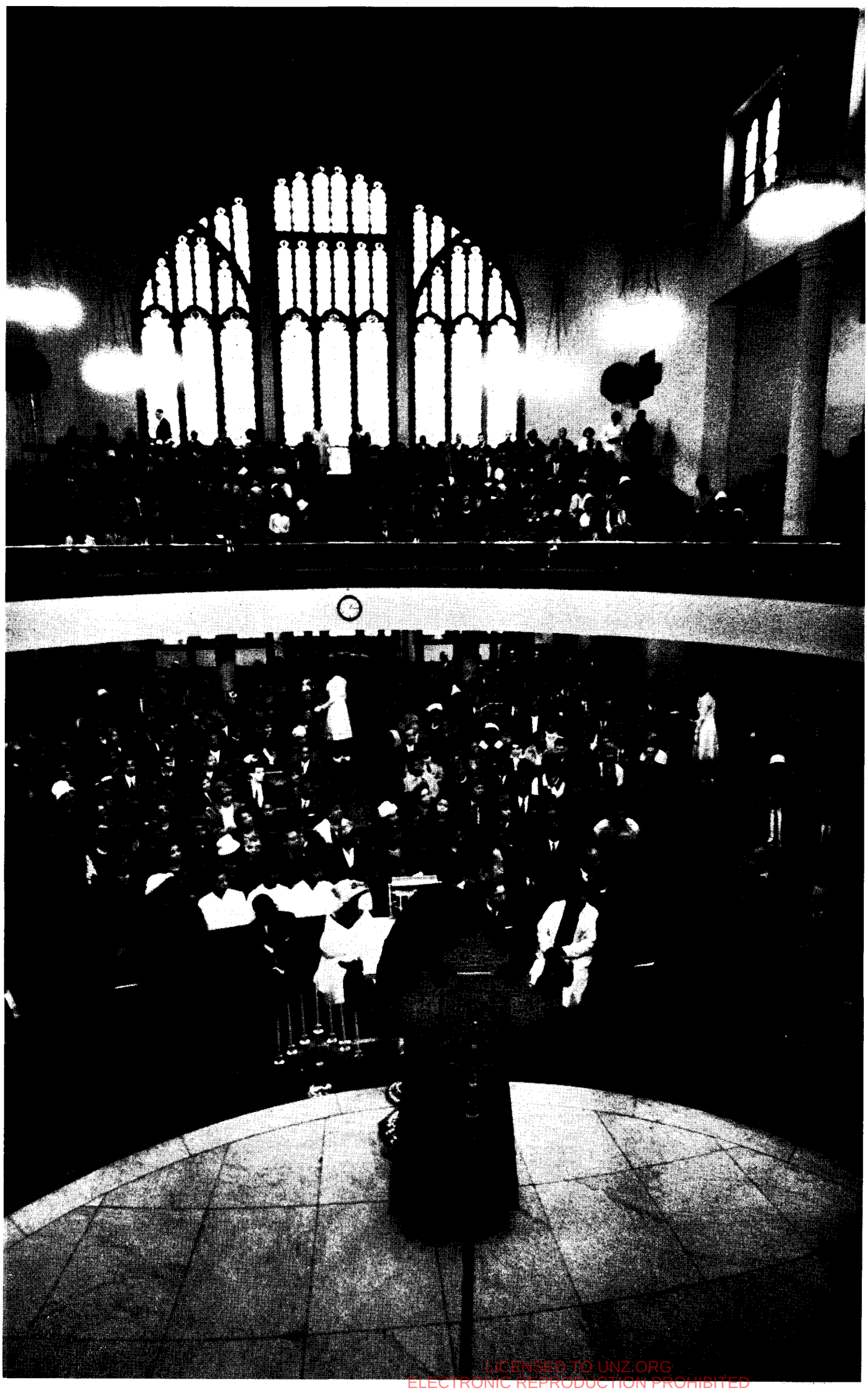
The Reverend Mr. Powell gets more than bloc-voting support from his flock, who know him as "The Shepherd." Many of those who hear him preach against the evils of sin in the Gothic stone church on Sunday morning are also members of the Alfred E. Isaac Club for Democrats, seven blocks away on the corner of 145th Street and Seventh Avenue. This is Powell's political headquarters, a pool of volunteer workers for getting out the vote and a coffer for campaign contributions. The advantage such a clergyman-congressman has over potential rivals is undeniable. Powell was so confident of his sway over Harlem that after the 1962 election he could boast, "I won without even mailing out a postcard or putting up



Powell has won praise for recent work as chairman of Education and Labor Committee

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Quit complainin', Mac," a voter answered one G.O.P. critic. "That cat Powell is livin'."



Dark enigma

a campaign poster." At a victory rally he told his followers, "I know you're going to vote for me till the day I die. And I do believe that after I'm dead some of you'll go to the polls and write my name in."

Powell in the pulpit differs markedly from the political Powell. Politics is not alien to his sermons. In fact, there is more social and political theory than theology in his preaching, and though his speech is more restrained in church, the message is the same: His people are obliged to disobey man's law when it is in conflict with the laws of God. But in his sermons the defiant tone of the politician gives way to the low-key didactics of a parent helping his children with their homework. Again and again he returns to the theme: "Peter said I must obey God. . . . This is the philosophical basis of the Black Revolution. . . . No obedience without representation [murmurs of 'Amen' spread through the congregation]. . . . Wherever there are people who have no right to make the laws, why should they obey them? . . . When we petty lawmakers are gone, God lives on ['Yes, indeed' cries a member]. . . . The world is marveling at the courage of black people who have nothing in their hands but the law of God as they face the dogs and the water hoses. . . . When you come to the end of your journey of life, you won't have to answer to any city judge, any board of education or any Supreme Court. Yo will answer only to God, and God is gc ing to say, 'Well done, well done.' . . . Have faith in God; the sun will shine; have faith in God."

As the choir in the loft high above gently sings, "Lord, I hear of showers of blessing," Powell moves slowly from the Italian marble pulpit into the center aisle and spreads his arms wide under the black cassock with crimson braiding that is his special uniform of the ministry. "Any man, woman, young person, boy or girl in New York City who is not a church member come on and take my hand," Powell beseeches, his head tilted upward toward the stained-glass window above the balcony.

"What are you holding back for?" he asks softly. "Why not put your hand in mine and join the assembly of God?" A woman rises and moves hesitantly toward the outstretched arms of her pastor. From the choir: "Lord, I hear of showers of blessing. . . . Let some droppings fall on me. Even me, even me." Others follow, and soon the first pew is full. "Someone else, someone else, this final moment," beckons Powell. The choir repeats the refrain, Powell briefly welcomes his new parishioners, and then he is gone.

The congregation pours into 138th Street, solidly behind its pastor. A longtime member pauses to reflect: "He opens your eyes to what's happening—what you haven't read. The only thing he ever said I didn't like was that he could sway people with his voice." Powell no longer makes such careless boasts. He prefe this one: "I have thirty-two years service to Harlem in my bank account."

◀ *"The Shepherd" addresses congregation at Harlem's Abyssinian Baptist Church.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Powell addresses his committee, whose work was bright spot of dreary congressional session. Speaker McCormack praised the chairman's "ability . . . courage and leadership."

Despite his confidence, there are small signs of disaffection. Last year's race for the leadership of the 12th Assembly District south, which is Powell's power base—there are other assembly districts within his larger congressional district—showed a growing resentment of Powell in the middle-class neighborhoods. Some political observers have seen this as a trend which spells trouble for the veteran congressman. But he has never been strong among middle-class voters, and until the economic lot of the mass of Harlem's citizens is greatly improved, the psychological factors that have made Powell a black knight to his constituents will not disappear. "You can't look at Powell with objective, middle-class logic, because Harlem is not an objective, middle-class community," says an influential Harlem editor.

Middle-class logic is not always the measure of a man in the nation's capital either. Washington worships politics and its practitioners, and because Powell has acquired considerable skill in his trade, he has earned some respect on Capitol Hill in spite of himself. The same colleagues who question some of his actions admire his recent contributions to the legislative process. They always knew he had the stuff to be a good lawmaker—brains, persuasiveness and forensic ability—but seldom before saw his talents applied except in promoting congressional junkets for himself.

In 1962 he took two lovely members of his staff, Miss Corrine Huff, 21, and Mrs. Tamara Wall, a 31-year-old divorcee, with him on his annual European junket. They were supposed to be studying the Common Market, but they centered their research on the theaters and nightclubs of London, Paris and Rome.

Washington was outraged. Sen. John Williams of Delaware departed from accepted congressional courtesy to fellow members by taking the floor of the Senate to denounce Powell. Powell called a press conference in which he attempted to justify the trip, but closed by piously stating, "I'm not going to enjoy any more privileges than by the grace of God any other congressman, but I'm not going to take any less either."

The next day a Negro reader wrote the Washington *Post* hailing Powell as one "who stands boldly and proudly as the tallest Georgia pine and proclaims to the world, 'Yes, I did it and what's more, so did everybody else.'" When the Committee on House Administration released its annual report last March on the spending of counterpart funds by congressmen, it showed that Powell's total of $1,543 was exceeded by Rep. Harris McDowell (D., Del.), $5,300; Rep. Otto Passman (D., La.), $4,558; Sen. Kenneth Keating (R., N.Y.), $3,182; and Rep. Carroll Kearns (R., Pa.), $2,866. Harlem's *Amsterdam News* played the story on page one under the headline, D.C. PLAYBOYS MAKE ADAM POWELL A PIKER.

But the last session of Congress, which started out as one of the worst in our history, scored its first triumph because of Powell's Education and Labor Committee. Congress passed more than three billion dollars in aid-to-education bills, including a landmark $1.2 billion college-classroom construction program and a $1.5 billion appropriation to boost federal assistance to vocational schools and enlarge the Government's student-loan program.

It was not always so on Education and Labor. Until 1961 the committee had been ruled for a decade by an ornery old North Carolinian named Graham Barden. His philosophy of lawmaking seemed to be to block every piece of legislation that could be considered mildly enlightened by liberals. Barden was fond of saying that he "never knew the republic to be endangered by a bill that was not passed."

If he was rough on legislation, Barden was even rougher on the man whom the House's seniority system had ordained as his eventual successor. Barden disliked Powell. He kept postponing his own retirement, apparently to keep the Harlem Negro from advancing to the chair. And though Powell's years of service would have entitled him to a subcommittee chairmanship, Barden never gave him one.

Powell's answer was to get lost as often as he could. Sen. Lee Metcalf of Montana, who served under Barden as a representative, recalls that the chairman was extremely tightfisted about authorizing junkets for other committee members, but always made an exception in Powell's case. "He let Powell go anywhere," Metcalf says. "The more Powell was out of town, the better Barden liked it."

Unfortunately, Powell has never fully recovered from Barden's generosity. His absentee record has always been incredible. In 1958 Stewart Udall, now Secretary of the Interior, but then a member of Congress from Arizona, made this confidential report on Powell's attendance: "One of his serious shortcomings is that he carries none of the work load of his committees." During the 85th Congress (1957–58) Powell was absent from 47 meetings of the Interior and Insular Affairs Committee, present only twice. At Education and Labor he was absent 36 times, present 11 times.

Powell's attendance has improved somewhat since Barden retired, but he still cavalierly ignores quorum calls, and his no-show record on roll-call votes puts him near the bottom of the class. As a committee chairman, however, he is no truant. Committee members agree that he stays on the job when there is business to attend to. "I have never needed Adam that I couldn't find him," says Republican Rep. William Ayres.

Powell is still bitter about the long years under Barden. "Barden never let me do anything," he complains. "But I was studying all the time, making a book on what I wanted to do when I took over the committee."

As chairman, Powell can parcel out among committee members proposed legislation sent to the Hill by the White House, or he can attach his own name to it. He has refrained from doing the latter, much to the delight of his colleagues, who get credit at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue and back home for sponsoring the Administration's bills.

Powell's critics credit the effectiveness of his committee more to his practice of delegating authority to its subcommittees than to his leadership. Furthermore, there is no question that Powell benefits from a 17–14 voting edge on most Administration-backed legislation. But in spite of these reservations, most observers think Powell is finally doing a good job. "He runs a good committee, when he wants to," says Republican Rep. Robert Taft Jr. House Speaker John McCormack recently wrote him a completely unsolicited letter praising "your ability, your progressive outlook, your courage and outstanding leadership."

But it was not in Powell's nature to bask in the reflected glory of his committee. While the praises swirled around his head late last year, he was up to his old tricks of wangling a junket. Powell's passion for travel at government expense had cooled somewhat since the uproar over his 1962 nightclub-hopping tour, which resulted in Congress slashing his committee budget and tightening travel regulations for all its members. But as Christmas approached, all that furor was in the past, and now he wanted to go to Puerto Rico.

The official purpose given for the trip was to "investigate reports of overcrowded schools near Ramey Air Force Base," a nice way of saying Powell had a lovely wife (his third) and young son on the island—and an $85,000 cottage he calls home. Even so, there was no outcry until House Majority Leader Carl Albert learned that Powell had booked a $2,000-an-hour Military Air Transport Service plane and rooms at San Juan's luxurious Condado Beach Hotel for three fellow committee members and nine aides. Albert let it be known that he didn't approve, and Powell's associates quickly cancelled their reservations. Powell went alone.

He was back in Washington for the opening of the 1964 session but grew restless during the long debate on the civil-rights bill. However, he did stick it out until the final vote on the measure, in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Powell voted with leftists during 1940's, turned maverick in 1956 and backed Eisenhower.

Dark enigma

part because of the heavy pressure put on him by the Negro lobby. Early in the debate he missed three votes in one day on amendments that Clarence Mitchell of the N.A.A.C.P. said would have been "rather crippling" if they had passed. From then on representatives of Negro organizations spied on him from the gallery and their presence let him know he was expected to be on the floor when the teller buzzer sounded announcing a vote.

But while Powell bowed to pressure on this occasion, he normally acts as if he does not care what people think of him. In a recent magazine article Theodore H. White charged Powell with a lack of "creative thinking" on the race problem. Powell sent him an angry letter of rebuttal. But when White sought to continue the colloquy, Powell lost interest. "I got a five-page letter from White," the congressman says with astonishment. "I didn't take the time to read it. I gave it to my secretary. She reads those things."

Seen at close range among his less dashing colleagues in the House members' lounge, the handsome Powell is difficult to take seriously. His sartorial style (dark-blue suit, gray-and-white candy-stripe shirt, gray knit tie, gold tie clip and gleaming black moccasins) seems too elegant. But Powell revels in the picture he creates.

"A fellow told me just the other day I never looked younger," the 55-year-old congressman said recently, leaning back on a couch. "It's all that sun I get in Puerto Rico. I play a lot of badminton with my wife. Every time I come back to Washington I'm two months younger. Also, I never worry. This may sound like semantics, and I *am* very concerned about issues, but I never worry."

He certainly doesn't worry about his critics. In 1960, when Powell married one of his secretaries, a comely Puerto Rican brunette named Yvette Diago, he promptly raised her salary from $3,074 to $12,974. As she disliked Washington's damp climate, Powell sent her back to their beachfront cottage at Cerro Gordo, P.R. He kept her on the payroll, explaining that she would answer his mail from Spanish-speaking constituents.

The practice of congressmen hiring their wives is hardly new, but Powell was thought by many to have overdone a good thing. "She handles a growing volume of correspondence from Puerto Ricans in my district," he says in his defense, "and she has a new typewriter with a tilde key for writing in Spanish."

Capital wits say one reason Powell spends so much time in Puerto Rico is to keep his suntan so he can pass as a Negro. He has fair skin, and as an undergraduate at Colgate University was actually pledged by a white fraternity. Only when the brethren checked into his family background was he discovered to be a Negro and his membership dropped. He says his grandmother on his father's side was a Cherokee Indian, and his maternal grandfather was white. He is uncertain about his other grandparents, nor is he greatly concerned about his ancestry. "Black is not a color," he maintains. "Black is a way of thinking."

Powell's black thinking has led him down a winding road since he returned to Harlem from Colgate in 1930 at the age of 22. His father, Adam Clayton Powell, pastor of the Abyssinian Baptist Church, appointed him business manager of the church after his graduation, then selected his son to succeed him when he retired in 1937. But young Powell had already found a second calling outside the ministry. In his first year out of college he pioneered in the nonviolent tactics of mass demonstration by leading a march of 6,000 Negroes to New York's City Hall to protest the banning of six colored physicians from Harlem Hospital. During the depression he ran a relief program, distributing food and clothing to Harlem's needy. In 1934 he was a leader of the rent strikes protesting mass evictions of Negroes by Harlem landlords. He later led picket marches that resulted in the upgrading of Negroes in jobs by the city's power utility, telephone company and bus lines.

Powell became New York's first Negro city councilman in 1941 and was elected to Congress on the Democratic ticket in 1944. Then he veered sharply left. As a freshman representative, Powell began voting with Vito Marcantonio, representative from East Harlem and member of the leftist American Labor Party. He spoke at rallies with Earl Browder and Benjamin Davis, leaders of the American Communist Party. "There is no group in America, including the Christian Church, that practices racial brotherhood one tenth as much as the Communist Party," Powell said in 1945.

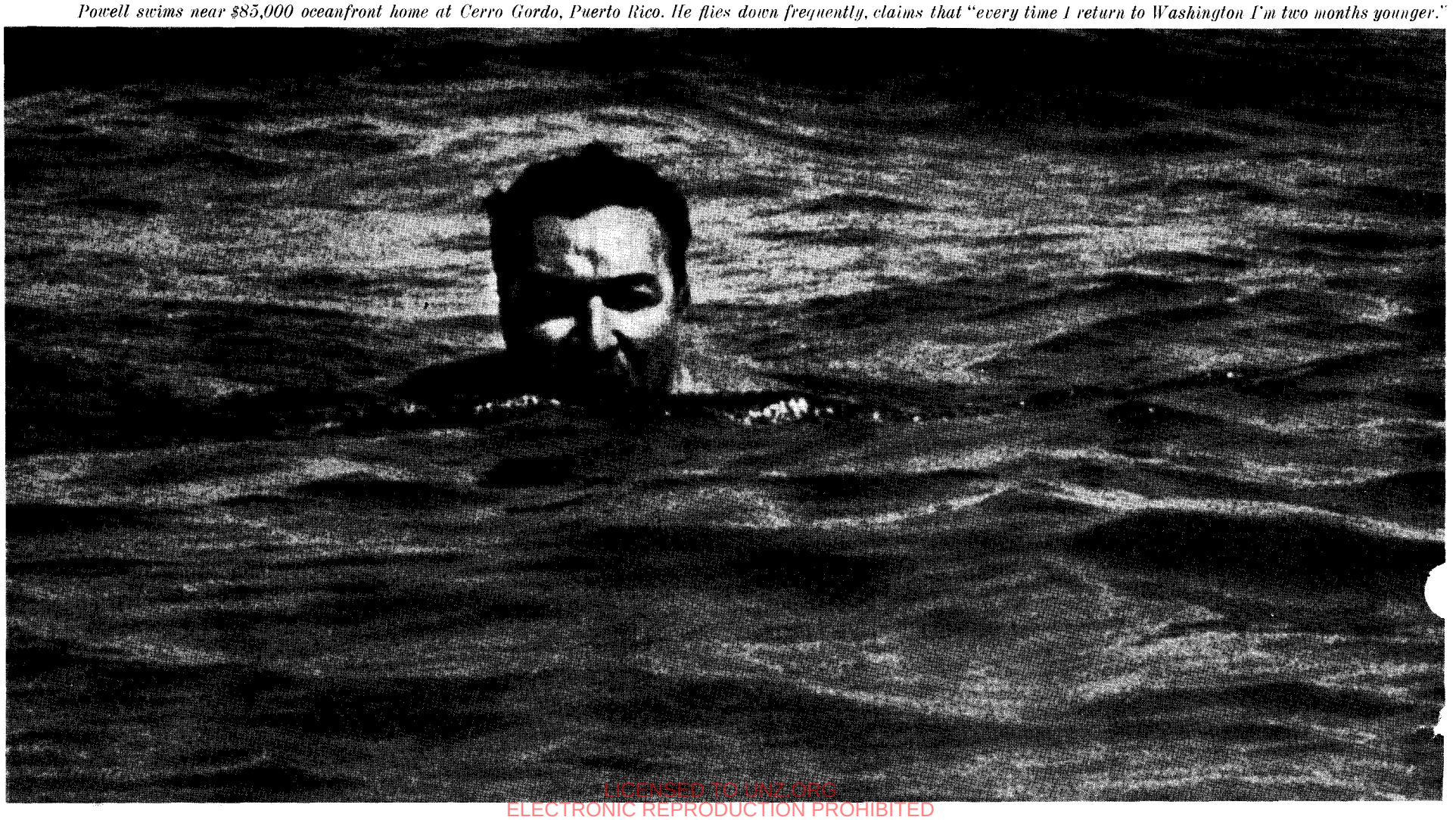
As Communist sympathizing went out of fashion in the postwar years, Powell shook off his leftist leanings. But he remained a political maverick. In the 1956 campaign he was snubbed by Adlai Stevenson, so he switched his allegiance to President Eisenhower in a dramatic announcement at the White House. The defection caused Tammany Hall boss Carmine De Sapio to try to purge Powell in 1958, but City Councilman Earl Brown, who reluctantly became the regular Democratic candidate, was no David against the Goliath of Harlem. Powell beat him by a three-to-one margin, and the party has not challenged Powell's seat since.

A curious feature of Powell's fight with De Sapio in 1958 was his willingness to endorse the Tammany leader's candidate for governor, Averell Harriman. Political associates of Powell's at the time say that De Sapio approached Acy Lennon, a Powell assistant, about Harriman's need for Negro support. De Sapio made it clear that although he had tried to defeat Powell in the primary, he would be happy to have him campaign for Harriman in the fall. A deal is said to have been worked out. In return for his agreement to actively support Harriman, Powell was promised his campaign expenses plus an estimated $25,000 as compensation for the attacks Tammany had made on him for his 1956 desertion. Powell is said to have shared the bonus payment with his political associates. Shortly thereafter he announced to his congregation he had spurned a $50,000 offer from the Republicans. "No one can buy Adam Powell," he said. "I belong to my people."

In 1960 Powell supported Stuart Symington for the Democratic presidential nomination, but later stumped for Kennedy. He now says he was for Lyndon Johnson all along. The way Powell tells it, he ordered a delegate he controlled to switch his vote to Johnson while he himself voted for Symington. It was all pa[rt] of a "political deal," he says cryptical

Evasiveness is not a typical Powell tac[tic]; his wit is usually sufficient to handle his critics. In 1960 he was prosecuted by the Justice Department on three counts of criminal income-tax evasion. Conviction meant a prison term and a finished career. But if Powell worried, he never

Powell swims near $85,000 oceanfront home at Cerro Gordo, Puerto Rico. He flies down frequently, claims that "every time I return to Washington I'm two months younger."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nowed it. His attorney, Edward Bennett Williams, recalls that one afternoon the prosecutor prolonged his interrogation in order to set Powell up at the end of the day for a clincher question that would steal the next day's headlines.

Had he, Powell was asked, listed as a deduction on his 1952 federal-income-tax return the $1,000 tuition at Riverdale Country School for his son, Skipper?

"Everybody knows that Adam Clayton Powell is for federal aid to education," Powell answered. The courtroom broke up, from the judge on down. Two counts of the indictment were dismissed, and on the third the jury hung 10–2 for acquittal. The Justice Department decided not to try him again.

Powell was so delighted that he had Williams named Man of the Year in Harlem and presented him with a large gold trophy on the steps of the Theresa Hotel. "Ladies and gentlemen," Powell intoned, "I give you a man who is greater than Abraham Lincoln. Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves, but Edward Bennett Williams freed Adam Clayton Powell."

Powell found himself in another jam last April when a New York Supreme Court jury awarded $11,500 in compensatory damages and $200,000 in punitive damages to Mrs. Esther James, a Harlem domestic, in a libel suit against the congressman. Powell had called her a "bag woman" for the police department on a television broadcast in 1960, in effect accusing her of being an intermediary between the numbers racket and corrupt police. Powell avoided payment of the judgment by staying out of New York for eight months, but finally ended his fugitive status when an agreement was worked out staying execution of the judgment pending the outcome of his appeal. The Appellate Division reduced the punitive-damages award to $35,000 and refused to grant Powell a new trial if Mrs. James accepted the reduced amount, which she later agreed to do.

Certain that Harlem will love him forever, and sniffing a faint odor of success on Capitol Hill, Adam Clayton Powell tries to ignore his critics, to live the good life and to command increasing respectability—all at the same time. "They," he says in a vague reference to the white men who run Congress, "just don't want me to get in this power structure. But I am in it. My committee is passing forty percent of the Administration's domestic legislation. They couldn't stand it at first, but they're getting pleased about it now."

"They" are not as pleased with him as he thinks. His talents are recognized, but no one is fooled into believing he has belatedly become dedicated to true leadership, although dedication is somehow expected of a man with 19 years in Congress. Powell holds the most powerful elective office of any Negro in America, and could wield enormous influence if he wanted to make the effort. So why won't he? The question goes to the heart of the enigma of Powell. "It would take a headshrinker to understand him," says a veteran congressman. "All I know is that I'm not smart enough to try." THE END

Powell kisses wife Yvette before returning to Washington. She is on Congress payroll at $12,974, which infuriates his critics.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS

NATO AND THE PROSPECTS FOR PEACE

The footnote on page 10 explains that the SPEAKING OUT department of the *Post* is designed to give authors who hold controversial views an opportunity to express themselves. It adds that the editors frequently disagree with the opinions expressed in that department. The current SPEAKING OUT (NATO Is DEAD, by Ronald Steel) is a good example of an argument with which the *Post* heartily disagrees. Ronald Steel's article serves a useful purpose by focusing on the disarray of NATO and the Atlantic alliance. It emphasizes the need for a reappraisal of our relationship with our European allies based upon the realization that Europe will no longer accept the status of a U.S. military dependent.

Some of Steel's conclusions, however, are dangerous and unwarranted. He says: "In the continuing negotiations with Russia over the future of Europe, NATO has become an obstacle in the way of a settlement. Our vital interests are not always identical to those of our allies. If we continue to put the fetishes of NATO loyalty above a settlement of the Cold War, we can expect de Gaulle and other leaders of the new Europe to seize the initiative we have abandoned by default." The solution, according to Steel, is to abolish NATO and break up the Atlantic alliance.

Khrushchev has been peddling this line for many years. The great obstacle to a settlement in Europe, he claims, is not his refusal to recognize our rights in Berlin. It is not his refusal to permit on-site inspection of nuclear weapons, nor is it his summary rejection of U.S. disarmament proposals. It is not even the continuing imperialist ambitions of Soviet Communism. It is NATO.

This is pure hogwash. NATO is a defensive alliance. It is not a threat to Khrushchev's legitimate interests. U.S. membership in NATO and the presence of U.S. troops on the Continent are part of a solemn commitment to the defense of Western Europe. Both John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson personally expressed this commitment in West Berlin. To abolish NATO and abandon the Continent now would be politically disastrous and militarily perilous.

It is astonishing that in spite of all the experience of the past 25 years, in spite of Munich, Pearl Harbor, Korea and the Cuban missile crisis, there still are people who think that the way to cope with a dictator is to make massive unilateral concessions to him. If history proves anything (especially the Cuban missile crisis) it is that we can only negotiate successfully from strength. Negotiating from weakness is courting disaster.

It is ironic that Steel should suggest that the withdrawal of American troops would lessen the chances of nuclear war. "It was not our intention that American soldiers should have to remain in Europe for two decades after the end of the war; that we should be forever compelled to face the Soviet Army head-on in central Europe; that every altercation over the status of Berlin should involve the physical survival of the United States itself," he says.

We believe and have said before that it is no military necessity for the U.S. to keep 400,000 troops on the Continent, but we must admit that political factors—especially the touchiness of the West Germans—have made a reduction of the troop strength there a political impossibility for the time being, at least.

In recent years Secretary of Defense McNamara has tried to create varieties of military capabilities that will provide the President with alternatives to risking nuclear war every time a crisis occurs. That is why the Kennedy Administration emphasized a buildup of our conventional military capability. The presence of U.S. ground forces in Western Europe, and the existence of strong forces to back them up, mean that the President can exert pressure on the situation without resorting to nuclear threats. If we withdraw all of our ground forces from Western Europe, we shall retreat into the doctrine of "massive retaliation." The only options the President will have then will be to rush troops belatedly to the scene or to threaten nuclear war.

NATO has its limitations, to be sure, thanks in large measure to General de Gaulle, but in this nuclear age there has to be some sort of machinery for a fast, coordinated European-American response to Russian threats and encroachments. To paraphrase Voltaire, if there were no NATO, we should have to invent one.

NAZI TACTICS IN THE "FREE STATE"

Policemen and state troopers who are called upon to handle civil-rights demonstrations do not have an easy task. Their job requires a combination of firmness, tact and restraint.

In Princess Anne, Md., recently, more than 300 Negro students from Maryland State College demonstrated against segregated restaurants. Some of the students sat down in the middle of Main Street and blocked traffic. A truck bowled its way through them, and somebody smashed one of its windows. State police brought up two dogs and forced the students to retreat. The fire department turned a high-pressure hose on the students. A Negro doctor, who was holding a hypodermic needle in his hand, was flattened against a house. He protested that he was attempting to aid an injured student, but a fireman shouted, "Tell it to the troops."

In a violent upheaval of this sort, neither side is entirely right, but dogs and fire hoses have no place in these events. Maryland calls itself the "Free State" and takes great pride in the Act of Toleration passed in 1649. Some of that toleration could be used in Princess Anne. Turning dogs and fire hoses on defenseless people (whether they are in Alabama or Maryland) is more like Nazi Germany than a part of the U.S.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Free from Knorr

A "Springtime-in-Europe" Bouquet

Arranged by Renato Amodio of Rome
A lasting bouquet in colorful plastic

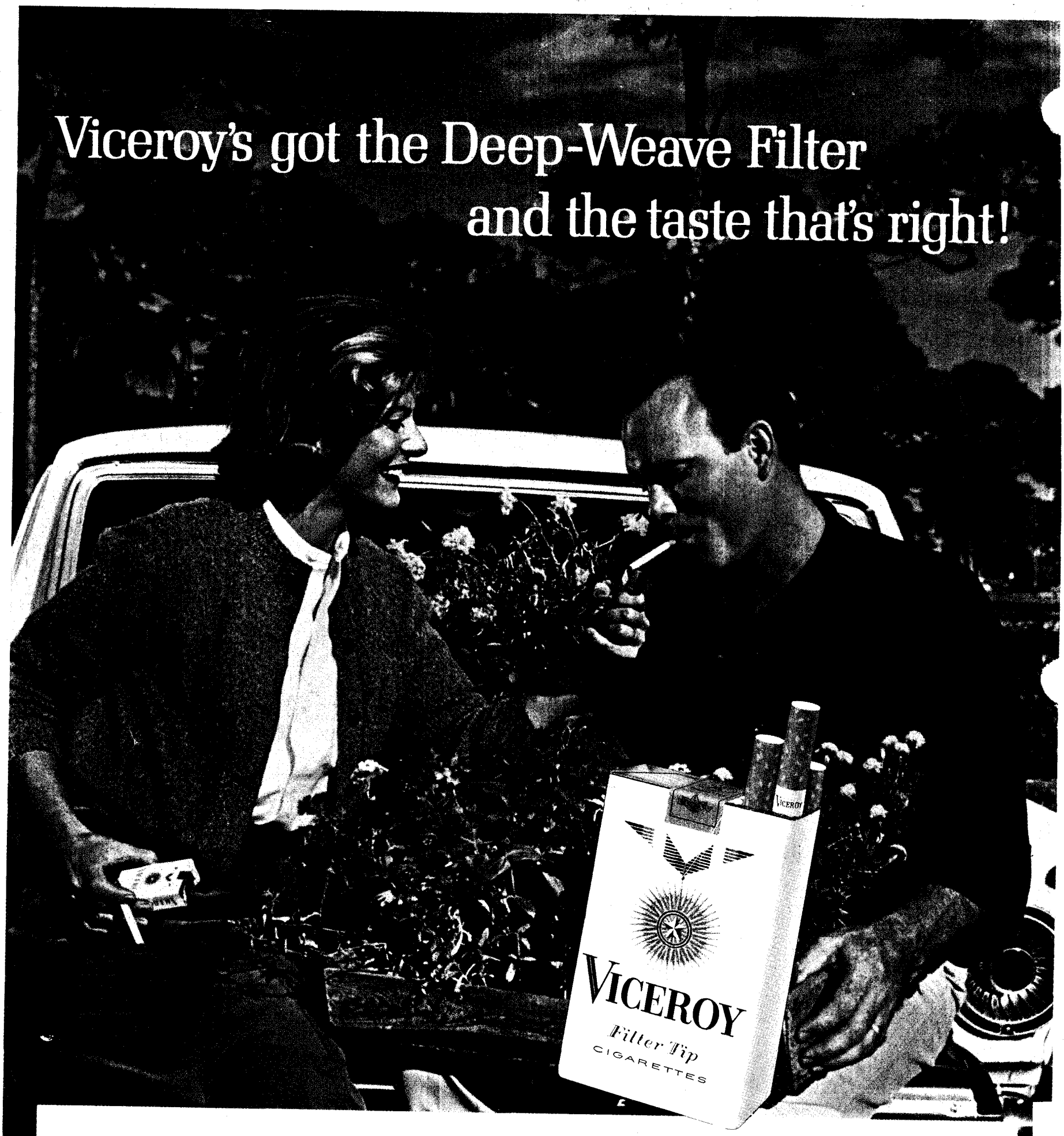
Yours for trying 6 different Knorr Soups... the soups with a happy difference in flavor!

All the spirit of springtime in Europe is in this delightful bouquet—imported for you from Italy (actual size shown). You get 16 individual plastic flowers *and* stems in glorious, atural color! And they're yours free with just *the upper halves* of the box fronts from any six different Knorr® Soups (choose from 3 convenient write-away plans). Sample the happy difference in the flavor of Knorr Soups—the soups inspired by authentic European recipes—and we'll say, "Thank you," with flowers!

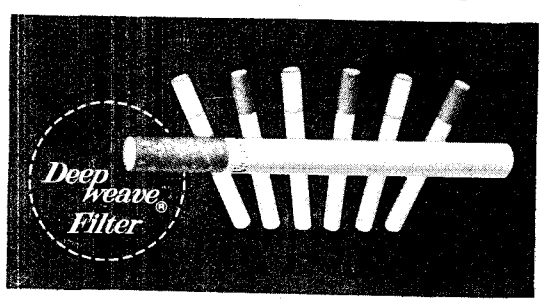
KNORR SOUPS NOW MADE IN AMERICA by Best Foods Division, Corn Products Co., New York, N.Y., ®Trademark Licensee of Knorr Nährmittel A.G., Thayngen, Switzerland

KNORR KNORR KNORR

Viceroy's got the Deep-Weave Filter and the taste that's right!



Viceroy is scientifically made
to taste the way you'd like a
filter cigarette to taste.
Not too strong . . . not too light . . .
Viceroy's got the taste that's right.



SMOKE ALL 7

Smoke all seven filter brands and you'll agree: some taste too strong . . . while others taste too light. But Viceroy—with the Deep-Weave Filter—tastes the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste. That's right!

©1964

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED